Sept. 6, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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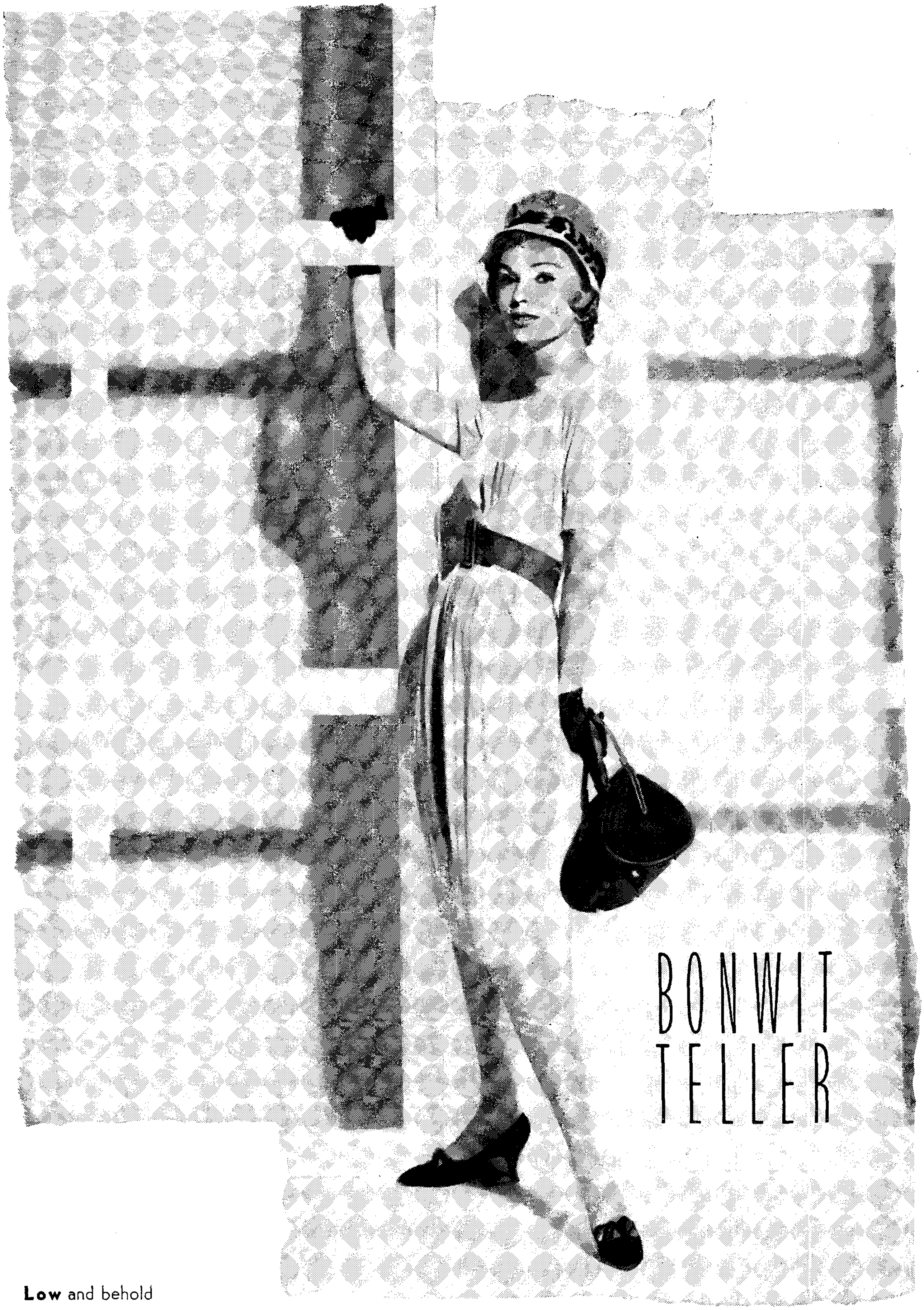

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with great vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives a most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

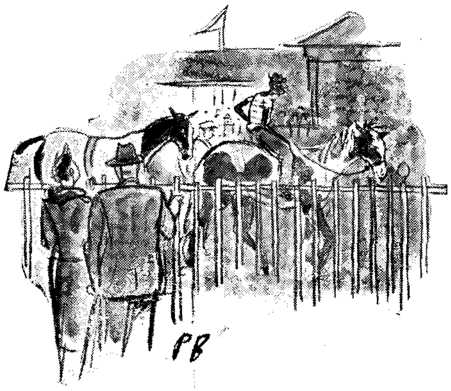
The Visit—Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play, in a translation by Maurice Valency, tells, with frightening impact, of the corruption of a village by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast headed by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **look back in anger:** The chief figure in this work by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody. In the current cast are Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 20.)... **look homeward, angel:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **romanoff and juliet:** Peter Ustinov's fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie integrity. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, Muriel Bentley, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Reopens Thursday, Sept. 11, with "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and Jack—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk and Tom Pedi. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel and Robert Brown in a dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's drama, being presented here by the San Francisco Actor's Workshop prior to an engagement at the Brussels World's Fair. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 4: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Firebird," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 5: "Con Amore," "The Cage," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 6: "Serenade," "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 6: "Fanfare," "Gounod Symphony," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 7: "Con Amore," "Firebird," "Apollo," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 7: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 9: "Con Amore," "Orpheus," "Waltz-Scherzo" (première), and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday evening,

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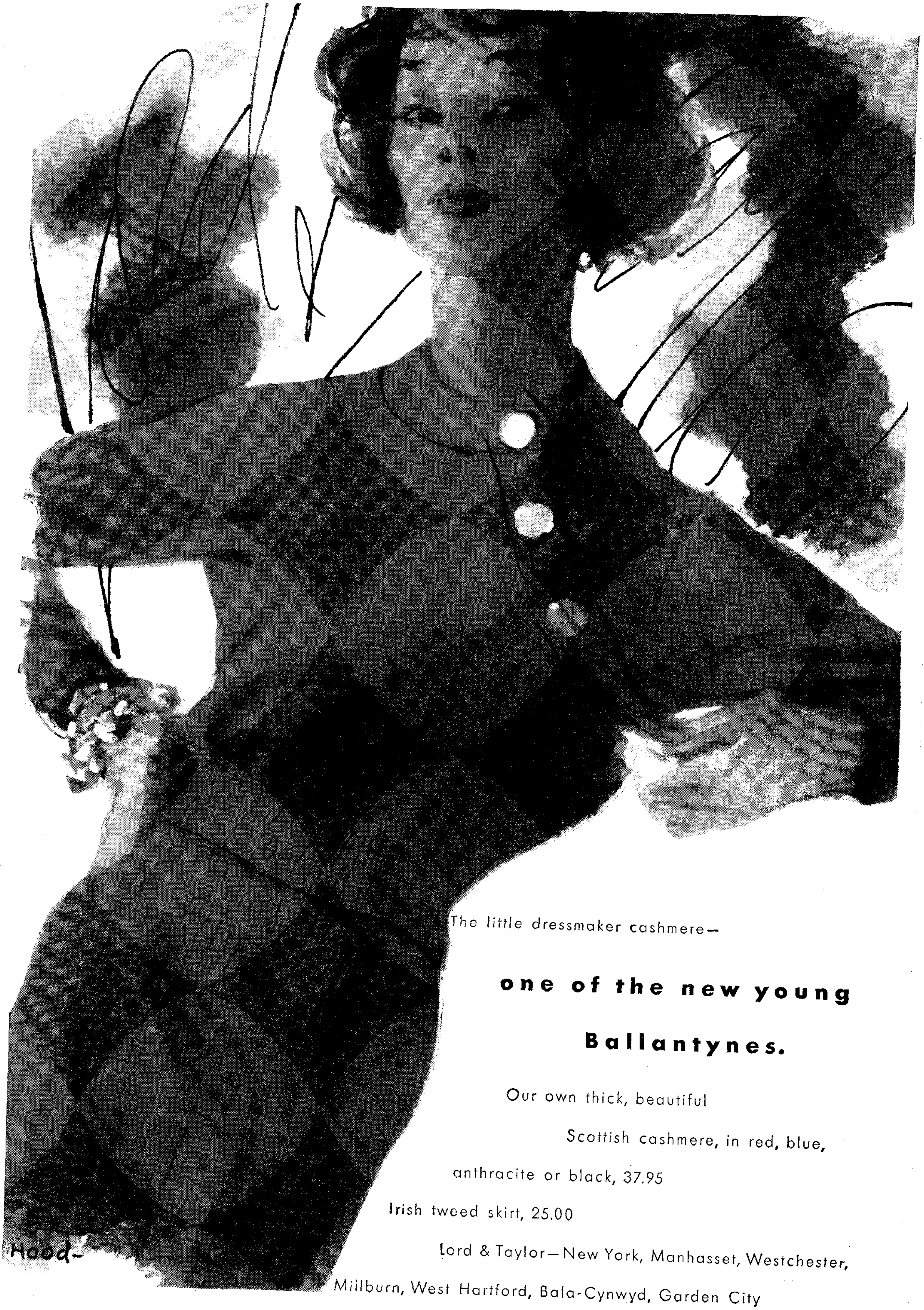

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sept. 10: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Serenade."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Con Amore," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Square Dance," "Firebird," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 28.)

JEROME ROBBINS' BALLETS: U.S.A.—"N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz" (American première), "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3" (world première). Presented by Leland Hayward for a limited engagement starting Thursday, Sept. 4, and running through Saturday, Sept. 27. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Ronnie Robertson, Cathy Machado, and Bobby Specht deep-freezing such numbers as "Les Sylphides," "La Bohème," and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Tuesday, Sept. 16.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The biggest movie lot east of Coldwater Canyon will resume shooting pictures on Wednesday, Sept. 10. See your daily newspaper for the cast. The dance music will again issue from Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a many-splendored thing, intervenes once in a while. His night of rest is Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians will resume their sipping music at teatime in the Palm Court and their munching music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room on Monday, Sept. 8. No dancing in either abode.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the mighty Grill, Lenny Herman's dance orchestra is straining at the bit. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, dressed to kill, is prowling the Maisonette at dinner and supper, trailing songs dedicated to the proposition that it's the man who pays, and yet looking as wholesome as blueberry pie. There's dancing all evening to the music of Milt Shaw's band and Marshall Grant's trio. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the long-lost piano man, is now presiding over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs happily for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club comes out of estivation on Tuesday, Sept. 9. Once more, at the stroke of nine, Chauncey Gray's orchestra will turn on its débutante-speed dance music. Quintero's band will take up any slack. There's dinner music, too, but Sundays are soundless.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—On an open-air terrace next door to what passes in this town for a green pasture, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band tootle away for dear life and for dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, courtesy of the Weather Bureau. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Glenn Miller band, now at large on the Starlight Roof, is a well-heeled one, for it always knows where its next note is coming from. Its arrangement of notes is, by the way, just about the best that money can buy, and Ray McKinley, heir of the late Mr. Miller and leader of the band, is a good drummer, a good host, and a fairly nimble wit. The boys and Béla Babai's orchestra also play for dancing. Sundays are silent nights. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari plunks down music for listening in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band provides music for dancing.

NOTE—The top of the evening to you, with cocktails to boot, is waiting (at least from four-thirty to nine every day but Sunday) in the Rainbow Room, which is on the six-thousandth floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Joseph Sudy's trio contributes stein songs now and then. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A tree grows in Manhattan—a fine, glittery, green bay tree, in whose shade sits the piano of Addison Bailey, the establishment's cocktail, dinner, and supper concert master for a good many years. The Sunday handyman is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The keepers of the night watch here rarely relax, but when they do they are wooed (and even won) by the Romance-language piano of Ralph Strain, an early settler who has recently come back home. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins addresses himself to one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from five until dawn. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Ellis Larkins, a rare visitor to night life, is again carving those unobtrusive pale-blue chords out of his piano, and also serving as accompaniment for Gina Wilson, a fledgling songbird. This goes on fairly late in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality, including the *padrone*, Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years viceroy of the Blue Angel. Pellucid piano, by Dick Hankinson, decorates the premises from dinner until a wee hour. After the theatre, there's also a song recital by Dean Sheldon, a virtuoso tenor who gives his more sombre arias some Grand Guignol trappings. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS ROOM**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The most recent, and the most picturesque, gazebo erected by Julius Monk in furtherance of his scheme for making night life at once comfortable and scatterbrained. Alice Ghostley, a bewitched *diseuse*, and Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists, are the dramatis personae. The bar opens at five, the merrymaking starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowsmen keep it up all night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been equipped with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night amidst excellent scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars is Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is now much higher on the upbeat. The music starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest goes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano at intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Hunting-lodge architecture, inhabited by the most unruffled grouse in town. Piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Reopens Monday, Sept. 8, on a familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and violins and song (the French mother-and-daughter squad called Caroline and Belen) down front.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): In spite of all the good-natured tumult onstage, the incumbent extravaganza (by turn musical, acrobatic, terpsichorean, scenic, and Dionysian) is essentially a woman's world—a young, Garden of Eden woman's world, on the whole. The principal is Roberta Sherwood, an upstanding, straight-from-the-shoulder singer from the Bible Belt

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): To open the new season of this veteran caravansary, Mike Nichols and Elaine May are putting on some remarkably true-to-life comedies of errors; Shai K. Ophir, a runaway rather than a run-of-the-mill pantomimist and sardonicist, is at last moving into midtown; and Randy Sparks is unbending his ballads of the hills and plains with a Tom Sawyer sort of wit. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's *cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty;* nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The Troupers, a triad of performers slightly above the amateur-theatrical stage, occupy the bar and provide most of the talk and all of the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Troupers. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Jo March pipes her final carol, which is apt to be folk in origin, on Saturday, Sept. 6; Brooks Morton, the eloquent young man at the piano, leaves, too. The place reopens on Monday, Sept. 8, with Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer and pianist of note. All quiet on Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A puissant thunderbird is Dakota Staton, a nightingale who comes in three delicious flavors—red, hot, and blue. The backstop for her arias is Norman Simmons' trio; a recent arrival named Evans Bradshaw has the use of the piano and a trio during intermission. Sundays there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): An assembly hall now administered by Freddie Lamb, a sound senior executive. Tyree Glenn's quartet, which has Hank Jones on piano, is in real breezy form; Charlie Shavers' quintet, which has Dick Katz on piano, is still in process of organization. The moment they get diminuendo, the room is too big for the both of them. No action Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Frank Signorelli's band is now getting the range on the rafters and the welkin. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joe Williams, a voice that needs no electronic props, does just about the best blues of the night whenever he augments the

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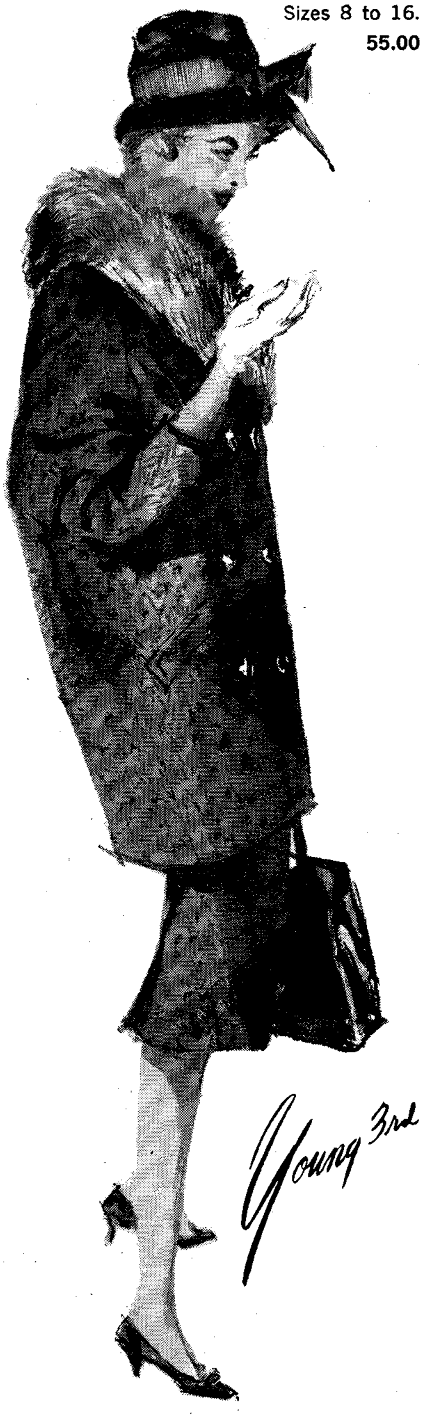

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fevered brass of Count Basie's celebrated band. Harry Edison's quartet brings up the rear. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Far East unit of the Far Out school of modern piano is represented by Japan's Toshiko Akiyoshi, a merry lass not too hard to understand. Her trio is inside the oval bar after nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton and Pee Wee Erwin. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, the bulls in the china shop will probably be Willie the Lion Smith, Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Bobby Hackett's horn hangs like a silver moon over his trio. Moonrise is at nine-thirty. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. On Monday, Sept. 8, the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who often plays piano simply by slapping it on the back, will be added to the melee. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The first chance in a long, long time to come face to face with the thoughtful abstract piano of Lennie Tristano. He and his quartet are now educating this hero-sandwich parlor Thursdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Eddie Costa's trio puts on one driving finish after another. Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, is turned out by the quintet of Thelonious Monk, whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters makes dance music, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: The twenty-seventh annual, consisting of an oil apiece by each of the gallery members, including Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, and Moses Soyer; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan are three of the participants in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by, for instance, Jane Wasey, Tom Hardy, George Rickey, and Humbert Albrizio; through Friday, Sept. 12. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Grace Hartigan, John Heliker, Walter Murch, and twenty-four other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Sept. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison, are represented in a mixed-mediums exhibit; through

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Friday, Sept. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Friday, Sept. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by such French and American artists as Picasso, Raoul Dufy, and Darrel Austin; through Oct. 11. (Closed Saturdays.)... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Friday, Sept. 5.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Included in a collection of Impressionist paintings and drawings are works by Vlaminck, Pascin, and Soutine; through Sept. 20. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 28.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—In two recently opened galleries, arms and armor from the Near, Middle, and Far East, including jewelled court weapons, filigreed Indian rifles, Turkish helmets, a Japanese suit of iron and leather scales, and samurai swords. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects, in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Calder are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures taken from the Museum's collection; through Oct. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19.... ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

CENTRAL PARK CONCERT—A free concert, Sigmund Spaeth presiding, with Morey Ritt and Stanley Babin, piano; Isidor Lateiner, violin; and Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Wollman Memorial. Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 9.)

INTERVAL CONCERTS—Vaclav Nelhybel conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Edith Gordon, soprano, and instrumental soloists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

NEW YORK POPS CONCERTS—D'Artega conducting an orchestra of sixty musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon, Billie Holiday, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Freddie Moore, and Freddy Price and his band are scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Washington. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 5, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 2, doubleheader.)

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 4-6.)... ¶ Maryland State Fair

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. Monday through Saturday, Sept. 8-13.)...¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 6, and Saturday, Sept. 13.)

Motorboat Racing—Marathon race around Manhattan Island. (Sunday. Sept. 7.)

Polo—At Meadow Brook Club, Jericho: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Sysonby Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 6; the Discovery Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 10; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 13. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia; on Saturday, Sept. 13, it will leave at 9:45.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Road Race Center, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 2.

Tennis—National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Through Sunday, Sept. 7.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Sept. 16, when the thirteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 26-28.... WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 1, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the National League champion.

Boxing—Johnny Busso vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Sept. 19.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Buffalo, at Cambridge; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Dart-

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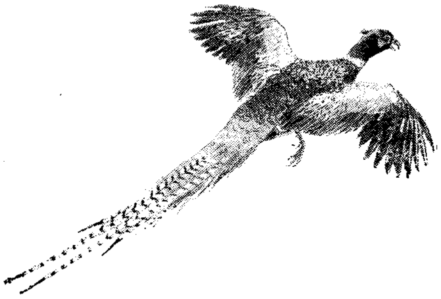

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mouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; and Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge; Notre Dame vs. Army, at South Bend; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia; and Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse.

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, L.I. Sept. 28.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 4.)

Golf—Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. Sept. 16.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. Sept. 17-19.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 15.

Horse Show—International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 10-16.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Sept. 20.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 1 and Oct. 4.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 20-21.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 8-Nov. 5. . . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Oct. 21-22.

Sports-Car Racing—At WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Sept. 20. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 4-5.

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Oct. 11-12.)

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Sept. 20.)

Music—OPERA: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center (CI 6-8989), Oct. 7-Nov. 16. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Contemporary Music Society, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Oct. 2-5. . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Eleanor Steber, soprano, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 15. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 6. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): American Opera Society, Oct. 12. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (CO 5-6811): The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards and the Massed Pipers and Highland Dancers of the Scots Guards, Sept. 20-21.

Ballet—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 16-Oct. 4.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Howie," a comedy by Phoebe Ephron, with Leon Ames, Peggy Conklin, and Albert Salmi. . . . ¶ A play by Jess Gregg, called "A Swim in the Sea," in which Fay Bainter, Carol Stone, and Inga Swenson will appear. . . . ¶ N. Richard Nash's new play, "Handful of Fire," starring Roddy McDowall and James Daly. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field in Eugene O'Neill's drama "A Touch of the Poet." . . . ¶ A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, "Drink to Me Only." Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson head the cast. . . . ¶ "Goldilocks," a musical with a book by Jean and Walter Kerr, lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs, and a score by Leroy Anderson. The cast includes Barry Sullivan, Elaine Stritch, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley. . . . ¶ The Théâtre National Populaire, of Paris, will launch a three-week repertory with de Musset's "Lorenzaccio" and Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour." . . . ¶ "The World of Suzie Wong," an adaptation by Paul Osborn of Richard Mason's novel, with France Nuyen, William Shatner, Sarah Marshall, and Ron Randell in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Imogene Coca and Peggy Wood in "The Girls in 509," a comedy by Howard Teichmann.

Other Dates—National Homefurnishings Show, at the Coliseum, Sept. 11-21. . . . ¶ Federal estimated income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 25-Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 4 elections, Oct. 9-11. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12; Monday, Oct. 13, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 13-19.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As an account of how the seagoing tugs of the British Navy salvaged merchantmen damaged by the Germans in the Second World War, this Anglo-American picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, has much to recommend it. On the other hand, the plot, having to do with a young woman who feels obligated to give herself to a series of tugboat captains because she thinks it is the least she can do in memory of her deceased tugboating sweetheart, doesn't make much sense. Sophia Loren plays the mixed-up lady, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the gallant tars. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Sept. 10.)

Kings Go Forth—Frank Sinatra is altogether satisfactory in the role of a lovesick lieutenant in this film about some of the activities of the United States Seventh Army in the South of France. The girl that Mr. Sinatra is lovesick about is a native of the Riviera, born of a marriage between a Negro and a white woman. She is portrayed by Natalie Wood, and Tony Curtis is on hand to provide some competition for her favors. Neither of them is quite up to Mr. Sinatra's standard of acting. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Sept. 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Sept. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 6-9.)

The Matchmaker—Shirley Booth brings all her histrionic stratagems to bear on this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is your fancy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—This account of a Polish Jew's and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel's haphazard flight from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

No Time for Sergeants—Andy Griffith is very funny in this screen version of the Mac Hyman novel about a Georgia cracker who practically disrupts the Air Force in his attempts to be helpful in the war effort. Mr. Griffith is supported by Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other estimable players. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 10.)

The Reluctant Debutante—Kay Kendall and Rex Harrison make a convivial pair as the parents of a marriageable filly in London. Their troubles arise from the fact that the young lady prefers a jazz drummer of Mediterranean ancestry to a true-blue Sassenach. The business is always light and occasionally pleasantly airy. Miss Kendall and Mr. Harrison have as their assistants John Saxon and Sandra Dee. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Rouge et Noir—Perhaps the life and times of Julien Sorel aren't projected in this French film quite as effectively as they were in the Stendhal novel it is based on, but it still has some of the wit and perfection of the original. Done in color, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi giving charming portrayals of the major roles, and an admirable supporting cast. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 10, tentative.)

White Wilderness—Another Disney nature study—this time, of the arctic region—which is brilliantly photographed and focuses on about every kind of bird and beast that abounds in the Far North. Mr. Disney persists in being coy every now and then in the commentary and in the sound-track music, but nevertheless the picture is an interesting affair. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 5.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 7-9.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 6.)

It Happened in the Park (1957)—Five vignettes of life and love in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A French picture, with Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, and Anna Maria Ferrero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 5.).

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian job. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a homely maiden that she is really quite a belle. Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 7-9.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Sept. 10.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 7-9, tentative.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Sept. 10.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 10.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Sept. 9: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey.
From Sept. 10: "Dunkirk," John Mills, Richard Attenborough.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 9 (tentative): "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
From Sept. 10 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 7: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
Sept. 8-9: "The Haunted Strangler," Boris Karloff; and "Fiend Without a Face," Marshall Thompson.
From Sept. 10: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin.

R.K.O 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 9 (tentative): **KINGS GO FORTH.**
From Sept. 10 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 10: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 7: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
Sept. 8-9: "The Haunted Strangler," Boris Karloff; and "Fiend Without a Face," Marshall Thompson.
From Sept. 10: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 6 (tentative): **KINGS GO FORTH.**
Sept. 7-9 (tentative): **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "Written on the Wind," revival, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.
From Sept. 10 (tentative): "Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell; and "Maracaibo," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 6 (tentative): "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.
Sept. 7-9 (tentative): "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Sept. 10 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 7: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
Sept. 8-9: "The Haunted Strangler," Boris Karloff; and "Fiend Without a Face," Marshall Thompson.
From Sept. 10: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 5: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival.
Sept. 6-9: **KINGS GO FORTH**; and "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands.
From Sept. 10: **12 ANGRY MEN**, revival; and "The Barefoot Contessa," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 9 (tentative): "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
From Sept. 10 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 7: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
Sept. 8-9: "The Haunted Strangler," Boris Karloff; and "Fiend Without a Face," Marshall Thompson.
From Sept. 10: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 6: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.
Sept. 7-9: **THE RAINMAKER**, revival; and **FUNNY FACE**, revival.
From Sept. 10: "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "House of Pleasure" (in French; also known as "Le Plaisir"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Truth About Women," Laurence Harvey, Julie Harris.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WHITE WILDERNESS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Lucky Jim," Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 9: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 9: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Simon and Laura," revival, Peter Finch, Kay Kendall.
From Sept. 10: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "Ride a Crooked Trail," Audie Murphy, Gia Scala.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 4: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The Anna Cross" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 5: "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival.
Sept. 6: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French), revival; and "The Sorceress" (in French), revival, Marina Vlady.
Sept. 7: "A Prince for Cynthia," "Pantomime," and two other George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 8: "The Red Inn" (in French), revival, Fernandel; and "Monelle" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Sept. 9: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Sept. 10: A program of four short nature films—"Whale Hunt," "Perils of the Forest," "Landscape of Silence," and "The Vanishing Prairie."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 9: "The Light in the Forest," Fess Parker, Wendell Corey; and "Perri," revival, a Walt Disney nature film.
From Sept. 10: **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.

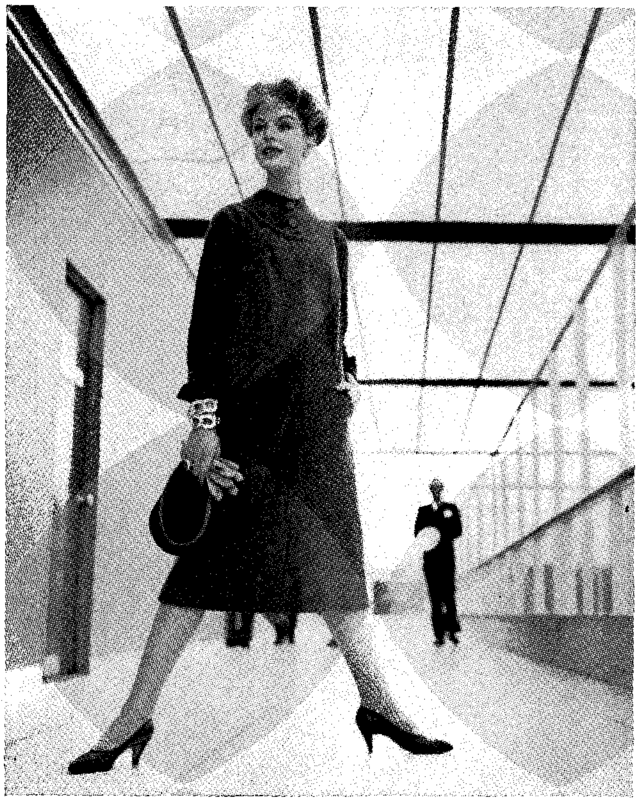
Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Sept. 9: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.
From Sept. 10: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 9: "The Badlanders," Alan Ladd, Ernest Borgnine; and "Tarzan's Fight for Life," Gordon Scott.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Violent Road," Brian Keith.

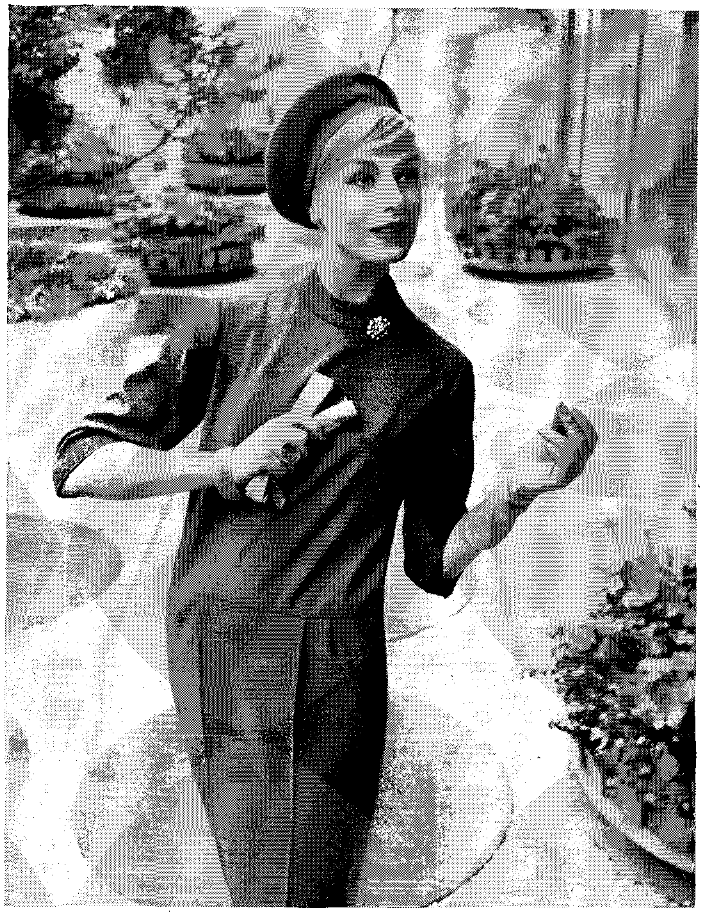
AUCTION TODAY!
AL FABRY

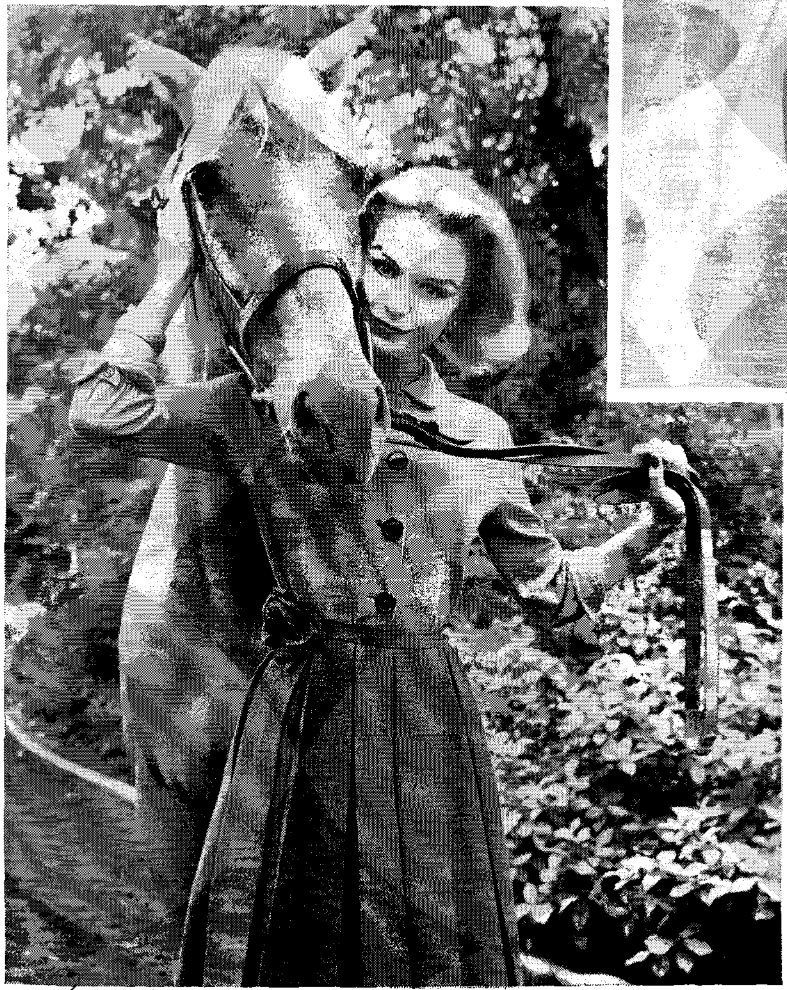
H.T.'s wife



Wear this for pure enjoyment. A young jumper in hollow-cut corduroy gone quite sophisticated in Mr. Wragge's hands. Jersey shirt trimmed in the corduroy. Colors: Mushroom with brooks gray, putty with black, grasshopper green with calf color. Sizes 8 to 16. $79.95.

A dress so great and great for everything it's like money in the bank. Cambridge worsted flannel cut in the B. H. Wragge easy way with trouser crease skirt. In unobvious colors like pewter or calf. Sizes 8 to 16. $55.00.





Two pieces with well-put-togetherness: clive jersey blouse and pleated flannel skirt and fabric rose for fun. Calf color blouse with pewter skirt, or brooks gray with moutard. Sizes 8 to 16. $65.00.

Right: The ways of a suit in a dress sure of its femininity. Slim skirt on a camisole top stays put and comfortable. Cone shaped jacket has mood and movement. The colors are great, but hit you quietly: moutard or pewter in haystack tweed with silk print scarf. Sizes 8 to 16. $75.

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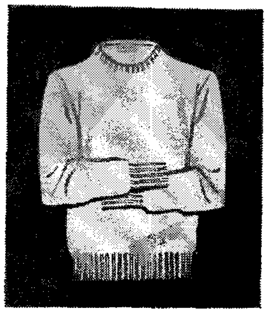

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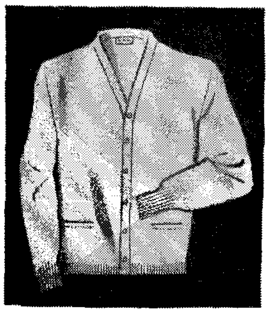

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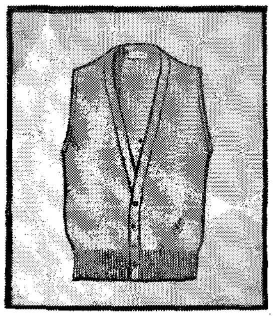

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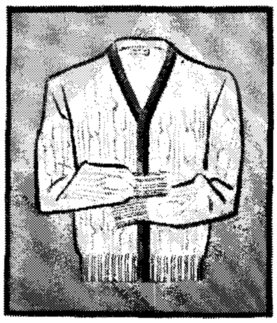

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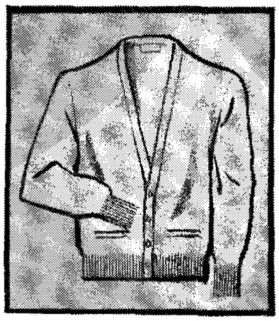

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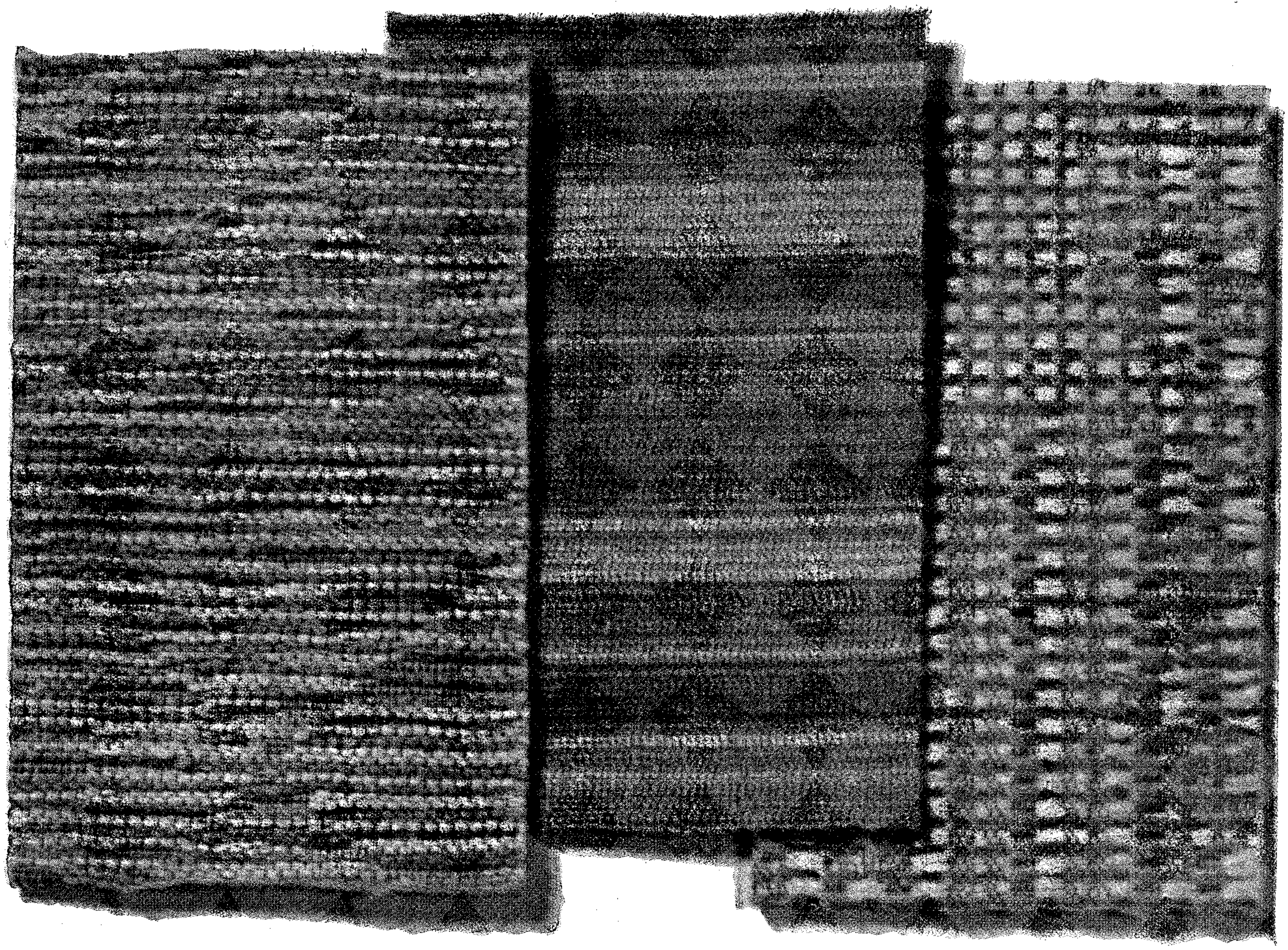

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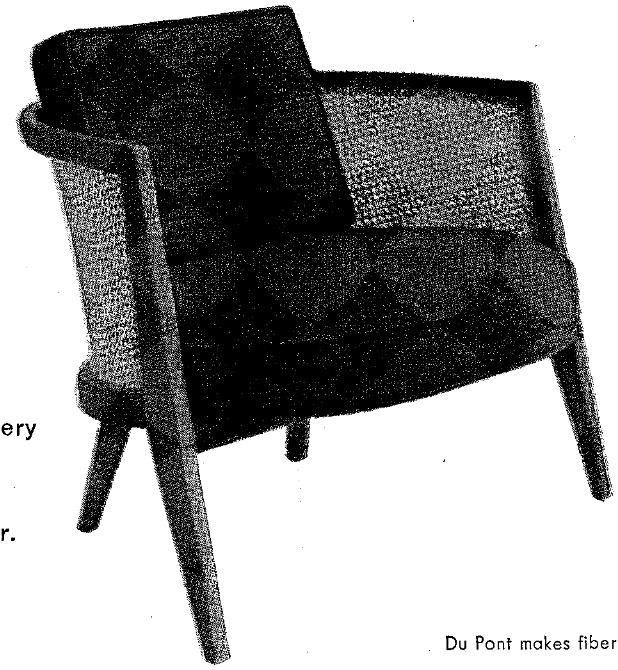

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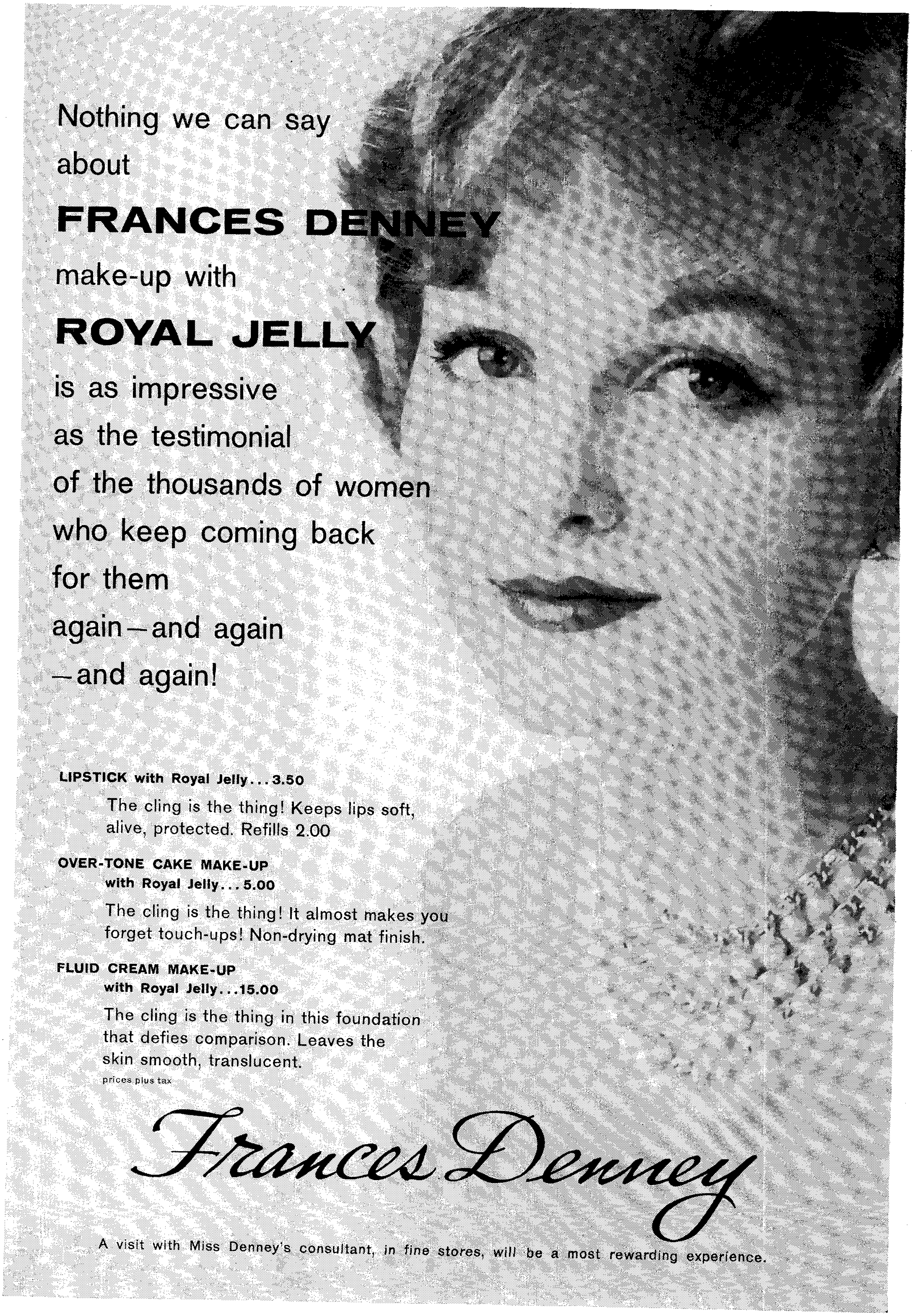

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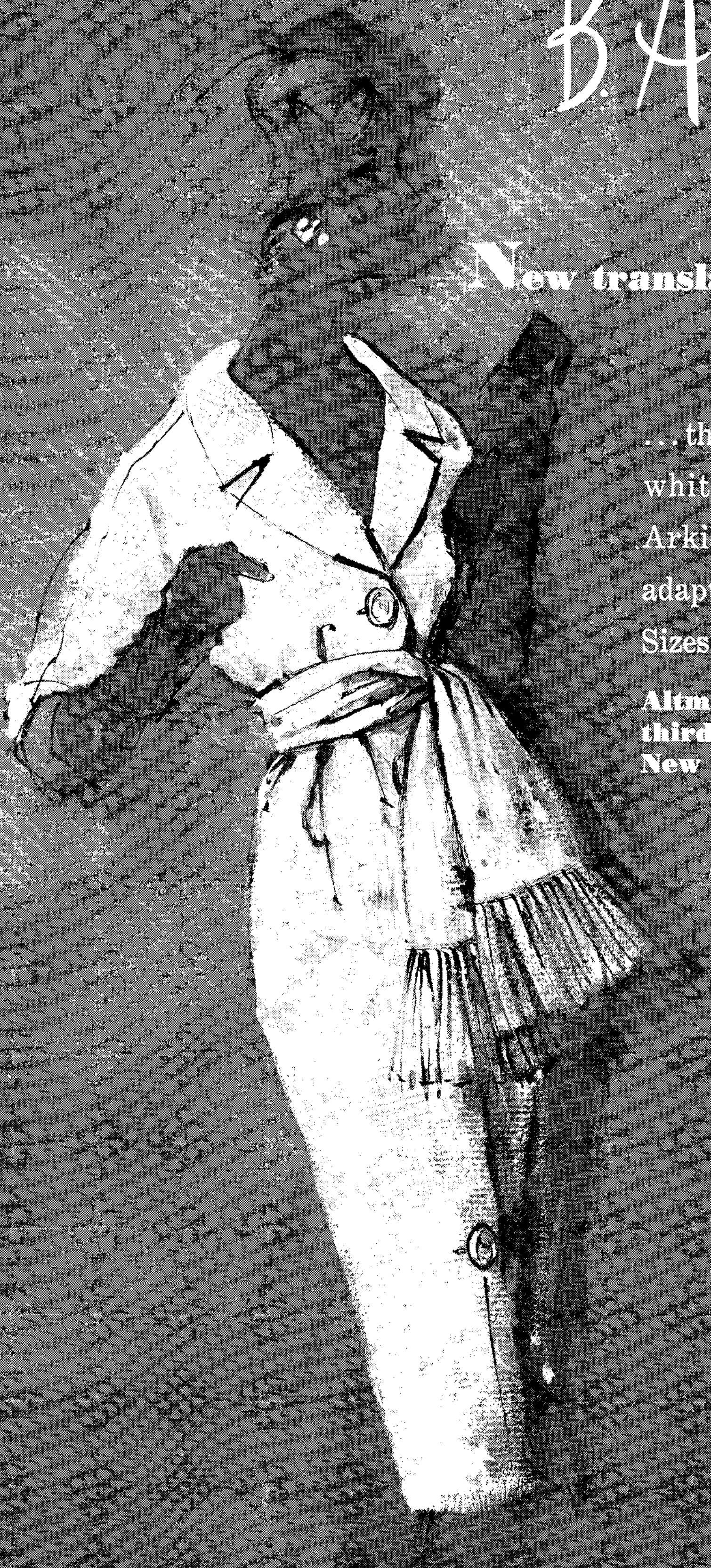

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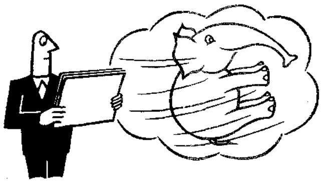
FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

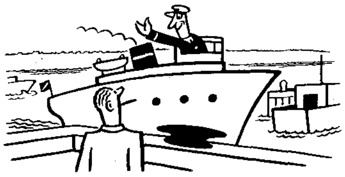
SPRING is for poets. Autumn is for editorial writers—when the nomination pokes its head up through the first ground cover of falling leaves, like *Crocus sativus* (saffron). The editorialist receiving its scent, like a cat sniffing *Nepeta cataria* (catnip), flings himself flat on his back and begins to roll, clawing ecstatically at the surrounding humus. When this happens, the city husbandman needs nor calendar nor almanac to advise him to free his woollen clothes from the cleaner's clinging cellophane casings. We got the message last Tuesday, when we read in the *Herald Tribune* about a great, cleansing wind that swept through the Republican convention as it nominated Rockefeller for Governor. "It was the spirit of an army girding for victory," the *Herald Tribune* said. "This groundswell at the grass roots had carried something more than Rockefeller along with it." The description of a barely subcutaneous invasion of land by an oceanic phenomenon disconcerted us at first reading, but then we decided that the leader writer might be from upstate, and might think a ground swell was a variety of earthquake. "The spirit of this platform," the *Herald Tribune* went on, "was put in a nutshell by Senator Jacob Javits, a clear voice of the new Republicanism: 'The days of having our feet firmly planted in the cement of McKinley's time are over.' " The editorial added, "It was put as forcefully by the convention's temporary chairman, Assembly Speaker Oswald Heck: 'Any tendency toward isolation should be discredited once and for all and placed on one of the highest shelves of the Smithsonian Institution.' " The ensemble—the ground swell under the grass plot lifting the feet from cement so that the feet's owners could place isolation on the highest shelf of the Smithsonian—made us happy and may keep us so all fall, even if the *Herald Tribune* never equals it. We try and try to think of what isolation made tangible looks like.



Beware of Tankers

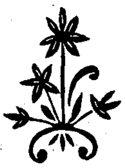
YO-HO, hearties! Do you long to feel the tang of salt spray in your face as you heave the capstan round, and all only fifteen minutes by taxi from Times Square? Simple—get a yacht and park it at the Socony Mobil Oil Company's boat basin, or marina, in the Hudson River at the foot of West Seventy-ninth Street. We don't have a yacht, but we did have an afternoon free the other day, and we spent part of it up there. It was a sticky afternoon (temperature, eighty-five degrees; relative humidity, eighty per cent), and not a bit conducive to the brisk nautical spirit we were trying to evoke just now, but all the same we had a lively time looking into the life of the casual Manhattan seaman. Approaching the marina on foot from Riverside Drive, we managed to get in the way of some spray—nonsalty but refreshing—from the fountain in the West Side Highway's traffic turnaround. A moment later, we arrived at the marina, which consists principally of two docks jutting out some five hundred feet into the river, and between them, at the river's edge, a frame building topped by the Socony ensign. Several dozen yachts were in sight, most of the larger ones tied up to the docks, and most of the smaller ones bobbing at moorings nearby. Aboard the boats, skippers were polishing up brass while their ladies sunned themselves on deck. Out in the river, a sightseeing boat was chugging by.

We headed for the frame building, which turned out to be the dockmaster's office, and there we met a sandy-haired man, wearing khaki pants and a khaki shirt and smoking a khaki cigar, who introduced himself as Al Jantzen, an assistant to Edgar Collins, the dockmaster. Collins happened to be off duty, Jantzen said, and then, at our urging, he rattled off some facts, figures, and opinions about the marina. "Socony leases the space from the Department of Parks, and has been operating a summer boat basin here for twenty years," he said. "I've worked here eight years myself. We're open from April 1st through October 31st, and we charge five cents per foot of boat length per day for berthing. We can berth about eighty-five boats, and we're generally full up from early June through September. In October, we get a lot of transients heading south from the Great Lakes. This is the last stop on the northern leg of the Inland Waterway; between here and Manasquan, down in Jersey, you have to go out into the ocean. There are three little boat docks—canoe clubs, we call them—up around Dyckman Street, at the northern tip of Manhattan, but this is the only marina between the Battery and Yonkers that's capable of accommodating yachts."



Jantzen went on to remark that the biggest boat berthed there just then was about a hundred and twenty feet long, and that several of the others—the Highlander, the Joseph Conrad, the Anstan, the Carmac, the Bluejacket, the Chanticleer—were in the hundred-foot class. We asked him whether he thought the marina's popularity could be accounted for by its convenience, whereupon he shifted his cigar aggressively from one corner of his mouth to the other. "Let's say by its excellence," he replied, "though convenience naturally is a factor, too. More entertaining is done at moorings here than in any other marina I've heard of. The bigger parties are catered, but just the same we sell between four and six hundred pounds of ice a day in July and August. We keep the ice in an icehouse under one of the docks. A big advantage of this marina is deep water—twenty feet at mean low tide—but we've got natural disadvantages, too. One is that to get to the Sound you've got to either go around the Battery or else through the Harlem River, which has eight bridges, seven of them low. Another is rough water. The Hudson is a very rough river. Tankers and hurricanes! The channel is only four hundred feet from the end of our docks, and a tanker going by can kick up a wake big enough to swamp a boat less than twenty feet long. Very embarrassing, so we very seldom take a boat less than twenty feet long. Actually, we haven't lost a boat since Hurricane Carol, in '54. A twenty-six-footer went down that time, but even it wasn't a total loss."

Jantzen offered to take us for a walk on the docks. We accepted, and thus got a better look at the Tonga, of Kent Island, Maryland, a gorgeous motor-sailer; the Wilamar, on whose deck a youth was sitting at a red plush bar watching television; the My Mink III; the Mon Lei, a Chinese junk; and the Chanticleer, a huge blue cruiser, on whose deck dozens of outboard motors were ranged. (Jantzen explained that the Chanticleer belongs to Ralph Evinrude, a man with faith in his product.) When we turned around, there was the vertical seaport staring us in the face, and a few minutes later we were back in the thick of it.



GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: A restaurant in San Francisco pushes its new beverage delight—"Irish coffee, Italian style."

Faculty

THE earliest program to be seen on television these mornings is "Aquí se Habla Inglés," or "English Spoken Here," on Channel 4, Mondays through Fridays, from six-thirty to seven. For the benefit of those who are not on the *alerta* at that hour, "Aquí" is a class in English speech and local customs aimed at the city's eight hundred and fifty thousand Spanish-speaking residents, of whom some six hundred and twenty-five thousand are Puerto Rican and most of the rest Cuban. The program consists of bilingual job listings, films, word games, contests without billion-dollar prizes, and other amiable educational devices. The three persons chiefly concerned with it are its invisible producer, Miss Patricia Farrar, a tall, good-looking young lady of twenty-six, and its two electronically visible and audible *régisseurs*, Miss Clara Luisa Barbeito and Mr. José Román. Miss Barbeito, a former teacher and a present editor with the McGraw-Hill Book Company, is short, brown-eyed, dark-haired, and thirty-one, while Mr. Román, who used to be a radio counsellor and is now labor editor of *El Diario de Nueva York*, is bespectacled, sober-looking, thirty-two, and the father of three children. We had coffee with all three "Aquí" faculty members in a Rockefeller Center office shortly after dawn the other morning. They all looked very jaunty and wide-awake, and no wonder, since, early as it was, the day's program was already history.

"Help yourself to a Danish," Miss Farrar said hospitably. "This is midday for us, of course. I get up at three o'clock, Clara at four, and José—he has his newspaper work, after all—at four-thirty. Clara and José speak English with a slight Spanish accent, you'll notice. Someone who spoke without an accent wouldn't do at all."

"Sometimes I believe we speak English too precisely," said Mr. Román, speaking it indeed precisely. "I go into a restaurant and say, 'I would like ham and egg, please.' The waitress giggles at me. People ask me if I do not think I am cutting my own throat by teaching English when I am an editor of a Spanish-language newspaper, and I say no, I never think of it that way. Apart from the fact that I'm having more fun than I've had since I was at school, I want all Spanish-speaking people in New York to learn English, just as I want my own children to."

We asked Miss Barbeito how she liked appearing on television. "I was nervous at first, but I'm over it now," she replied. "At McGraw-Hill, they treat me as if I were a celebrity. I teach the crewmen for the program one word of Spanish a day. On the air, it is the direct method of teaching that I use. I never say, 'This word is a noun, this word is an adjective.' Instead, I have two dolls, called Helen and Peter. I say, 'Helen wears long nylon stockings. Peter wears short socks.' You see?"

We nodded, and so did Miss Farrar and Mr. Román. "To judge by the letters we get, Italians, Germans, Poles—all sorts of people—have been watching," said Mr. Román. "I think many of our watchers must be already fluent in English. Perhaps they watch just because they like us."

"Practically the only person who isn't learning any Spanish is me," said Miss Farrar. "I had to quit picking it up, so I wouldn't get too fluent myself and stop checking on Clara's and José's translations. One trouble we had at first was that both Clara and José smiled when they spoke Spanish but got very solemn when they spoke English. Now they both have English smiles."

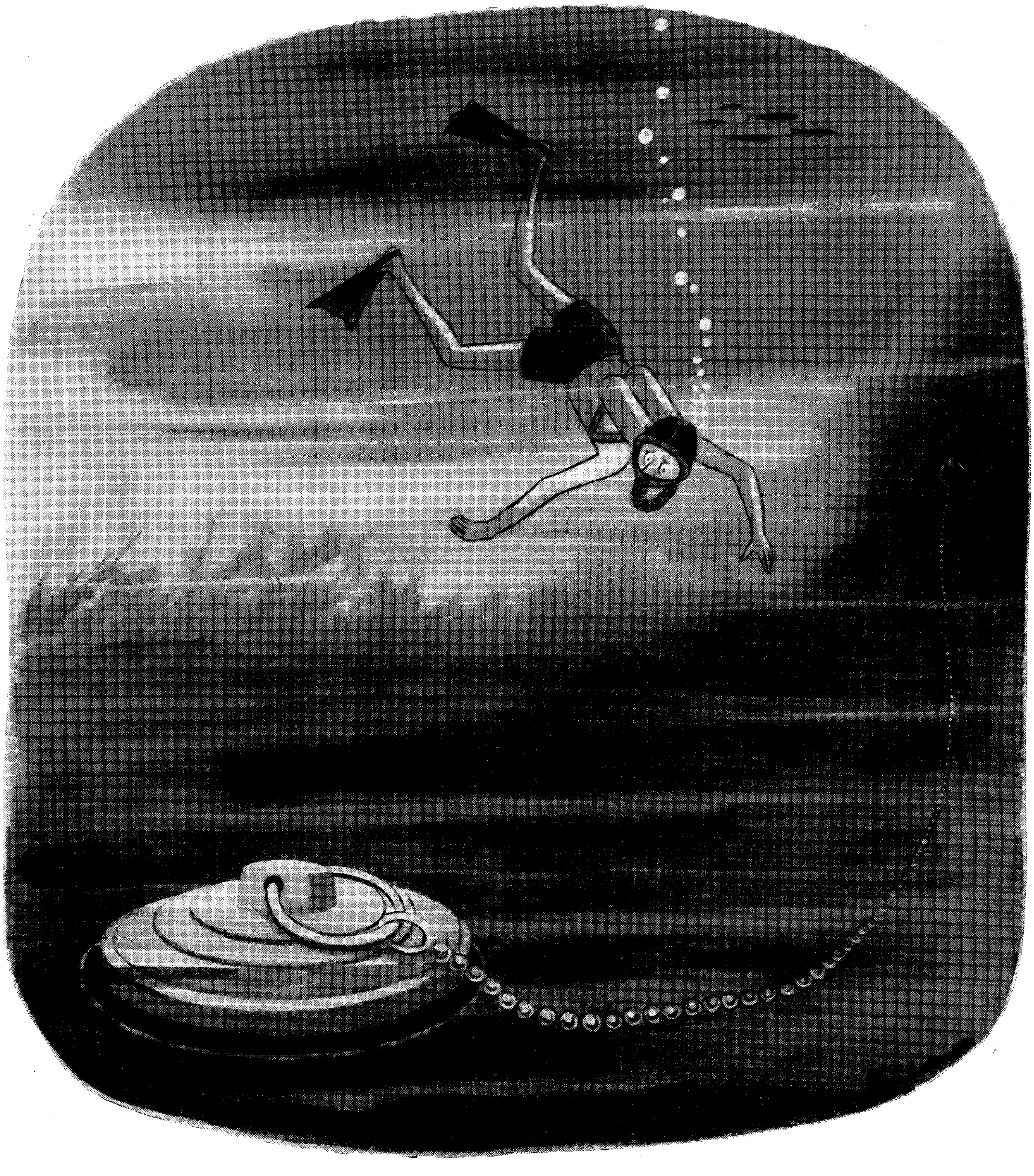
We accepted a second cup of coffee, and the trio fell to talking about how English words with Spanish suffixes are beginning to turn up in Spanish as it is spoken locally. On the *qui vive* for a semantic trend, we asked for an example. "Well," said Miss Barbeito, "a friend of mine, a consular official, called me up the other day and extended what seemed to be some sort of invitation. He used a verb I didn't recognize—'*lunchar*.' Get it?" She gave us an English smile.

Young Hopeful

ONE of our Roman operatives sends word that a visiting professor from Wisconsin took his son, who is going on ten, to look at the ruins of the Forum the other day and, as a result, suspects that a really first-class historian may make his appearance in world literature before the century is out. After gazing down for a long time at the fragmented columns and the bare foundations of the grandeur that was, the boy propounded the question that was asked, and at some length answered, by Gibbon so many years ago. "What *happened*?" the boy wanted to know.

Stately Endocrinologist

SIR FRANCIS KNOWLES, a research biologist who specializes in certain aspects of the nervous system of crustaceans and who, though a sixth baronet, has bought, rather than inherited, a Stately Home of England, which he exhibits to the public at half-a-crown a head (children, one shilling) every afternoon except Tuesday from April through September, was here recently to lecture on "Some Aspects of Crustacean Neuro-Secretion" at the Harvard Biological Laboratories and to attend a symposium on comparative endocrinology held by Columbia at the Long Island Biological Laboratory, in Cold Spring Harbor. We caught him at the office of the British Travel Association,



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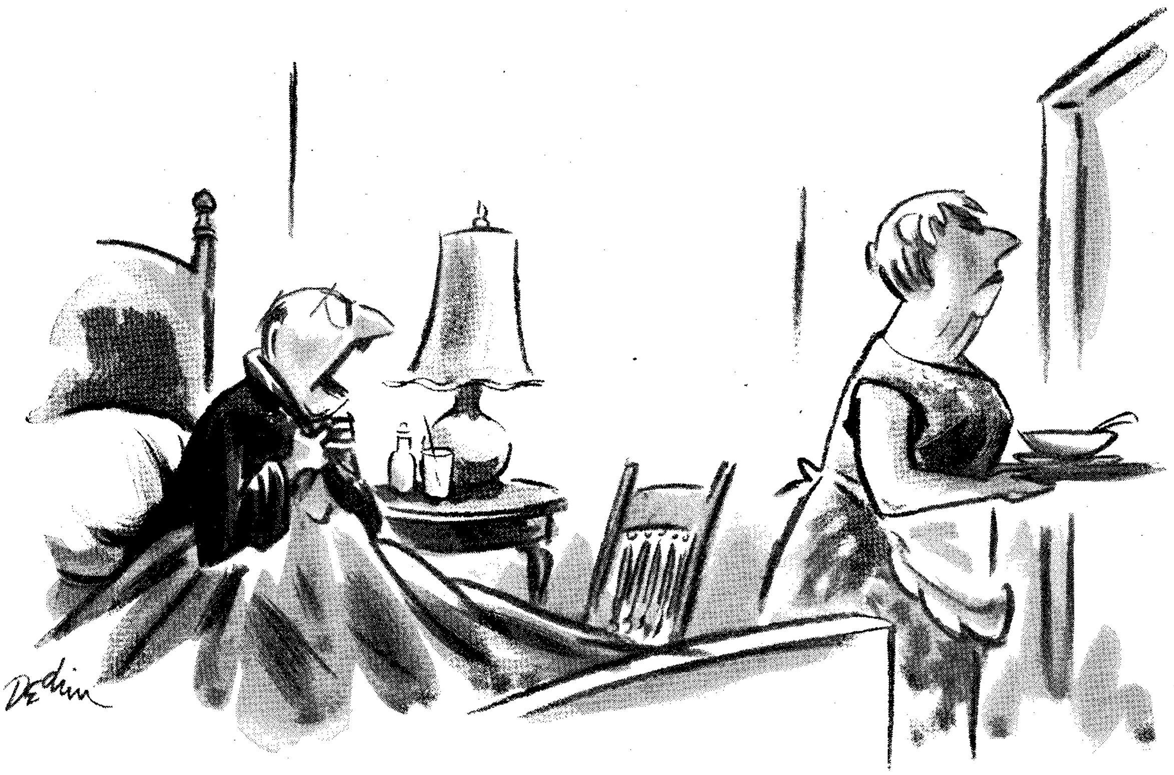
a cordial sixth baronet in his early forties, and, seeking details on his twin careers, learned that he was born in Ottawa, while his father, an anthropologist, was investigating Indian tribes for the Canadian government. His family returned to England when he was four, and he was brought up in Oxford, went to Oxford University, and presently became head of the biology department of Marlborough College, a famous school that specializes in science. "Father died in 1953, when I was thirty-eight," he said. "I was an only child, and soon after coming into my inheritance I bought Avebury Manor, a sixteenth-century house, with thirty or forty rooms, that used to belong to the Holford family. It's an Elizabethan house almost in mint state. At the time, my wife and I were living in a house two miles away—almost in mint state, but not Elizabethan, and *much* smaller. So small, in fact, that our daughter Averina, who is now eight, was sleeping in a bathroom. I bought Avebury in order to have more room—I also had a stepdaughter, Angela, and twins, Charles and Emma, born in 1951, and we now have another daughter, Christiana, who is two—and because there was talk of its being turned into a home for stableboys. I felt it was the sort of house that ought to be preserved. It has a dining room that is thought to have been redecorated by Sir Richard Holford to receive Queen Anne, a drawing room whose original ceiling exemplifies the narrow-ribbed style that prevailed under Elizabeth the First, and a bedroom considered one of the most perfectly preserved Elizabethan



"Hypochondriacs get sick too, you know!"

rooms in Wiltshire, and it adjoins grounds on which there are prehistoric stone monuments dating back to 1800 B.C. I felt that unless someone took it on, there was quite a chance of its being torn down. It had never been opened to the public before, but that seemed a way to keep it going. So I got a grant from the Ministry of Works for repairs, and opened it the summer of 1956. We have six or seven guides, and my wife and I take a hand on weekends. Summers, we live in the smaller rooms in one of the wings; winters, we spread out in the state rooms. During the tourist season, we keep Tuesdays free for tidying the place, and ourselves, up. We've installed a tea-and-sandwich bar in the dovecote, which was built during the reign of Mary Tudor, and visitors are allowed to picnic in certain parts of the gardens. There are seven gardens, with lots of tulips—twelve thousand in season—and topiary box hedges. It's seventy-nine miles from London. We had nine thousand visitors last year."

How about the nervous system of crustaceans, we asked.

"My special field is neuro-secretion," Sir Francis said. "I use crustaceans because their color changes reflect a remarkable system of neuro-secretory control and because they're remarkably hardy. These changes are caused by independent movements of hormones in the blood that are known as chromatophores. Fiddler crabs lighten and darken through the interaction of two rhythms—a diurnal one and a tidal one. They darken during the day and become pale at night, but maximum darkening is synchronized with the time of low tide, and thus varies. Keep them in permanent darkness in a laboratory and the rhythms persist; they continue to change color in harmony with their late companions on the beach. A veritable biological clock! Some crustaceans change more than others. Those living in crevices don't change much, but certain shrimps and prawns living in the open have extremely elaborate color changes. I've studied them while skin-diving in Bermuda and off Naples. I've swum through the rooms of some marvellous submerged Roman villas off Naples."

Sir Francis showed us a Florentine dagger he had dug up in one of his gardens; a Georgian mousetrap, suitable for two mice, also hailing from Avebury; and an ancestral duelling pistol, hailing from the first Knowles baronet, Sir Charles, an admiral who was Governor of Jamaica in the seventeen-hundreds. "During the past six generations, we've had three admirals and three scientists," he said. "All the baronets called Francis have been scientists, and all the ones called Charles have been admirals. My son Charles, who is six now, says he's going into the Navy. I believe it's some sort of genetic inheritance."

De Rigueur

WHILE browsing in the furniture department of Lord & Taylor the other day, one of our correspondents observed a brisk-looking interior decorator leading a harried-looking lady through the displays. "Just one more question," the lady was saying. "Are they using pianos this season?"

Back to the Bronx

AT the suggestion of Miss Colleen Herrmann, a young lady we know who is attached to the local Girl Scout Council, we repaired to 172nd Street and Jerome Avenue one sunny afternoon last week to witness the homecoming of Troop 1-111 of Greater New York from a coast-to-coast safari in a couple of Volkswagen Microbuses. The troopers, we were advised by Miss Herrmann, had been out for fifty-two days, had covered ninety-two hundred miles, and were due to arrive at 2:30 P.M. at the headquarters of the Brown-Balk Motor Corporation, a big Bronx Volkswagen outfit, which had been the starting point of their journey. Ever punctual, we got up to the finish line right on time, and found ourself in the midst of a madding crowd that had assembled on the pavement outside the Brown-Balk showroom. After being jostled around for a while and having our feet stepped on by agitated small fry waiting to greet their travelled sisters, we moved into the showroom, where we were immediately taken in hand by a salesman who tried to sell us a Volkswagen sedan. Before he could get very far with his pitch, we informed him that what we wanted to know was when the young natives would return, and he reluctantly led us out onto the pavement again. "Talk to that tall fellow over there," he said.

The tall fellow turned out to be James Niklad, father of Roberta, one of the voyagers, and husband of Ada, Girl Scout leader and one of the Volkswagen drivers. While peering up and down Jerome Avenue, Mr. Niklad told us how Troop 1-111 had happened to light out. "It all began two years ago," he said. “Thirteen of the girls in the troop—their ages range from fifteen to seventeen—wanted to make a trip to Europe, but under Girl Scout rules they couldn’t do that until they were all sixteen. Well, then they got together and figured out that there was no rule against a trip across the United States, and so they began to plan how they could make one. They met with the parent group only a couple of times, and made most of the arrangements themselves. They shopped around for transportation, and came up with this Volkswagen deal—five hundred dollars a month for rent of the buses, plus four cents for every mile covered. They found they could swing the whole thing for less than three hundred dollars a head.” Mr. Niklad paused to look at his watch, and murmured, “It’s not like Ada to be late.”

A small boy, squirming in the clutch of his mother, began to yelp, “They fell in the river! They fell in the river!”

“Just you keep that up,” said his mother ominously.

A police car pulled in to the curb, and one of the cops aboard asked the nearest bystander, a man in a Hawaiian blouse, what was cooking. “Our little girls are coming home,” said the man emotionally.

“You mean they’re coming home *here*?” the cop asked incredulously. The man nodded, and the police car drove off.

We were buttonholed by a middle-aged lady in slacks, who said she’d just have to talk to somebody or the waiting would kill her. “Imagine!” she said. “My Sylvia, fifteen years old, off to God knows where. Nineteen states she’s been in, camping out like a cowboy. But whatever else it may be, it’s got to be healthy.”

A robust-looking character suddenly thrust a card upon us that read, “Suburban U-Rent U-Drive.” “This was all negotiated through me,” he said. “I buy the Microbuses from Brown-Balk, then rent them to interested parties. I rent smaller Volkswagens, too. Here is really a service to anybody wants a car. Now, here’s what I could do for you—”

He was interrupted by the tumultuous arrival of the buses, full of screaming girls. Clothed in white blouses, black shorts, white socks, and sneakers, they swarmed into the throng and flung themselves upon their relatives. When things had calmed down a little, we approached Mrs. Niklad, a tall, plump, rubicund blonde who was the lead driver of the expedition, and asked her how things had gone on the trip. “Absolutely wonderful,” said Mrs. Niklad, who was wearing a sombrero. “We stopped in Girl Scout camps on twenty-six nights, and the rest of the time at state camps and National Park camps, but during bad weather we put up at motels. We rarely made more than two hundred miles a day, so driving wasn’t tiring, and the girls were absolute angels. There were three of us leaders, you know—two of us to drive and the other to take care of any girl who got sick. If that had happened—and thank the Lord it didn’t—the third leader was to take the girl to a hospital, wait for her parents to come, and then join up with us later on. This trip was planned to the *n*th degree.”

A Volkswagen representative proposed that all the travellers line up before the vehicles and have their pictures taken. “Pictures, pictures, pictures,” one of them remarked while getting into place. “I must have taken five million, and I bet none of them come out.”

“Smile, girls,” said the photographer.

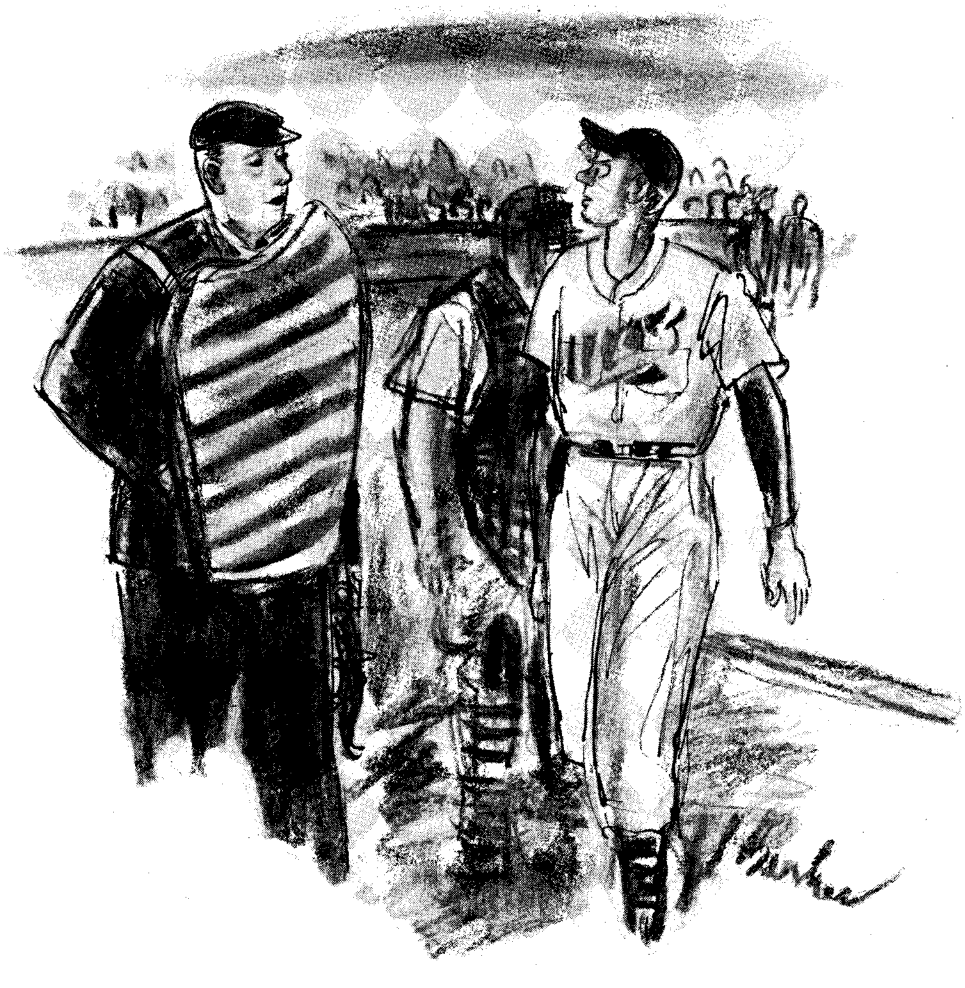
“Carol’s been all over the country,” said a woman to our left, “and she still looks the same.”

“They all look the same,” said another woman. “Maybe a little fatter. But they won’t sound the same.”

After the picture-taking, the girls huddled together and chanted, “Two! Four! Six! Eight! Who do we appreciate? OUR LEADERS!” Mrs. Niklad and her colleagues beamed, and the girls climbed onto the top of the buses to get their duffel. One of them, after retrieving her baggage, held up a half-pint jar full of water. “Guess what this is!” she shrieked. No one seemed to know. “Water from the Pacific Ocean!” she cried.

Pleasure Before Business

A WASHINGTON lady of our acquaintance recently telephoned a highly placed civilian official attached to the Pentagon. She was answered by a secretary, who informed her that the gentleman was in conference and could not be disturbed. “Well,” said our friend, “when do you think it would be convenient to call again? It’s about a purely social matter.” “Oh, a social matter,” reiterated the secretary. “Just hold on a minute, and I’ll put you through.” There followed five minutes of chitchat between the lady and the gentleman, which wound up with his accepting an invitation to a party.



“Stan Musial doesn’t use words like that, son.”

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SITTING outside on the sill, the cat watched Edith through the window. The shallow arc between the tips of his ears, his baleful stare, and his hunched-up body, blown feathery by the wind, gave him the look of a barn owl. Sometimes a strong gust nearly knocked him off balance and bent his whiskers crooked. Catching Edith's eye, he opened his mouth wide in his furious, striped face, showed his fangs, and let out a piteous mew instead of a roar.

Edith put a finger in her book and padded across the room in her stocking feet. When she opened the French windows, the gale swept into the room and the fire began to smoke. Now that he was allowed to come in, the cat began to show caprice; half in, he arched his back and rubbed against the step, purring loudly. Some leaves blew across the floor.

"Either in or out, you fool," Edith said impatiently. Still holding the door, she put her foot under the cat's belly and half pushed, half lifted him into the room.

The French windows had warped, like all the other wooden parts of the house. There were altogether too many causes for irritation, Edith thought. When she had managed to slam the door shut, she stood there for a moment, looking out at the garden, until she had felt the full abhorrence of the scene. Her revulsion was so complete that the sensation became ecstatic.

On the veranda, a piece of newspaper had wrapped itself, quivering frenziedly, round a post. A macrocarpa hedge tossed about in the wind; the giant hydrangea by the gate was full of bus tickets, for here was the terminus, the very end of the esplanade. The butt and end, Edith thought, of all the long-drawn-out tedium of the English holiday resort. Across the road, a broken bank covered with spiky grass hid most of the sands, but she could imagine them clearly, brown and ribbed, littered with bits of cuttlefish and mussel shells. The sea—far out—was staved with white.

Edith waited as a bowed-over, mufflered man, exercising a dog, then a duffel-coated woman with a brace of poodles on leads, completed the scene. Satisfied, she turned back to the fire. It was all as bad as could be, and on a bright day it was hardly better, for the hard glitter of the sun seemed unable to lift the spirits. It was usually windy.

The creaking sound of the rain, its fitful and exasperated drumming on the window, she listened to carefully. In one place at the end of the veranda, it dropped more heavily and steadily; she could hear it as if the noise were in her own breast. The cat—her sister Ursula's—rubbed his cold fur against her legs and she pushed him away crossly, but he always returned.

"A day for indoors," Ursula said gaily. She carried in the tea tray, and set down a covered dish on the hearth with the smug triumph of one giving a great treat.

I am to be won over with buttered scones, Edith thought sulkily. The sulky expression was one that her face, with its heavy brows and full mouth, fell into easily. "One of Miss Rogers' nasty looks," her pupils called it, finding it not alarming but depressing. Ursula, two years younger, was plumper, brighter, more alert. Neither was beautiful.

"Oh, that bloody cat of yours," Edith said. He was now mewing at the French windows to be let out. Edith's swearing was something new and since their father had died—an act of desperation, such as a child might make. Father would turn in his grave, Ursula often said. Let him turn, said Edith.

"Who will look after him while you're away?" she asked, nodding at the cat.

Ursula put him outside again and came back to pour out the tea. "How do you mean, look after him? Surely you don't mind? I'll order the fish. You'll only have to cook it and give it to him."

"I shan't be here."

The idea had suddenly occurred, born of vindictiveness and envy. For Pamela had no right to invite Ursula to stay there alone. Edith was only two years their senior; they had all been at the same school. Apart from that, the two sisters always spent their holidays together—in fact, had never been separated. To Edith, the invitation seemed staggeringly insolent, and Ursula's decision to accept it could hardly be believed. She had read out the letter at breakfast one morning, and Edith, on her way out of the room to fetch more milk, had simply said, "How extraordinary," her light, scornful voice dismissing the idea. Only a sense of time passing and middle age approaching had given Ursula the courage (or effrontery) to renew the subject. For the first time that either she or Edith could remember, her energy and enthusiasm overcame the smothering effect of her sister's lethargy.

She means to go, Edith told herself. Her sensation of impotence was poison to her. She had a bitter taste in her mouth, and rubbed her hands as if they were frozen. If Ursula were truly going, though, Edith was determined that the departure should be made as difficult as possible. Long before she could set out for the station she should be worn out with the obstacles she had had to overcome.

"You can't expect me to stay here on my own just in order to look after your cat."

And lest Ursula should ask where she was going before she had had time to make her plans, she got up quickly and went upstairs.

THE cat was to stay in kennels, and Ursula grieved about it. Her grief Edith brushed aside as absurd, although she was at the same time inclined to allow Ursula a sense of guilt. "A dog one can at least take with one," she told her. She had decided that the cat reflected something of Ursula's own nature—too feminine (although it was a tom); it might be driven, though not led, and the refusal to coöperate, mixed, as it was, with cowardice, resulted in slyness.

The weather had not improved. They could remember the summer holidays beginning in this way so often, with everything—rain, flowers, bushes—aslant in the wind. It will be pretty miserable at Pamela's, Edith thought. She could imagine that house and its surroundings—a parade of new shops nearby, a tennis club, enormous suburban pubs at the crossroads. She was forever adding something derogatory to the list. "How could Pamela have married a dentist?" she asked. "Their houses always depress me. I don't think I could stay in one—with all that going on under the same roof."

What awaited her was much vaguer. Knowing that she must make her arrangements quickly—lest Ursula should think them contrived merely for spite—she had written for a prospectus the moment she saw the Summer Lecture Course advertised in a newspaper.

A week's dullness it promised, when

it came. Conceived by high-minded authorities, housed—how uncomfortably, she could guess—in a boys' school left empty for the holidays, the scheme could attract only those desperately deprived of culture or needing a week's refuge, as Edith did. It offered nothing but the chance to punish Ursula.

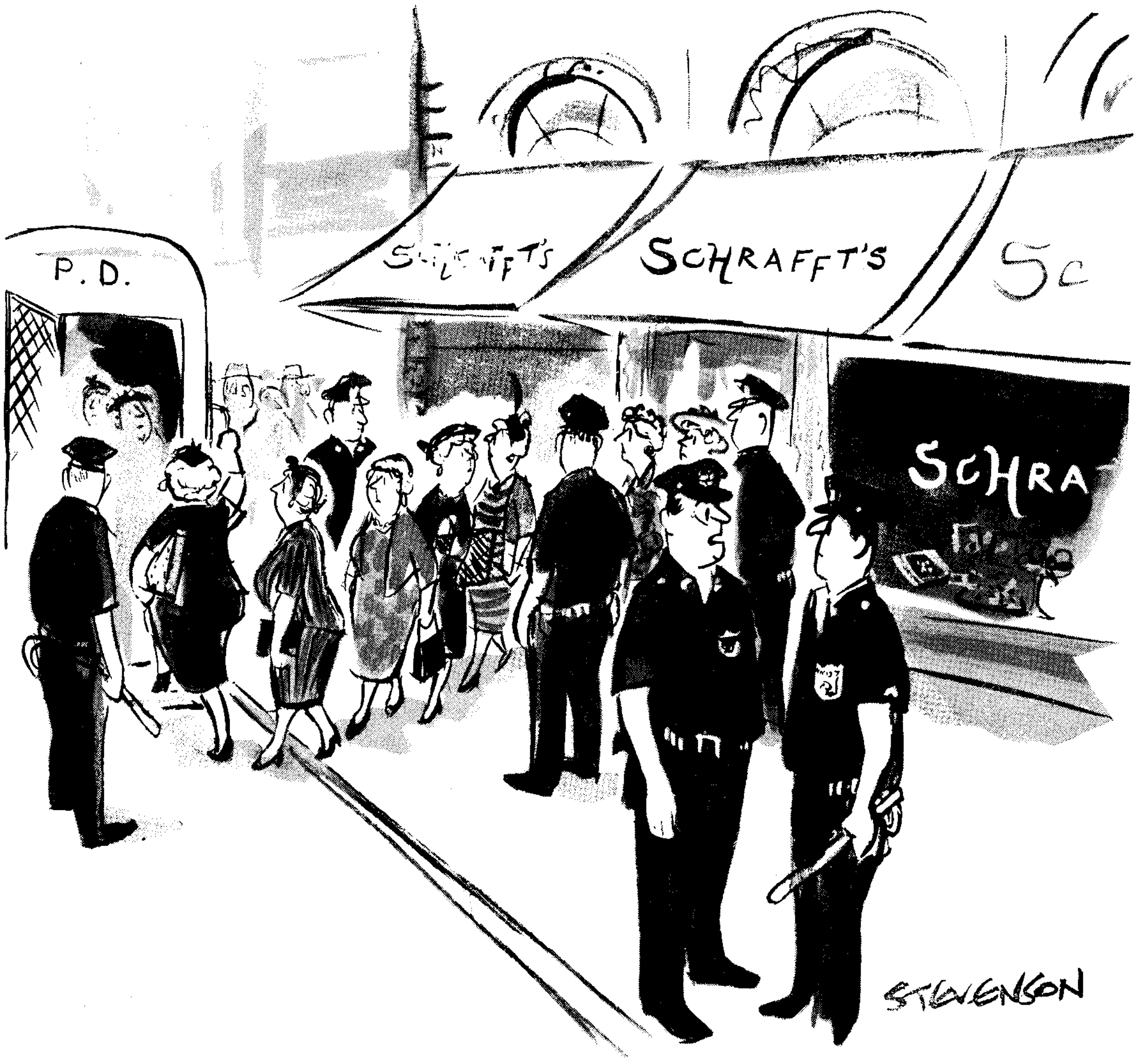
"It will be like being at school—though having to run to the bell instead of ringing it," Ursula said, when she had picked up the prospectus. "A pity you can't just go to the discussions and not stay there all the time. 'Breakfast 8:15,'" she read. "Oh, Lord. 'The Victorian Novel. Trollope. 9:30.'"

Edith, in silence, held out her hand for the prospectus, and Ursula gave it back to her and never set eyes on it again.

"Will you want Mother's fur?" she asked when she began to pack. "I just thought . . . evenings, you know, it might be useful . . ."

"I shall have evenings, too," Edith reminded her.

Their mother could not have guessed what a matter of contention her ermine wrap would turn out to be when she was dead.



"What do you say we take one more quick look at that address?"

• •

"AND how is Edith?" Pamela asked.

"Oh, she's well. She's gone on a little holiday, too."

"I'm so glad. I should have liked to have asked her to come with you," Pamela lied. "But there's only this single bed."

Ursula went over to the window. The spare room was at the back of the house and looked across some recreation grounds—a wooden pavilion, a bowling green; and tennis courts, just as Edith had said there would be. That evening, there was the pub.

All afternoon, the front doorbell had rung, and Pamela and Ursula, sitting in the drawing room upstairs, could hear the crackle of Miss Potter's starched uniform as she crossed the hall to answer it. Patients murmured nervously when they entered, but shouted cheerful goodbyes as they left, going full tilt down the gravelled drive and slamming the gate after them.

"I'm sorry about the bell," Pamela said. "At first, I thought it would send me out of my mind, but now it's no worse than a clock striking."

Ursula thought it extraordinary that she had changed so much since their schooldays. It was difficult to find anything to talk about. The books they had once so passionately discussed were at the very bottom of the glass-fronted case, beneath textbooks on dentistry and Book Club editions, and Ursula, finding Katherine Mansfield's Journal covered with dust, felt estranged. Perhaps Pamela had become a good cook instead, she thought, for there were plenty of books about food.

Edith would have scorned the room, with its television set and cocktail cabinet and the matching sofa and chairs. The ashtrays were painted with bright sayings in foreign languages. There were piles of fashion magazines that later—much later, Ursula guessed—would be put in the waiting room downstairs. The parchment lampshades were stuck over with wine labels, and the lamps were made out of Chianti bottles. The motif of drinking was prevalent, from a rueful yet humorous viewpoint. When Pamela opened the cigarette box, it played "The More We Are Together," and Ursula wondered if the clock would call "*Prosit*" when it struck six.

"That's the last patient," Pamela said. "Mike will come up panting for a drink."

Her full skirt, printed with a jumble of luggage labels, flew out wide as she made a dash to the cocktail cabinet. She was as eager to be ready with everything as if she were opening a pub.

Panic now mingled with the feeling of estrangement, as Ursula listened to the footsteps on the stairs. "Hello, there, Ursula," said Mike, throwing open the door. "And how are you? Long time no see, indeed."

"Not since our wedding," Pamela reminded him.

"Well, what will you be after tak-

"For ***my*** *money it's Rockefeller!"*

ing?" Mike asked. He slapped his hands together, ready for action, took up a bottle, and held it to the light.

I suppose he feels uneasy because I am a schoolmistress, Ursula thought. And perhaps also lest I shall think Pam married beneath her.

Pamela put out the glasses and some amusing bottle openers and corkscrews. Ursula remembered staying with her as a girl, had a clear picture of the gloomy dining room: A dusty cut-glass decanter containing the dregs of some dark, unidentified liquid had stood in the center of the great sideboard, its position never shifting an inch to the right or left. From that imprisoning house and those oppressive parents Mike had rescued his betrothed, and in spite of having shed Katherine Mansfield somewhere on the way, she seemed as happy as could be now that she had escaped.

She kissed her husband, took her drink, and went downstairs—to turn the waiting room back into a dining room, she explained. Mike's uneasiness increased. He was clearly longing for her to return.

"You must be a brave man," Ursula said suddenly. "I remember Pam's mother and father, and how nervous I was when I stayed there. Even when we were quite well on in our teens, we were made to lie down after luncheon, in a darkened room, for ages and ages. 'And no reading, my dear,' her mother always said as we went upstairs. At home, we never rested—or only when we were little children—but I pretended that we did, in case Pam's mother should think badly of mine. They seemed so very stern. To snatch away their only daughter must have needed courage."

For the first time, he looked directly at her. In his eyes was a timid expression. He may have been conscious of this and anxious to hide it, for almost immediately he glanced away.

"I girded on my armor," he said, "and rode up to the portcullis and demanded her. That was all there was to it."

She smiled, thinking, So this room is the end of a fairy tale.

"Astonishing good health, my dear," Mike said, lifting his glass.

AFTER the lecture, there was coffee as usual in the school library. Since Professor Rybeck had not appeared at his colleague's lecture, and still was missing, it had been a wasted evening for Edith.

She took her coffee and, summoning all her courage, went to sit down beside Mrs. Rybeck, who gave her a staving-off smile, a slight shake of her head as she knitted, her lips moving silently. When she came to the end of the row, she apologized, and jotted down on her knitting pattern whatever it was she had been counting.

"What a stimulating evening," Edith said.

"Have you not heard George before?" Mrs. Rybeck was obviously going to be condescending again, calling the lecturer by his Christian name, intimating that she was too familiar with the academic world to be impressed by him or anyone. All the same, Edith was determined to withstand her. Then—what she had hoped—Professor Rybeck came in. She felt breathless and self-conscious as he approached.

"Darling!" he murmured, touching his wife's hair, then bowed to Edith.

"Miss Rogers," his wife reminded him quickly. "At St. Winifred's, you know, where Ethel's girls were."

"Yes, of course I know Miss Rogers," he said.

His dark hair receded from a forehead that seemed always moist, as were his dark and mournful eyes. As soon as they heard his voice—low, catarrhal, and with such gentle inflections—some of the women who had been sitting in a group by the window got up and came over to him.

"Professor Rybeck," one said. "We are beside ourselves with excitement about your lecture tomorrow."

"Miss Rogers was just saying that she thought highly of George's talk this evening," said Mrs. Rybeck.

"Ah, George!" her husband said softly. "I think George likes to think he has us all by the ears. Young men do. But we mustn't let him sharpen his wits on us till we ourselves are blunt. Nonetheless, he knows his Thackeray."

Edith considered herself less esteemed for having mentioned him.

"How I love 'Middlemarch,'" some woman said. "I think it is my favorite novel."

"Then I only hope I do it justice tomorrow," Professor Rybeck said. Although he seemed full of confidence, he smiled humbly. Nothing was too much trouble.

PAMELA had insisted that the three of them should squeeze into the front of the car, and Ursula, squashed in the middle, sat with rounded shoulders and her legs tucked to one side. She was worried about the creases in her skirt. The wireless was on very loud, and both Pamela and Mike joined in the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger." Ursula was glad when they reached The Swan.

The parking lot was full. This pub was where everybody went, Pamela explained—"at the moment," she added. In the garden, the striped umbrellas above the tables had been furled; the baskets of geraniums over the porch were swinging in the wind.

"Astonishingly horrid evening," Mike said, when some of his acquaintances greeted him. "This is Pam's friend Ursula. Ursie, this is Jock"—or Jean, or Eve, or Bill. Ursula lost track. They all knew one another, and Mike and Pam seemed popular. "Don't look now, the worst has happened," someone had said in a loud voice when Mike opened the door of the Saloon Bar.

Ursula was made much of. From time to time, most of them were obliged to bring out some dull relation or duty guest ("Not really one of us"), and it was a mark of friendliness to do one's best to help with other people's problems; even the most tiresome of old crones would be attended to. And Ursula, although plump and prematurely gray, was only too ready to smile and join in the fun.

"You're one of us, I can see," someone complimented her.

"Cheers!" said Ursula before she drank. Edith would have shivered with distaste.

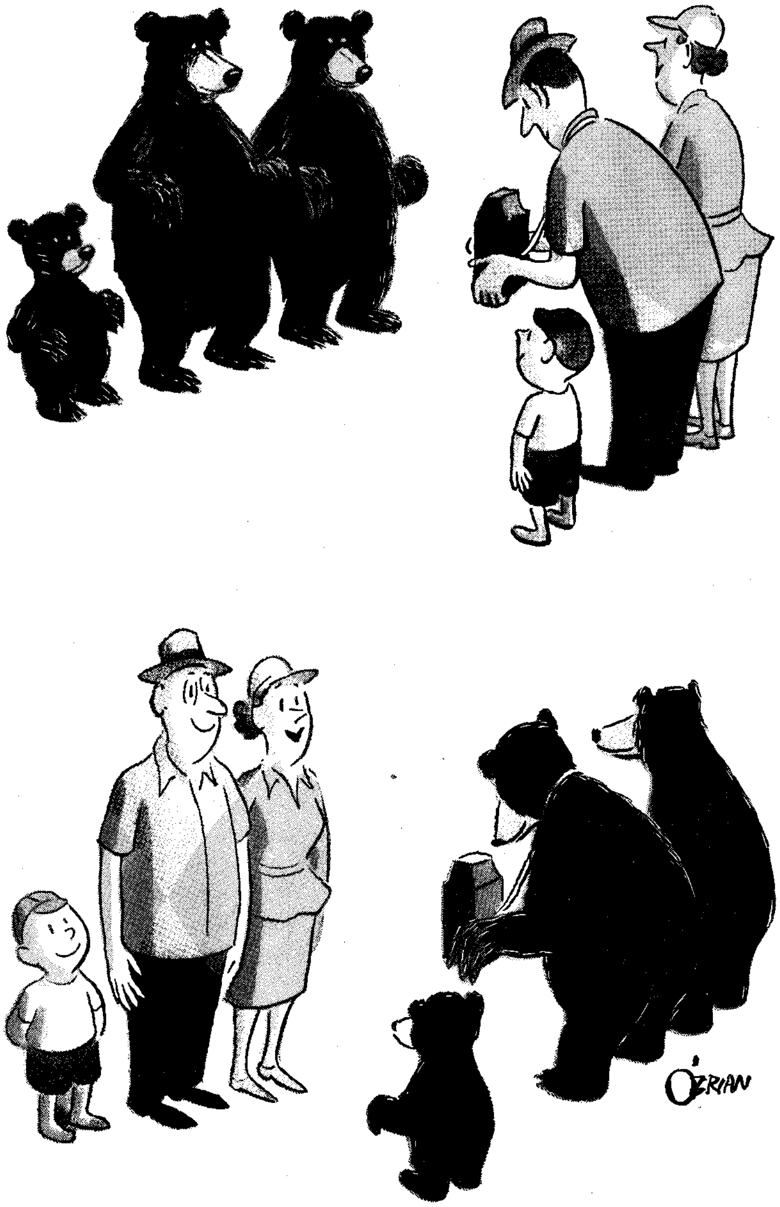
"We are all going on to Hilary's," Pam called to Mike, across the bar, at closing time.

This moving on was the occasion for a little change round of passengers, and instead of being squeezed in between Pamela and Mike, Ursula was to be driven by a man called Guy.

"Daddy will give you a scarf for your head," he promised, helping her into his open car. The scarf tucked inside his shirt was yellow, patterned with horses, and when he took it off and tied it round Ursula's head, the silk was warm to her cheeks.

They drove very fast along the darkening roads and were the first to arrive.

"Poor frozen girl," said Guy when he had swung the car round on the gravelled sweep in front of the house and brought it up within an inch of the grass verge. With the driving off his mind, he could turn his attention to Ursula, and he took one of her goose-fleshy arms between his hands and began to chafe it. "What we need is a drink," he said. "Where the hell have they all got to?"



She guessed that to drive fast and to arrive first was something he had to do, and, for his sake and to help on the amiability of the evening, she was glad that he had managed it.

"You're sure it's the right house?" she asked.

"Dead sure, my darling."

She had never been called "darling" by a man, and, however meaningless the endearment, it added something to her self-esteem, as their arriving first had added something to his.

She untied the scarf and gave it back to him. He had flicked on his cigarette lighter and was looking for something in the dash pocket. For a moment, while the small glow lasted, she could study his face. It was like a ventriloquist's dummy's—small, alert, yet blank. The features gave the appearance of having been neatly painted.

He found the packet of cigarettes; then he put the scarf round his neck and tied it carefully. "Someone's coming," he said. "They must have double-crossed us and had one somewhere on the way."

"You drove fastest, that's all," she said, playing her part in the game.

"Sorry if it alarmed you, sweetheart." He leaned over and kissed her quickly, just before the first of the cars came round the curve of the drive.

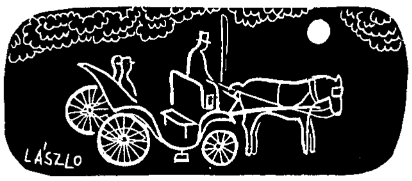
THAT'S the first evening gone, Ursula thought when, later, she lay in bed, rather muzzily going over what had happened. She could remember the drawing room at Hilary's. She had sat on a cushion on the floor, and music from a gramophone above her had spilled over her head, so that she had seen people's mouths opening and shutting but had not been able to hear the matching conversations. In many ways the room—though it was larger—had seemed like Pamela's, with pub signs instead of bottle labels on the lampshades. Her sense of time had soon left her, and her sense of place grew vaguer, but some details irritated her, because she could not evade them—particularly a warming pan hanging by the fireplace, in which she confronted her distorted reflection.

There had seemed no reason why the evening should ever end and no way that anyone could set going all the complications of departure. Although she was tired, she had neither wanted to leave nor to stay. She was living a tiny life within herself, sitting there on the cushion, sipping and smiling and glancing about her. Then Mike had come across the room to her. She tilted back her head to look up into his face but at once felt giddy and had to be content with staring at his knees, at the pin stripes curving baggily—thin stripe, then a wider, more feathery one. She began to count them, but Mike had come to take her home to bye-byes, he said, stretching out a hand. If I can only do this, I can do anything, Ursula thought, trying to rise and keep her balance. I was silly to sit so low down in the first place, she decided. "I think my foot has gone to sleep," she explained, and smiled confidingly at his knees. His grip on her arm was strong; although appearing to be extending a hand in gallantry, he was really taking her weight and steadying her, too. She had realized this, even at the time, and now, lying safe in bed at last, she felt wonderfully grateful for his kindness, and did not at all mind sharing such a secret with him.

Pamela had put a large jug of water by her bed. An hour earlier, it had seemed unnecessary, but now water was all she wanted in the world. She sat up and drank, with a steady, relentless rhythm, as animals drink. Then she slid back into the warm bedclothes and tried to reconstruct in her mind that drive with Guy, and became, in doing so, two people, the storyteller and the listener—belittling his endearments, only to reassure herself about them. The sports car, the young man (he was not very old, she told herself), the summer darkness, in spite of its being so windy, were all things that other young girls she had known had taken for granted, at Oxford and elsewhere, and she herself had been denied. They seemed all the more miraculous for having been done without for so long.

Of recent years she had often tried to escape the memory of two maiden ladies who had lived near her home when she and Edith were girls. So sharp-tongued and cross-looking, they had seemed then, as old as could be, yet may have been no more than in their fifties, she now thought. Frumpish and eccentric, at war with one another as well as with all their neighbors, they were to be seen tramping the lanes, single file and in silence, with their dogs. To the girls, they were the most appalling and unenviable creatures—smelling of vinegar, Edith had said. The recollection of them so long after they were dead disturbed Ursula and depressed her, for she could see how she and Edith had taken a turning in their direction; yet scarcely anything as definite as this, for there had been no action, no decision; simply, the road they had been on had always, it seemed, been bending in that direction. In no time at all, would they not be copies of these other old ladies? The Misses Rogers was how the neighbors would think of them, feeling pity and nervousness. The elder Miss Rogers would be alarmingly abrupt, with her sarcastic voice and old-fashioned swearwords. They won't be afraid of me, Ursula decided, but had no comfort from the thought. People would think her bullied and would be sorry. She, the plumper one, with her cat and timid smiles, would give biscuits to children when Edith's back was turned. Inseparable yet akin to one another was what they would become. Forewarned as she was, she felt herself drifting toward that fate, and was afraid when she woke at night and thought of it.

Her first drowsiness had worn off and her thirst kept her wakeful. She lay and wondered about the details of Pamela's escape from her parents' sad house and all that had threatened her there: watchfulness, suspicion, envy, and capricious humors—much the kind of thing she herself suffered from Edith. Pamela's life now was bright and silly, and perhaps she had run away from the best part of herself, but there was nothing in the future to menace her as Ursula was menaced by her own picture of the elderly Misses Rogers.



"BUT *surely*," insisted a strained and domineering voice. The speaker gripped the back of the chair in front of her and stared up at Professor Rybeck on the platform.

At the end of his lecture, he had asked for questions or discussion. To begin with, everyone had seemed too stunned with admiration to make an effort; there were flutterings and murmurings, but for some time no one stood up. Calmly, he waited, sitting there smiling, eyes half closed and his head cocked a little, as if he were listening to secret music, or applause. His arms were crossed over his chest, and his legs were crossed, too, and one foot swayed back and forth rhythmically.

The minute Mr. Brundle stood up, other people wanted to. He was an elderly, earnest man, who had been doggedly on the track of culture since his youth. Vanity hid from him the half-stifled yawns he evoked, the glassy look of those who, though caught, refused to listen, and also his way of melting away to one victim any group of people he approached. Even Professor Rybeck looked restless as Mr. Brundle began now to pound away at his theory. Then others, in disagreement or exasperation, began to jump to their feet, or made sharp comments, interrupting—even

THE SPANISH LIONS

Guarding the doors of the Hispanic Society
At a Hundred and Sixty-fifth near Riverside,
Two lions sit, so charged with natural piety
(In the Virgilian sense), so filled with pride,
They seem less carved from rock than from the spirit
Of Spain. Oh, these are lords of the Spanish law,
Castilian lions, gilt-edged and eighteen-carat,
Hidalgos from rearing head to rigorous paw.

They are leaner than wasps. Yet neither thirst nor hunger
Possesses them. They thrive on honor alone,
Like granite exemplars, as if when time was younger
All lions were haughty and Spanish and made of stone.
They look down their high-bred noses. Their manes are jaunty
As a matador's queue. They stare on nothing at all—
Not even the bas-relief of Rosinante,
Posed with his Knight astride, on the opposite wall.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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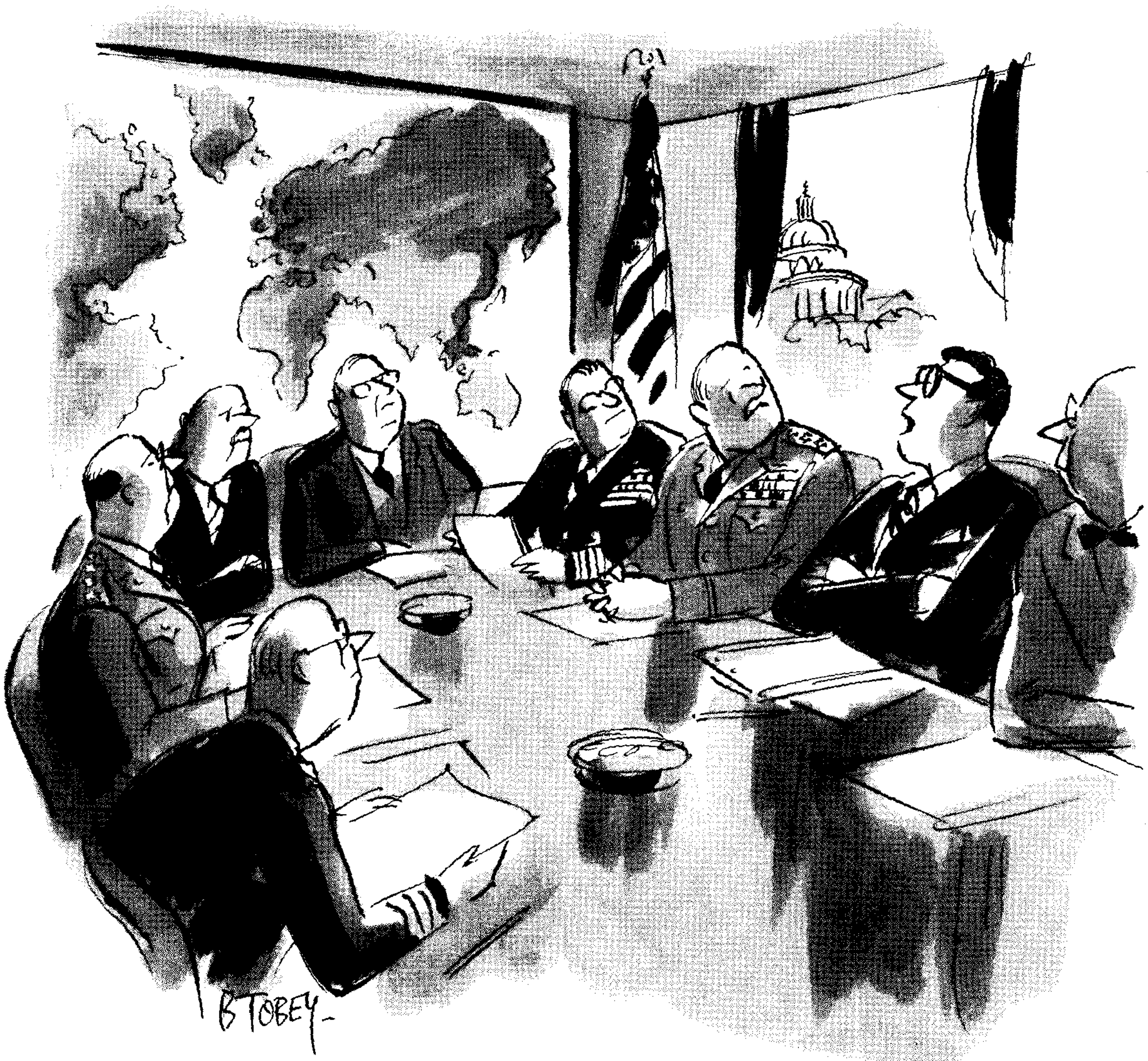


"I don't know what we're all so worried about. We're the good guys and they're the bad guys, and the good guys always win, don't they?"

• •

shot their arms into the air, like schoolchildren. World peace they might have been arguing about, not George Eliot's Dorothea Casaubon.

"Please, please," said Professor Rybeck, in his melodious, protesting voice. "Now, Mrs. Thomas, let us hear you."

"But *surely*—" Mrs. Thomas began again, but no one heard her.

"Wouldn't it be time to say—" asked Mrs. Wetherby. She sounded diffident and had blushed; she had never spoken in the presence of so many people before, but wanted badly to make her mark on the Professor. She was too shy to stand upright, and leaned forward, lifting her bottom a couple of inches from the chair. In doing so, she dropped her notebook and pencil; her stole slipped off, and when she bent down to pick it up, she also snatched at some large tortoise-shell pins that had fallen out of her hair. By the time she had done all this, her chance was gone, and she had made her mark in the wrong way. The one and only clergyman in the room had sprung to his feet and, knowing all the tricks needed to command, had snatched off his spectacles and held them high in the air while, for some reason no one was clear about, he denounced Samuel Butler.

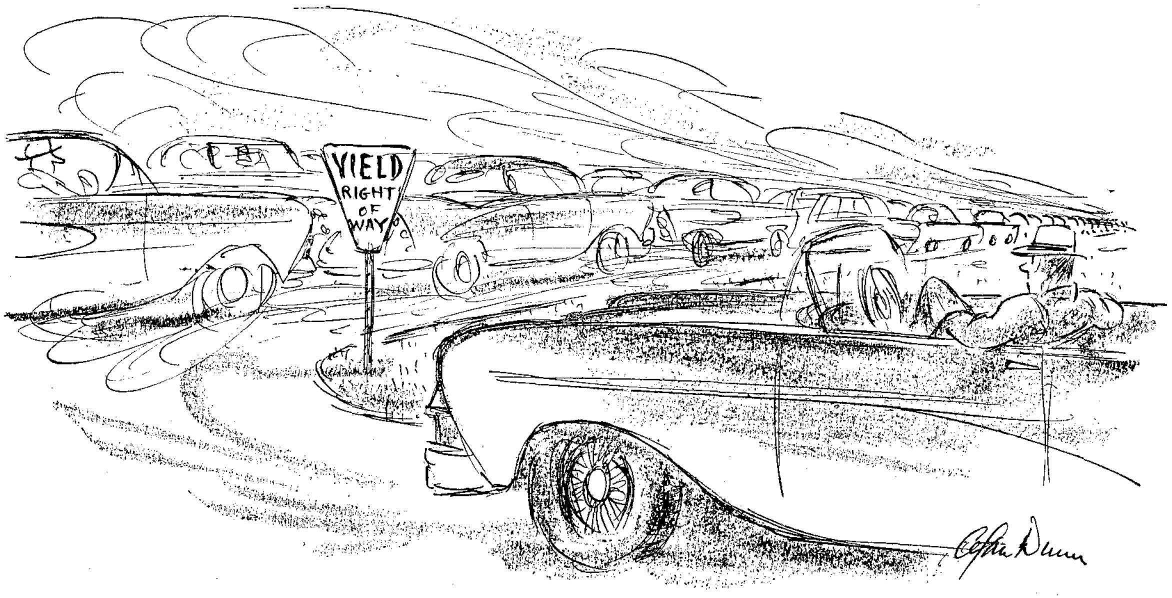
"I think, Comrade— Professor, I should say," Mr. Brundle interrupted. "If we might return but briefly to the subject . . ."

Edith closed her eyes and thought how insufferable people become about what has cost them too much to possess—education, money, or even good health.

Lightly come or not at all is what I like, she told herself crossly, and, when she opened her eyes, glanced up at Professor Rybeck, who smiled with such placid condescension as the dingdong argument went on between clergyman and atheist (for literature—Victorian or not—had been discarded), and then she looked for Mrs. Rybeck and found her sitting at the end of the second row, still knitting, lending her presence only, like a baby-sitter; well-accustomed to the admiration her husband had from other women of her own age, she made it clear that she was one with him in all he did and thought, and if the women cared to ask her any of the questions he had no time to answer, then she could give the authorized replies. With all this settled, her placidity, like his, was almost startling. Their smiling lips (not eyes), their capacity for waiting for others to finish speaking (and it was far removed from the act of listening) are often to be found in the mothers of large families. Yet she was childless. She had only the Professor, and the socks she knitted were for him. She is more goddessy than motherly, Edith thought.

"We are summoned to the banqueting hall," said the Professor, raising his hand in the air, as a bell began to ring. This was the warning that lunch would be ready in ten minutes; the Secretary had told them about it when they arrived, and "warning" was a word she had chosen well. The smell of minced beef and cabbage came along passages toward them. To Edith it was unnoticeable, part of daily life, like other tedious affairs; one disposed of the food, as of any other small annoyance. There were jugs of water to wash it down and slices of bread, cut hours before, that one could crumble as one listened to one's neighbor.

One of Edith's neighbors at table was an elementary schoolteacher; Edith tried not to be patronizing to her. On her other side was a Belgian woman whose vivacity was intolerable. She was like a bad caricature of a foreigner, primly sporty and full of gay phrases. "*Mon Dieu*, we have had it, chums," she said, lifting the water jug and find-



ing it empty. The machine-gun rattle of consonants vibrated in Edith's head long after she was alone. "Ooh-la-la!" the woman sometimes cried, just as if she were a cheeky French maid in an old-fashioned farce.

"You think 'Meedlemahtch' is a good book?" she asked Edith. They all discussed novels at mealtimes, too, for novels were what they had in common.

Edith was startled. Professor Rybeck had spent most of the morning explaining its greatness. "It is one of the great English novels," she said.

"As great as Charles Morgan, you think? In the same class?"

Edith looked suspicious and would not answer.

"It is such a funny book. I read it last night and laughed so much."

"And will read 'War and Peace' between tea and dinner, I suppose," the elementary schoolteacher murmured. "Oh dear, how disgusting!" She pushed a very pale boiled caterpillar to the side of her plate. "If that happened to one of our little darlings at school dinner, the mother would write at once to her M.P."

At Edith's school, the girls would have hidden the creature under a fork in order not to spoil anyone else's appetite, but she did not say so.

"A *funny* book?" she repeated, turning back to the Belgian woman.

"Yes, I like it so much when she thinks that the really delightful marriage must be that where your husband would be a sort of father, and could teach you Hebrew if you wished it. Ooh-la-la! For heaven's sake."

"Then she did read a page or two," said the woman on Edith's other side, in a low voice.

A dreadful sadness and sense of loss had settled over Edith when she herself read those words. They had not seemed absurd to her; she had felt tears pressing at the back of her eyes. So often, she had longed for protection and compassion, to be instructed and concentrated upon; as if she were a girl again, yet with a new excitement in the air.

As they made their way toward the door, when lunch was over, she could see Professor Rybeck standing there talking to one or two of his admirers. Long before she drew near to him, Edith found another direction to glance in. What she intended for unconcern he took for deliberate hostility, and wondered at what point of his lecture he had managed to offend her so.

In a purposeless way she wandered into the garden. The Georgian house stood amongst dark rhododendron bushes and silver birches. Paths led in many directions through the shrubberies, yet all converged upon the lake—a depressing stretch of water, as bleary as an old looking glass, shadowed by trees and broken by clumps of reeds.

The pain of loneliness was a worse burden to her here than it had ever been at home, and she knew—her behavior as she was leaving the dining room had reminded her—that the fault was in herself.

"Don't think that I will make excuses to speak to you," she had wanted to imply. "I am not so easily dazzled as these other women." But I wanted him to speak to me, she thought, and perhaps I only feared that he would not.

She sat down on the bank, above the water, and thought about the Professor. She could even imagine his lustrous eyes turned upon her as he listened.

"I give false impressions," she struggled to explain to him. "In my heart . . . I am . . ."

"I know what you are," he said gently. "I knew at once."

The relief would be enormous. She was sure of that. She could live the rest of her life on the memory of that moment.

"But he is a fraud," the other, destructive voice in her insisted, the voice that had ruined so much for her. "He is not a fraud," she said firmly; her lips moved, she needed to be so definite with herself. "Perhaps he cannot find the balance between integrity and priggishness."

"Is that all?" asked the other voice.

The dialogue faded out, and she sighed, thinking, I wish I hadn't come. I feel so much worse here than I do at home.

Coming round the lake's edge toward her was the atrocious little Mr. Brundle. She pretended not to have seen him, and got to her feet and went off in the other direction.

By the afternoon post came a letter from Ursula, saying how bored she was and that Edith had been so right about it all—and that comforted her a little.

URSULA was polishing a glass with a dish towel printed with a chart of vintage years for champagne. Although she was drunk, she wondered at the usefulness of this as a reference. It would be strange to go home again to a black telephone, white sheets, and dishcloths on which there was nothing at all to read, not a cocktail recipe or a cheerful slogan.

Two white tablets fizzed as they rose and fell in a glass of water on the drainboard. The noise seemed very loud to her, and she was glad when the tablets dissolved and there was silence.

"There you are," Guy said, handing the glass to her. The water still spat and sparkled, and she drank it slowly, gasping between sips.

"Pamela will wonder where I am," she said. She put the glass on the drainboard and sat down with a bump on one of the kitchen chairs. She had insisted on washing the two glasses before she went home, and had devoted herself to doing so with single-mindedness; but Guy had been right, and she gave in. Everything she had to do had become difficult—going home, climbing the stairs, undressing. I shall just have to sit on this chair and let time pass, she decided. It will pass, she promised herself, and it mends all in the end.

“Where did we go after that club?” she suddenly asked, frowning.

“Nowhere,” said Guy. “On our way back to Pamela's we stopped here for a drink. That's all.”

“Ah, yes!”

She remembered the outside of this bungalow and a wooden gate with the name Hereiam. It had been quite dark when they walked up the stony path to the front door. Now it seemed the middle of the night. “I think you gave me too much whiskey,” she said, with a faint, reproachful smile.

“As a matter of fact, I gave you none. It was ginger ale you were drinking.”

She considered this and then lifted her eyes to look at him and asked anxiously, “Then had I had— Was I—”

“You were very sweet.”

She accepted this gravely. He put his hands under her arms and brought her to her feet, and she rested the side of her face against his waistcoat and stayed very still, as if she were counting his heartbeats. These, like the fizzing drink, also sounded much too loud.

“I didn't wash the other glass,” she said.

“Mrs. Lamb can do it in the morning.”

She went from one tremulous attempt at defense to another, wanting to blow her nose, or light a cigarette, or put something tidy. In the sitting room, earlier, when he sat down beside her on the sofa, she had sprung up and gone rapidly across the room to look for an ashtray. “Who is this?” she had asked, picking up a framed photograph and holding it at arm's length, as if to ward him off.

“Girl friend,” he said briefly, drinking his whiskey and watching her maneuvers with amusement.

“Haven't you ever wanted to get married?” she had asked.

“Sometimes. Have you?”

“Oh, sometimes . . . I daresay,” she answered vaguely.

Now, in the kitchen, he had caught her at last; she was clasped in his arms, and feeling odd, she told him.

“I know. There's some coffee nearly ready in the other room. That will do untold good.”

What a dreadful man he is, really, in spite of his tenderness, she thought. So hollow and vulgar that I don't know what Edith would say.

She was startled for a moment, wondering if she had murmured this aloud; for, suddenly, his heartbeat had become noisier—from anger, she was afraid.

“You are very kind,” she said appeasingly. “I am not really used to drinking as much as people do here—not used to drinking at all.”

“What *are* you used to?”

“Just being rather dull, you know—my sister and I.”

His way of lifting her chin up and kissing her was too accomplished, and she was reminded of the way in which he drove the car. She was sure that there was something here she should resent. Perhaps he was patronizing her; for the kiss had come too soon after her remark about the dullness of her life. I can bring *some* excitement into it, he may have thought.

Without releasing her, he managed to stretch an arm and put out the light. “I can't bear to see you frowning,” he explained. “Why frown, anyway?”

“That coffee . . . But then, I mustn't stay for it, after all. Pamela will be wondering . . .”

“Pam will understand.”

“Oh, I hope not.”

She frowned more than ever and shut her eyes tightly, although the room was completely dark.

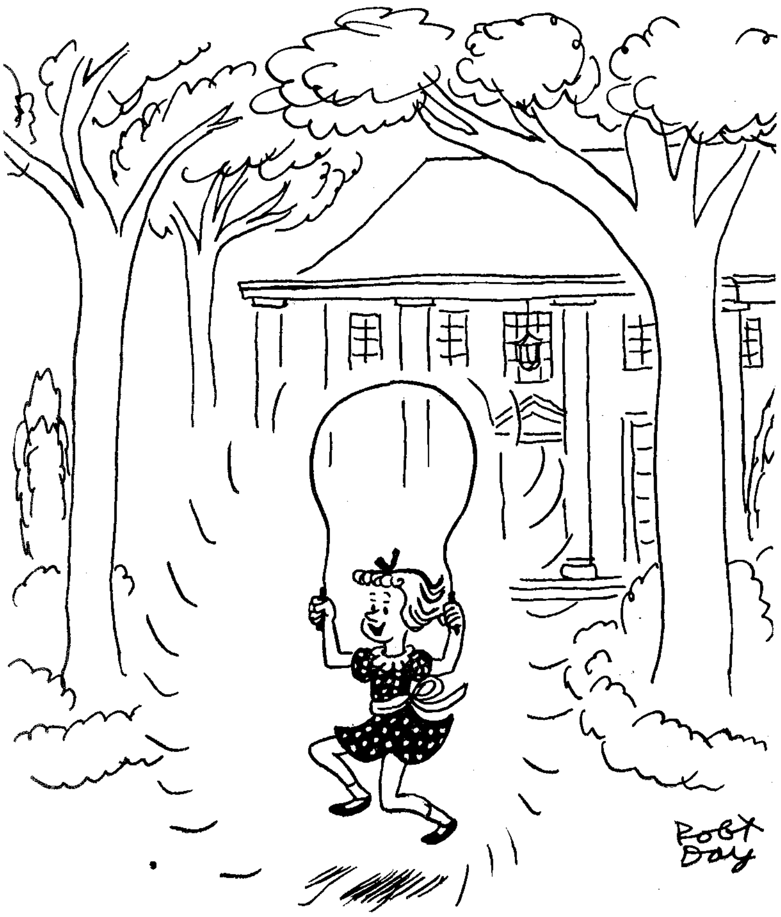
EDITH sat on the edge of the bed, coughing. She was wondering if she had suddenly got t.b. and she kept looking anxiously at her handkerchief.

The sun was shining, though not into her room. From the window, she could see Professor Rybeck sitting underneath a Wellingtonia tree with an assortment of his worshippers. His hand rose and fell and made languid spirals as he unfolded his theme, or else cut the air decisively into slices. Mrs. Rybeck was, of course, knitting. By her very presence, sitting a little apart from her husband, like a woman minding a stall on a fairground, she attracted passersby.

Desperately, Edith wished to be down there listening, too, and wondered how to join them. Crossing the grass, she would attract too much attention. Ah, *she* cannot keep away, people would think, turning to watch her. She must be in love with the Professor after all.

She had stopped coughing, and forgotten tuberculosis for the moment, as she tried to work out some more casual way than crossing the lawn. She might emerge less noticeably from the shrubbery behind the Wellingtonia, if only she could get there in the first place.

She took a clean handkerchief from a drawer and smoothed her hair before the looking glass, and then a bell rang for tea, and when she went back to



“. . . *General Dynamics, General Electric, General Foods, General Mills, General Motors, General Tire, General Precision* . . .”

the window, the group under the tree was breaking up.

I shall see him at tea, Edith thought.

She wondered what Ursula was doing at this minute. Perhaps sitting in Pamela's little back garden having tea, while, at the front of the house, the patients came and went. She had said in her letter that she would be glad to be at home again, for Pamela had changed and they had nothing left in common. And coming here hasn't been a success, either, Edith thought as she went downstairs to tea. She blamed Ursula very much for having made things so dull for them both. There must be ways of showing her how mistaken she had been, ways of preventing anything of the kind happening again.

"Miss Rogers," said the Professor with unusual gaiety. They had almost collided at the drawing-room door. "Have you been out enjoying the sun?"

She blushed, and was so angry that she should that she said quite curtly, "No, I was writing letters in my room."

He stood quickly aside to let her pass, and she did so without a glance at him.

THEIR holiday was over. On her way back from the station, Ursula called at the kennels for the cat, and Edith—already home—watching her come up the garden path, could see the creature clawing frantically at her shoulder, trying to hoist himself up out of her grasp. The taxi-driver followed with the suitcase.

Edith had intended to be the last one home, and had even caught a later train than was convenient, in order not to have to be waiting there for her sister. After all her planning, she was angry to have found the house empty.

"Have you been home long?" Ursula asked rather breathlessly. She put the cat down and looked round. Obviously Edith had not, for her suitcase still stood in the hall and not a letter had been opened.

"Only a minute or two," said Edith.

"That cat's in a huff with me. Trying to punish me for going away, I suppose. He's quite fat, though. He looks well, doesn't he? Oh, it's so lovely to be home."

She went to the hall table and shuffled the letters, then threw them on one side. Edith had said nothing more.

"Aren't *you* glad to be home?" Ursula asked her.

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, I'm glad you had a good time. It was a change for you."

"Yes."

"And now let's have some tea."

She went into the kitchen and, still wearing her hat, began to get out the cups and saucers. "They didn't leave any bread!" she called out. "Oh, yes, it's all right, I've found it." She began to sing, then stopped to chatter to the cat, then sang again.

Edith had been in the house over an hour and had done nothing.

"I'm so glad you had a good time," Ursula said again, when they were having tea.

"I'm sorry you didn't."

"It was a mistake going there, trying to renew an old friendship. You'd have hated the house."

"You'd have liked *mine*. Gray stone, Georgian, trees and a lake."

"Romantic," Ursula said, and did not notice that Edith locked her hands together in rather a theatrical gesture. "Pam seems complacent. She's scored over me, having a husband. Perhaps that's why she invited me."

"What did you do all the time?"

"Just nothing. Shopped in the morning—every morning. The housewife's round—butcher, baker, candlestick maker. I'm afraid the steak was rather gristly, Mr. Bones. That sort of thing. She would fetch half a pound of butter one day and go back for another half a pound the next morning—just for the fun of it. One day, she said, 'I think we'll have some hock for supper.' I thought she was talking about wine, but it turned out to be bacon—not very nice. Not very nice of me to talk like this, either."

However dull it had been, she seemed quite excited as she described it; her cheeks were bright and her hands restless.

"We went to the cinema once, to see a Western," she added. "Mike is very fond of Westerns."

"How dreadful for you."

Ursula nodded. "Well, that's their life," she said. "I was glad all the time that you were not there. Darling puss, so now you've forgiven me."

To show his forgiveness, the cat jumped onto her lap and began dough-punching, his extended claws catching the threads of her skirt.

"Tell me about *you*," Ursula said. She poured out some more tea to sip while Edith had her turn, but to her surprise Edith frowned and looked away.

"Is something the matter?"

"I can't talk about it yet, or get used to not being there. This still seems unreal to me. You must give me time."

She got up, knocked over the cream jug, and went out of the room. Ursula mopped up the milk and then leaned back and closed her eyes. Her moment's consternation at Edith's behavior had passed; she even forgot it. The cat relaxed, too, and, curled up against her, slept.

Edith was a long time unpacking and did nothing toward getting supper. Instead, she went for a walk along the sea road and watched the sunset on the water. The tide was out and the wet sands were covered with a pink light. She dramatized her solitary walk and was in a worse turmoil when she reached home.

"Your cough is bad," Ursula said when they had finished supper.

"Is it?" Edith said absent-mindedly.

"Something has happened, hasn't it?" Ursula asked her, and then looked down quickly, as if she were confused.

"The end of the world," said Edith.

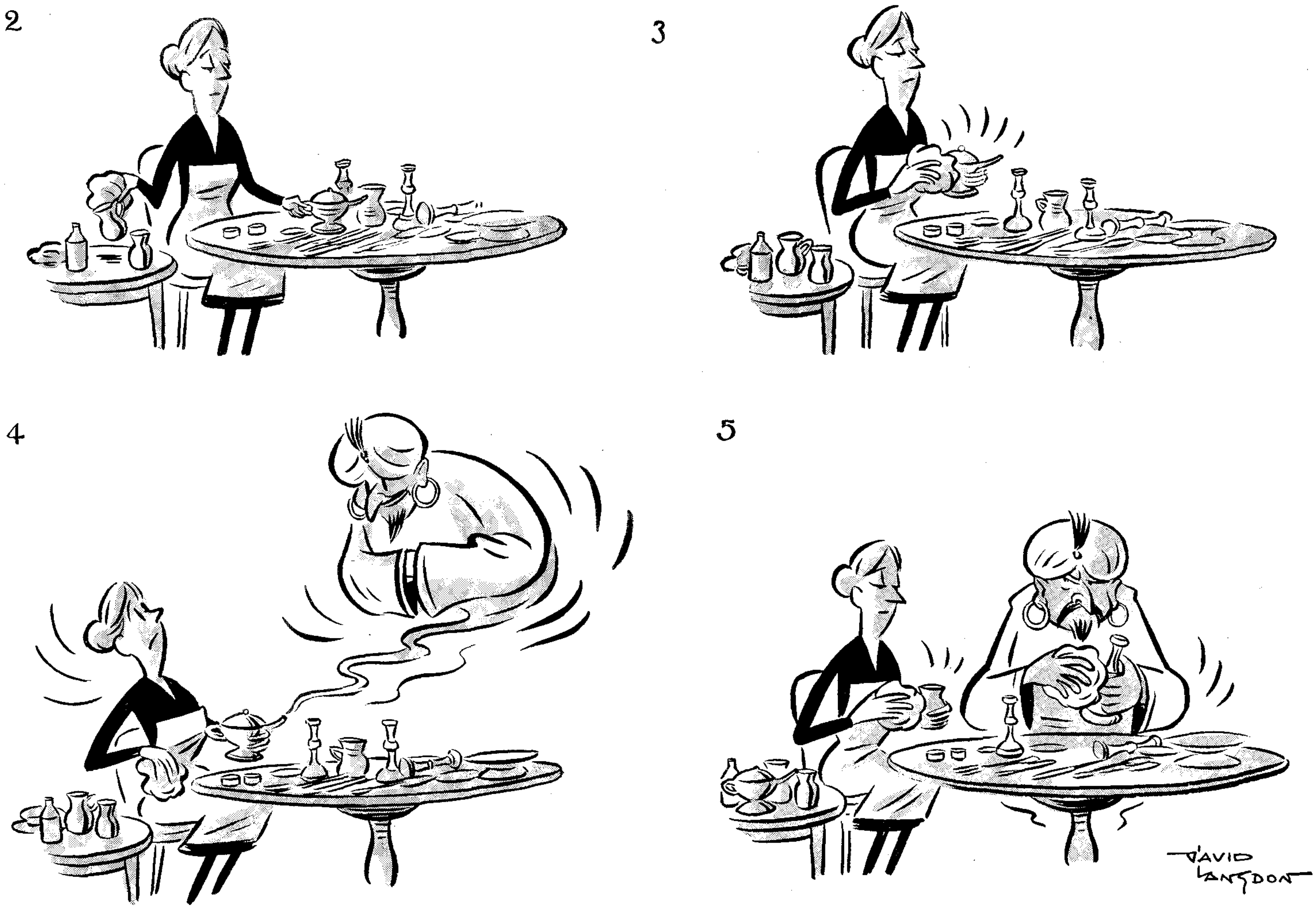
"You've fallen in love?" Ursula lifted her head and stared at her.

"To have to go back to school next week and face those bloody children, and go on facing them, forever and forever—or other ones exactly like them . . . The idea suddenly appalls me."

Her bitterness was so true, and Ursula could hear her own doom in her sister's words. She had never allowed herself to have thoughts of that kind.

"But can't you— Can't he—" she began.

"We can't meet again. We never shall. So it *is* the end of the world, you see," said Edith. The scene gave her both relief and anguish. Her true parting with Professor Rybeck (he had looked up from the *Times* and nodded as she crossed the hall) was obliterated forever. She could more easily bear the agonized account she now gave to Ursula—their noble resolve, their last illicit embrace.



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"He's married, you mean?" Ursula asked bluntly.

"Yes, married."

Mrs. Rybeck, insensitively knitting at the execution of their hopes, appeared as an evil creature, tenacious and sinister.

"But to say goodbye forever . . ." Ursula protested. "We only have one life. . . . Would it be wicked, after all?"

"What could there be—clandestine meetings and sordid arrangements?"

Ursula looked ashamed.

"I should ruin his career," said Edith.

"Yes, I see. You could write to one another, though."

"Write!" Edith repeated in a voice as light as air. "I think I will go to bed now. I feel exhausted."

"Yes, do, and I will bring you a hot drink." As Edith began to go upstairs, Ursula said, "I am very sorry, you know."

While she was waiting for the milk to rise in the pan, she tried to rearrange her thoughts, especially to exclude (now that there was so much nobility in the house) her own squalid—though hazily recollected—escapade. Hers was a more optimistic nature than Edith's, and she was confident of soon putting such memories out of her mind.

When she took the hot milk upstairs, her sister was sitting up in bed reading a volume of Keats' letters. "He gave it to me as I came away," she explained, laying the book on the bedside table, where it was always to remain.

We have got this to live with now, Ursula thought, and it will be with us forever, I can see—the reason and the excuse for everything. It will even grow; there will be more and more of it, as time goes on. When we are those two elderly Miss Rogerses we are growing into, it will still be there. "Miss Edith, who has such a sharp tongue," people will say. "Poor thing . . . a tragic love affair a long way back." I shall forget there was a time when we did not have it with us.

Edith drank her milk and put out the light; then she lay down calmly and closed her eyes and prepared herself for her dreams. Until they came, she imagined walking by the lake, as she had done that afternoon, only a few days ago; but instead of Mr. Brundle coming into the scene, Professor Rybeck appeared. He walked toward her swiftly, as if by assignation. Then they sat down and looked at the tarnished water—and she added a few swans for them to watch. After a long delicious silence, she began to speak. Yet words were not really necessary. She had hardly begun the attempt; her lips shaped the beginning of a sentence—"I am . . ." and then he took her hand and held it to his cheek. "I know what you are," he said. "I knew at the very beginning."

Although they had parted forever, she realized that she was now at peace. She felt ennobled and enriched, and saw herself thus, reflected from her sister's eyes, and she was conscious of Ursula's solemn wonder and assured by it.

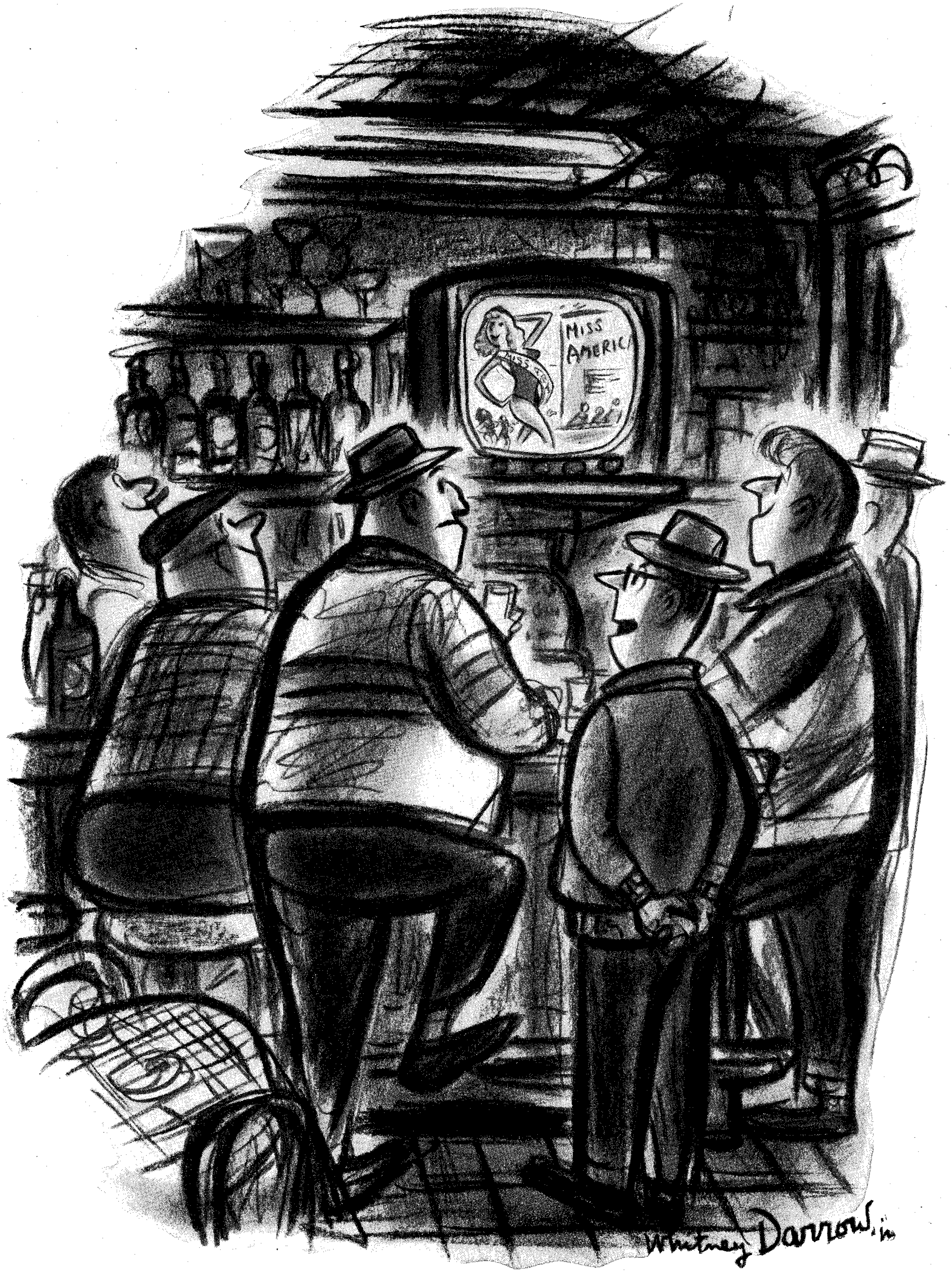
—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

•

Fisher Scientific Company, makers of scientific instruments, chemicals and laboratory equipment, plans to open a new manufacturing plant and warehouse at Indiana, Pa.

A company spokesman said yesterday the structure is expected to be completed this fall. The spokesman added the firm has not decided what it will manufacture at the Indiana plant or what will be stored there.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Spokesman, what of the night?


MISS AMERICA
Whitney Darrow, jr

"*All right, so she's great in Swim Suit. But let's see her in Evening Dress and Talent before we start passing out any awards.*"

THE MAKING OF PATHS

ON the Saskatchewan homestead that we located in 1915 there was at first absolutely nothing. I remember it as it originally was, for my brother and I, aged eight and six, accompanied my father when he went out to make the first "improvements." Our land lay exactly on the international border; the four-foot iron post jutting from the prairie just where our wagon track met the section-line trail to Hydro, Montana, marked not only the otherwise invisible distinction between Canada and the United States but the division between our land and all other, anywhere.

There were few other marks to show which three hundred and twenty acres of that empty plain were ours. The land spread as flat as if it had been graded, except where, halfway to our western line, a shallow, nearly imperceptible coulee began, feeling its way, turning and turning again, baffled and blocked, a watercourse so nearly a slough that the spring runoff had hardly any flow at all, its water not so much flowing as pushed by the thaw behind it and having to go somewhere, until it passed our land and turned south, and near the line found another lost coulee, which carried in most seasons some water—not enough to run but enough to seep, and with holes that gave sanctuary to a few minnows and suckers. That was Coteau Creek, a part of the Milk-Missouri watershed. In good seasons we sometimes got a swim of sorts in its holes; in dry years we hauled water from it in barrels, stealing from the minnows to serve ourselves and our stock. Between it and our house we wore, during the four or five summers we spent vainly trying to make a wheat farm there, one of our private wagon tracks.

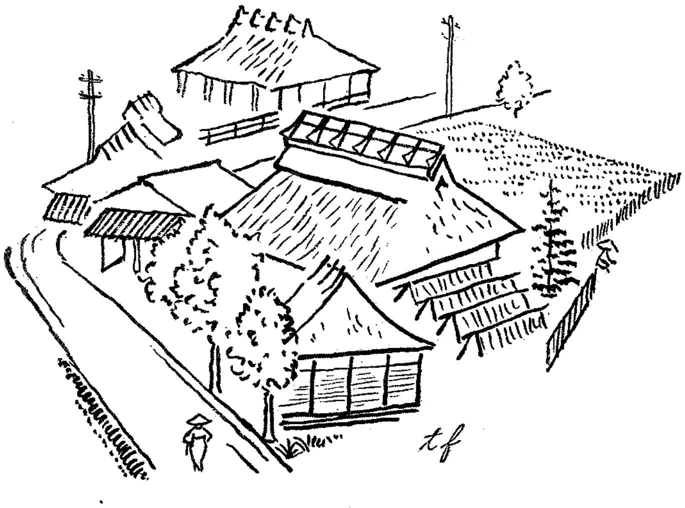
Coteau Creek was a landmark and sometimes a hazard. Once my father, gunning our old Model T across one of its fords, hit something and broke an axle. Next day he walked forty miles into Chinook, Montana, leaving me with a homesteader family, and the day after that he brought back the axle on his back and installed it himself after the homesteader's team had hauled the Ford out of the creek bed. I remember that square, high car, with its yellow spoke wheels and its brass bracing rods from windshield to mudguards and its four-eared brass radiator cap. It stuck up black and foreign, a wanderer from another planet, on the flats by Coteau Creek, while my father, red-faced and sweating, crawled in and out under the jacked-up rear end and I squatted in the car's shade and played what games I could with pebbles and a blue robin's egg. We sat there on the plain, something the earth refused to swallow, right in the middle of everything and with the prairie as empty as nightmare clear to the line where hot earth met hot sky. I saw the sun flash off brass, a heliograph winking off a message into space, calling attention to us, saying "Look, look!"

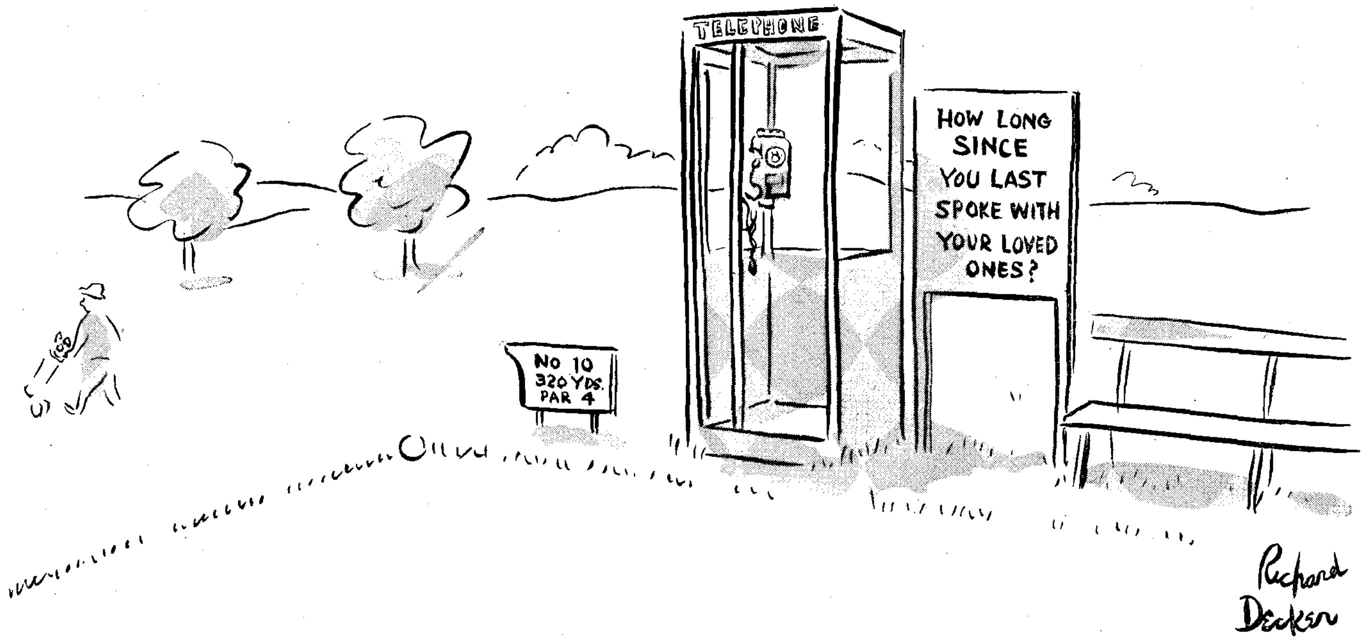
Because that was the essential feeling of the country for me—the sense of being foreign and noticeable, of sticking out—I did not at first feel even safe, much less that I was taking charge of and making my own a parcel of the world. I moped for the town on the Whitemud River, forty miles north, where we lived in winter, where all my friends were, where my mother was waiting until we got a shelter built on the homestead. Out here we did not belong to the earth as the prairie dogs and burrowing owls and picket-pin gophers and weasels and badgers and coyotes did, or to the sky as the hawks did, or to any combination as meadow larks and robins and sparrows did. Our shack, covered with tar paper, was an ugly rectangle on the face of the prairie, and not even the low roof, rounded like the roof of a railroad car to give the wind less grip on it, could bind it into the horizontal world.

BEFORE we got the shack built, we lived in a tent, which the night wind constantly threatened to blow away, flapping the canvas and straining the ropes and pulling the pegs from the gravel. And when, just as we were unloading the lumber for the shack, a funnel-shaped cloud appeared in the south, moving against a background of gray-black shot with lightning-forks, and even while the sun still shone on us, the air grew tense and metallic to breathe, and a light like a reflection from brass glowed around us, and high above, pure and untroubled, the zenith was blue—then indeed exposure was like paralysis or panic, and we looked at the strangely still tent, bronzed in the yellow air, and felt the air shiver and saw a dart of wind move like a lizard across the dust and vanish again. My father rushed us to the three shallow square holes, arranged in a triangle, with the iron section stake at their apex, that marked the corner of our land, and with ropes he lashed us to the stake and made us cower down in the holes. They were no more than a foot deep; they could in no sense be called shelter. Over their edge our eyes, level with the plain, looked southward and saw nothing between us and the ominous funnel except gopher mounds, the still unshaken grass. Across the coulee a gopher sat up, erect as the picket pin from which he took his name.

Then the grass stirred; it was as if gooseflesh prickled suddenly on the prairie's skin. The gopher disappeared as if some friend below had reached up and yanked him into his burrow. Even while we were realizing it, the yellow air darkened, and then all the brown and yellow went out of it and it was blue-black. The wind began to pluck at the shirts on our backs, the hair on our heads was wrenched, the air was full of dust. From the third hole my father, glaring over the shallow rim, yelled to my brother and to me to keep down, and with a fierce rush rain trampled our backs, and the curly buffalo grass at the level of my squinted eyes was strained out straight and whistling. I popped my head into my arms and fitted my body to the earth. To give the wind more than my flat back, I felt, would be sure destruction, for that was a wind, and that was a country, that hated a foreign and vertical thing.

The cyclone missed us; we got only its lashing edge. We came up cautiously from our muddy burrows and saw the clearing world and smelled the air, washed and rinsed of all its sultry oppressiveness. I for one felt better about being who I was, but for a good many weeks I watched the sky with suspicion; exposed as




TELEPHONE
HOW LONG SINCE YOU LAST SPOKE WITH YOUR LOVED ONES?
NO 10 320 YDS. PAR 4
Richard Decker

we were, it could jump on us like a leopard from a tree. And I know I was disappointed in the shack my father swiftly put together on our arid flat. A soddy that poked its low brow no higher than the tailings of a gopher's burrow would have suited me better. The bond with the earth that all the footed and winged creatures felt in that country was quite as valid for me.

AND that was why I so loved the trails and paths we made; they were ceremonial, an insistence not only that we had a right to be in sight on those prairies but that we owned a piece of them and controlled it. In a country practically without landmarks, as that part of Saskatchewan was, it might have been assumed that any road would comfort the soul. But I don't recall feeling anything special about the graded road that led us three-quarters of the forty miles of our annual June pilgrimage from town to homestead, or for the wiggling tracks that turned off it to the homesteads of others. It was our own trail, lightly worn, its ruts a slightly fresher green where old cured grass had been rubbed away, that lifted my heart; it took off across the prairie like an extension of myself. Our own wheels had made it; broad, iron-shod wagon wheels first, then narrow democrat wheels that cut through the mat of grass and scored the earth until it blew and washed and started a rut, then finally the wheels of the Ford.

By the time we turned off it, the road we had followed from town had itself dwindled to a pair of ruts, but it never quite disappeared; it simply divided into branches like ours. I do not know why the last miles, across buffalo grass and burnouts, past a shack or two abandoned by the homesteaders who had built them, across Coteau Creek, and on westward until the ruts passed through our gate in our fence and stopped before our house, should always have excited me so, unless it was that the trail was a thing we had exclusively created and that it led to a place we had exclusively built. Those tracks demonstrated our existence as triumphantly as an Indian is demonstrated by his handprint painted in ochre on a cliff wall. Not so idiotically as the stranded Ford, this trail and the shack and chicken house and privy at its end said, "See? We are here." Thus, in a sense, was "located" a homestead.

More satisfying than the wagon trail, even, because more intimately and privately made, were the paths that our daily living wore in the prairie. I loved the horses for poking along the pasture fence looking for a way out, because that habit very soon wore a plain path all around inside the barbed wire. Whenever I had to go and catch them for something, I went out of my way to walk in it, partly because the path was easier on my bare feet but more because I wanted to contribute my feet to the wearing process. I scuffed and kicked at clods and persistent grass clumps, and twisted my weight on incipient weeds and flowers, willing that the trail around the inside of our pasture should be beaten dusty and plain, a worn border to our inheritance.

It was the same with the path to the woodpile and the privy. In June, when we reached the homestead, that would be nearly overgrown, the faintest sort of radius line within the fireguard. But our feet quickly wore it anew, though there were only the four of us, and though other members of the family, less addicted to paths than I, often frustrated and irritated me by cutting across from the wrong corner of the house, or detouring past the fence-post pile to get a handful of cedar bark for kindling, and so neglecting their plain duty to the highway. It was an unspeakable satisfaction to me when after a few weeks I could rise in the flat morning light that came across the prairie in one thrust, like a train rushing down a track, and see the beaten footpath, leading gray and dusty between grass and cactus and the little orange flowers of the false mallow that we called wild geranium, until it ended, its purpose served, at the hooked privy door.

Wearing any such path in the earth's rind is an intimate act, an act like love, and it is denied to the dweller in cities. He lacks the proper mana for it, he is out of touch. Once, on Fifty-eighth Street in New York, I saw an apartment dweller walking his captive deer on a leash. They had not the pleasure of leaving a single footprint, and the sound of the thin little hoofs on concrete seemed as melancholy to me as, at the moment, the sound of my own.

—WALLACE STEGNER

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A city-wide appeal is being made for food and clothing for relief of the unemployed in the Immokalee section of Florida.

Listed among the items urgently needed are baby food, canned meats, canned fruits and vegetables, canned milk, sugar, lard, salt, baby clothes, sweaters or jackets, blankets, shoes and sex.—*Mulberry (Fla.) Press.*

Well, if everyone pitches in . . .

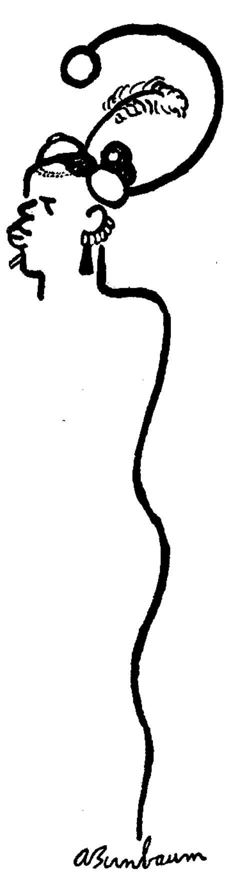
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A DROP INTO THE STONE AGE

BETWEEN the equator and 5° North in East Africa, there is an area, around Lake Rudolf, that, though technically divided between Kenya and Uganda, is in reality a separate country—an island, as it were, inside the vast land mass of this corner of the continent, just as you might say that Switzerland is an island inside Europe. The real frontiers are racial and geographical, not political. To the north lie the Ethiopian mountains, and to the east, beyond Somaliland, is the Indian Ocean; to the south are the White Highlands of Kenya, and in the west the Nile flows by, along the border of the Belgian Congo. In the normal course of events, few people visit this area. A good deal of it is desert, or at least semi-desert, and besides the British don't encourage casual travellers. For one thing, in recent years the Ethiopian tribes have been raiding down from the north in search of cattle, and an intermittent frontier warfare goes on; not many of the skirmishes amount to anything really serious, but in the last twelve months or so about two hundred Africans have been killed. Quite apart from this, there are very few roads or tracks, and travellers are advised to take two vehicles with them, in case of a breakdown in some unfrequented spot.

There is another reason for the isolation of this region. The local tribesmen—people like the Karamojong, in Uganda, and the Turkana, in Kenya—have not taken to Western civilization in the way that nearly all other Africans are doing. They are not hostile to it—they submit with quite good grace to the rules and laws laid down by the British district commissioners—but they see no point in wearing European clothes, in using money, or in working long hours in the hot sun when there is no real necessity for doing so. The Karamojong, for instance, is a warrior and a herdsman of cattle, and he wants to live his own life. In the main, the British have accepted this state of affairs, and the result has been that here, and almost only here, you can stand aside from the suburbanization of East Africa—the shops, gas stations, schools, factories, and Westernized farms that have spread over so much of the country in the last twenty years.

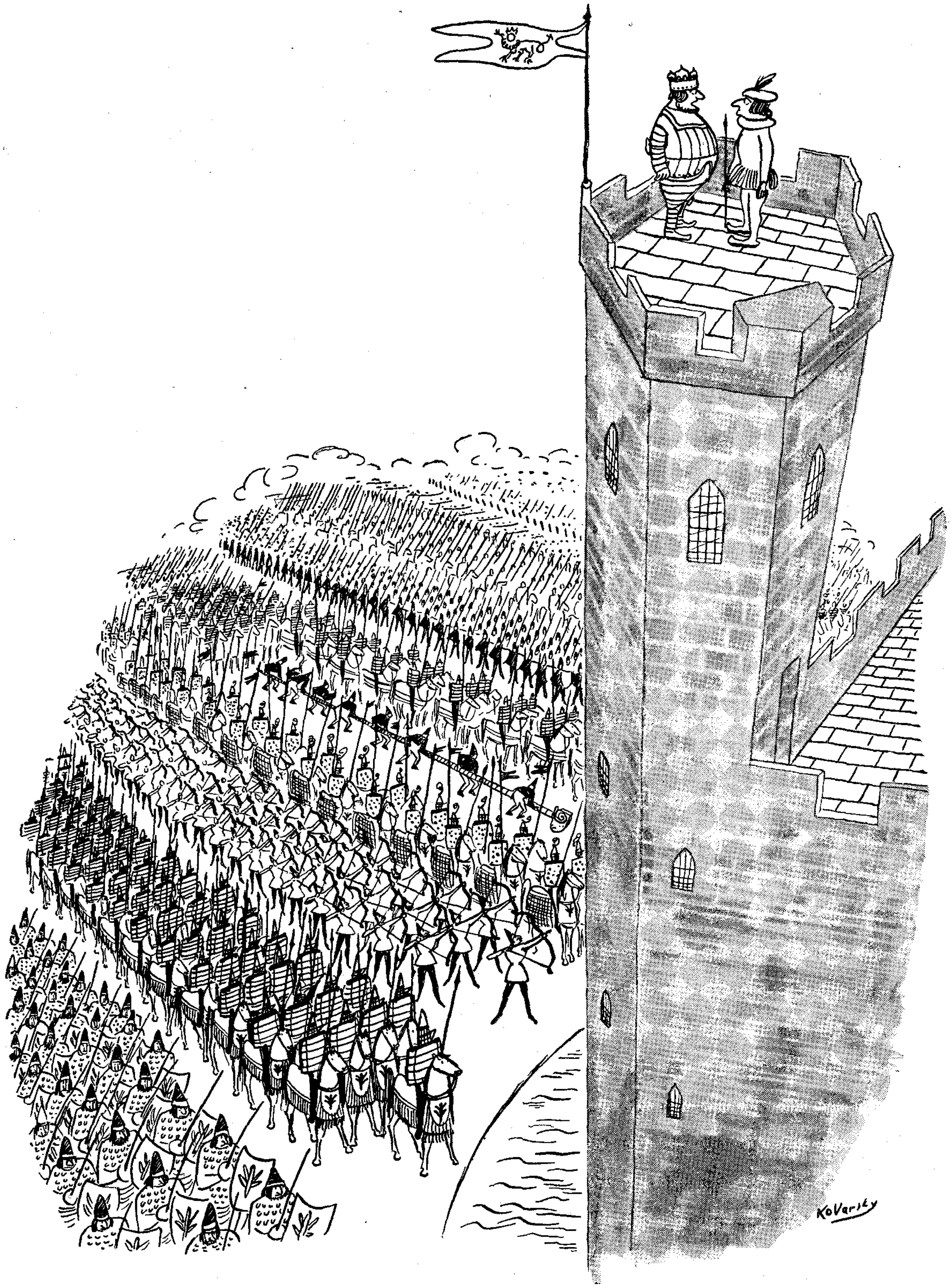
I had wanted to make a journey through this area ever since the day, over a year ago, when Rennie Bere, the director of the game parks in Uganda, wrote to me saying that he was gravely disturbed about what was happening to the wild animals there. It seemed that the tribesmen were not only killing one another but demolishing the game, and doing it by the especially brutal method known as the fire ring. This is a simple matter involving setting fire to the shrubs and dry grass around a herd of grazing animals. Giraffes, and even elephants, are comparatively easy to kill once they have become bewildered and terrified by the smoke and heat—especially when the tribesmen, running like greyhounds, hurl their spears from many directions at once. Bere spoke particularly of the Karamoja district—the home of the Karamojong—which is a stretch of some ten thousand square miles in the extreme northeastern corner of Uganda, running up to the Sudanese border. It was the border tribes along the Kidepo River there, he said, who were doing most of the damage.



EARLY this year, I planned the journey. It was to take me on a zigzag path—first up to the Karamoja, in Uganda, then southeast to the urban comforts of Nairobi, and then north again, to the Turkana country, on the western shore of Lake Rudolf. Finally, if there was time, I planned to make an excursion I had been promising myself for a long time—a journey down the Nile, from its source in Lake Victoria to Khartoum, nearly two thousand miles away.

To get to my first objective, the Karamoja, I was more or less bound to start from Entebbe, the capital of Uganda, on Lake Victoria, and my wife and I flew down there from our home in Italy. The pleasant shock of that sudden translation from Europe to Central Africa never fails. In Italy, we had been having foul weather—cold and wet. Now, in Entebbe in the early morning, divided from the Roman rain by one short night, we were enfolded by a heavy, steady warmth and the scent of tropical flowers. Green cuckoos uttered their maniac cries—a noise like a shout of insane laughter—and we ate iced pawpaw on a veranda overlooking the lake. Twenty-four hours later, we had made our safari arrangements and were on our way. Our route lay eastward along the north shore of Lake Victoria and then northward to Moroto, the capital of the Karamoja—a distance of about three hundred miles.

For the first stage of our journey, we kept to the beaten track and travelled with just one truck and the usual paraphernalia of mosquito nets, canned food, and water bags. The cook-driver-interpreter we had engaged was a man named Jumma, and though he had travelled widely through Africa as a soldier in the King's African Rifles, he had never been to the Karamoja. He spoke of the Karamojong with a rolling of his eyes and a distasteful expression on his face, calling them "very savage, very wild." This is something you have to get used to in Africa now—the rich-relations attitude, the half-embarrassed, half-contemptuous manner in which the Westernized African refers to the naked tribesman in the village. And, in fact, there is an incredible contrast between the lush provinces on Lake Victoria and the wilderness to the north. Along the lake, you are immersed in a damp, soporific breeze and surrounded by groves of pawpaws, pineapples, sugar cane, and bananas. Most of these plants are no more indigenous to Africa than the gas stations, but they thrive here with an artificial, hothouse exuberance. The paved road runs through land that was unexplored jungle only a few decades ago and now might be anywhere in Florida. This sudden, uneven bound from the Stone Age into the mid-twentieth century has brought about some queer anachronisms, and at times one has an uneasy feeling that something has gone wrong in the process—that too many threads have been broken, too many experiments left uncompleted. For example, as recently as 1954, at the lakeside town of Jinja there used to be a waterfall—the Ripon Falls—and a



"Go down and see what they want."

• •

plaque beside it announcing that here, in 1862, Captain John Speke and a Scotsman named James Grant discovered the source of the Nile. Now both plaque and waterfall are submerged beneath the waters of a hydroelectric dam. Below the dam, where the river begins its thirty-five-hundred-mile course to the Mediterranean, you are quite likely to see, as we did, a fisherman with barbaric tribal scars on his face. He stands in a boat made of a hollowed tree trunk and casts a green nylon Japanese net into the stream. Next year, he will have an outboard motorboat, and already the first frogman with an aqualung has plunged into the lake among the hippopotamuses and crocodiles. The circular African huts you see on the lake shore retain the traditional size and shape, but now they are made of prefabricated aluminum, instead of grass, and they are dry, practical, and hideous. Then, there are the English inns. Several of them dot the route we were taking, and they have a special Edwardian charm, with African overtones. In the warm evening—that best moment of the African day—you drive up to a rambling, verandaed building, and from the courtyard where you park the car flowering jacarandas, flamboyants, and tropical poinsettias sprout up past the second-story bedroom windows. The branches sing with myriads of brightly colored birds. Inside the building, the atmosphere is that of an English country pub of thirty or forty years ago. There stands the billiard table, its cloth getting a little rusty now, and on the wall is the rack of cues, not all of them straight. In the lounge (cane chairs, chintz curtains, and hatstands with dim oval mirrors), bound copies of the London *Daily Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News* lie about. The bar is a rather furtive sanctuary down the passage, and is placarded with such announcements as "No Credit" and "No Dogs," and perhaps an appeal for the vicar's Christmas fund. Then, too, among the sporting prints and the whiskey advertisements is likely to be a series of framed colored caricatures that take you back to the early days of the British in Africa. These are the whiskered faces of the empire builders—the district commissioners, the policemen, and the engineers who once habitually came in here for their sundowners of beer or whiskey. Their ghosts have not quite departed yet. In your bedroom upstairs, the "boy" (white-robed, turbaned, barefooted, and aged perhaps thirty-five or forty) still brings you your morning cup of tea and prepares your evening tub. You feel that all this has come and gone—or, at any rate, is going—a little too precipitately and completely, leaving hardly a trace behind. The new hotel on the airfield down the road is frequented by a new race of men—travelling salesmen and officials with briefcases—and it over-

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* Oh, the car? That's a 1900 Columbia Electric Surrey.

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lays the Edwardian past with a certain ruthlessness, even a kind of ready-made banality. The English language itself is becoming contorted into a curious lingua franca, which bears less and less resemblance to the mother tongue. Africans struggle over words learned in a chance half hour at school and arrive at their own scheme of pronunciation. Jumma came running in to my wife one day saying, "Mem-Sahib, where's your camera? There's an historic outside!" We looked at him blankly, but he kept on repeating excitedly "An historic, an historic!" and it was not until we glanced outside and saw an ostrich pacing by that we discovered what he meant.

All this, we found, altered in an instant when we turned north and crossed the border into the Karamoja. From Lake Victoria's nearly four-thousand-foot altitude, we dropped down into a wide, flat landscape dotted with stark, rocky hills. The paved road soon dwindled into a sand track. There was a hot, dry wind with a whiff of the desert in it, and little by little all signs of cultivation fell away. Half a dozen giraffes browsed around us while we ate lunch under a group of thorn trees—the only shade for miles—and then we continued on over dusty plains all through the afternoon, reaching Moroto in the evening.

Moroto is a delightful place, the last patch of normal civilization before you push on to the north. Apart from the huts of the African village, there cannot be more than twenty or thirty buildings in the township, but these are encircled by gardens and green lawns, and a ten-thousand-foot mountain covered with scrub and jungle rises behind the settlement. Here you are already in the midst of the country occupied by the Karamojong tribe.

I had been doing some reading about these people before leaving Italy, so I knew more or less what to expect; even so, my first sight of them was something of a shock. The men were all about six feet tall, and they had the slim, hipless figures of long-distance runners—which, in fact, they were. They walked about unclothed, with a sort of stately assurance—not exactly parading their nakedness but obviously conscious of their own beauty. They were quite friendly; they never failed to wave to us and call out "*Jambo*," the universal word of greeting in this part of Africa, but there was a slight air of condescension in the way they did it. Simple though it is, the Karamojong's toilette must take up a good deal of time, for

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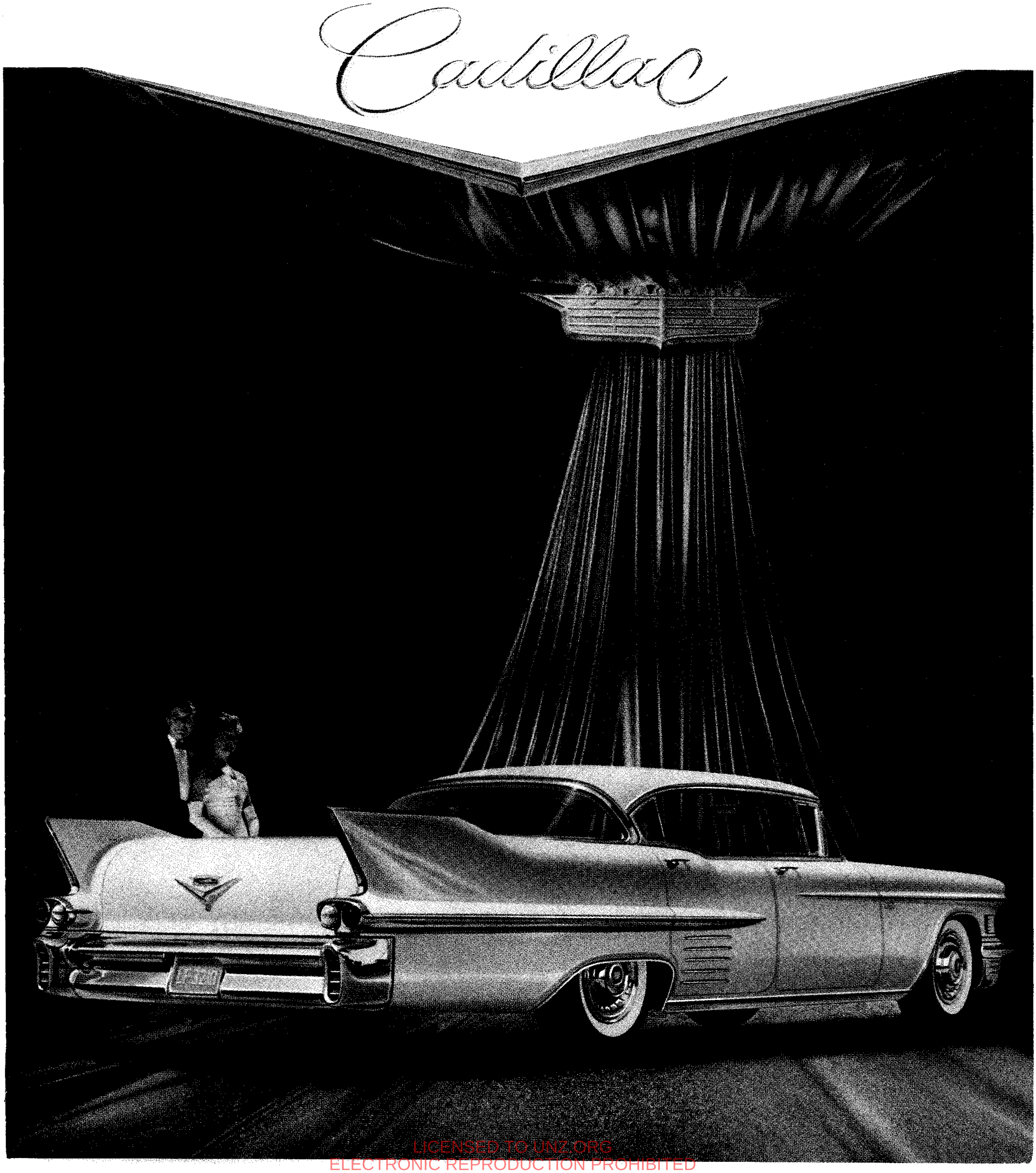

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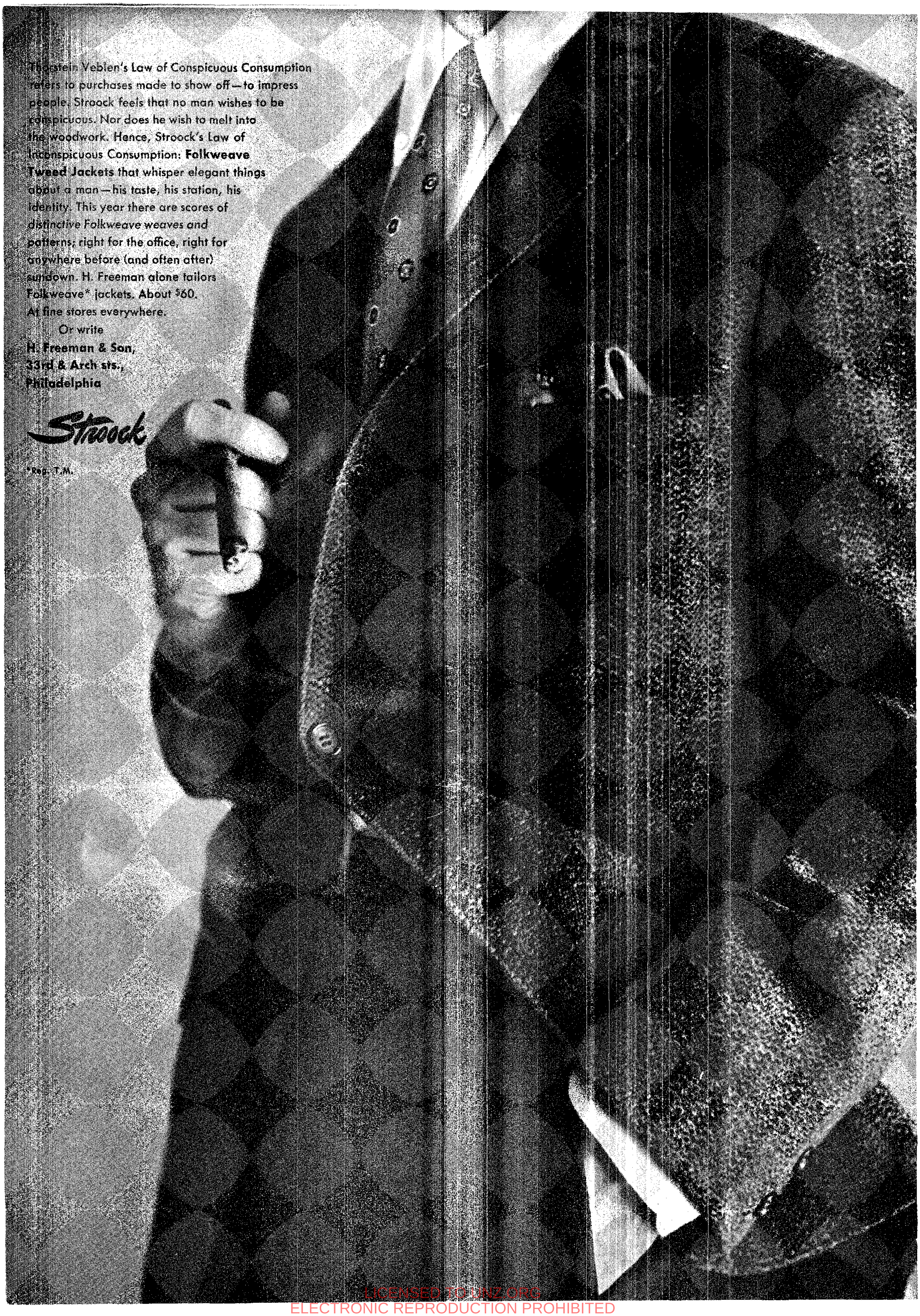

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it involves an elaborate shaving and plaiting of the hair. On their heads they wear close-fitting little hats—often with a couple of short ostrich feathers stuck jauntily on top—such as you might see women wearing at a cocktail party, except that in this case the hats are made of human hair matted together with clay. Below is a tight necklace of colored beads, frequently worn with armlets and bangles to match. A belt sets off the waist, but it is an article of pure adornment, for it supports nothing whatever. Most of the belts I saw were made of a silvery metal (probably wire taken from telegraph lines), which stood out brightly against the deep-black skin. Occasionally, a short rust-colored cloak is thrown over one shoulder, and every man carries a small two- or three-legged wooden stool, which serves both as a seat and as a pillow (the ground in these arid districts is exceedingly hard and prickly), and which, from a distance, looks like a woman's handbag. In brief, the Karamojong warrior has the kind of accessories a well-dressed Western woman might have, but without the clothes.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard the warrior as effeminate, for his preferred diet is a mixture of fresh milk and blood, and he always carries at least one spear as tall as himself—beautifully balanced, and with a blade so sharp it is often protected with a leather sheath. Except for minding his cattle, he does no work. He carries no burdens and builds nothing; his only business is to preserve himself for the day when he must kill some living thing, animal or human, with the tip of his spear. This proves his virility and makes him a desirable partner in marriage. He notches up his score of victims by making little cicatrices on his skin, and each of these scars has a meaning. For example, one on the right breast means that he has killed a man, one on the left breast a woman. This killing, of course, is not an everyday thing, and the British act drastically with an outright murderer if they can catch him. Yet murder does occur, and fairly frequently, and this we soon discovered for ourselves. We were driving one day along a particularly deserted track when suddenly a group of tribesmen appeared out of the bushes before us. One of them was an askari policeman, dressed in the khaki shorts and tunic that the British provide. The rest were naked, and they held up their spears to bring our vehicle to a stop—and stop we did, at once. They seemed very excited, and it was some time before Jumma, speaking Swahili,

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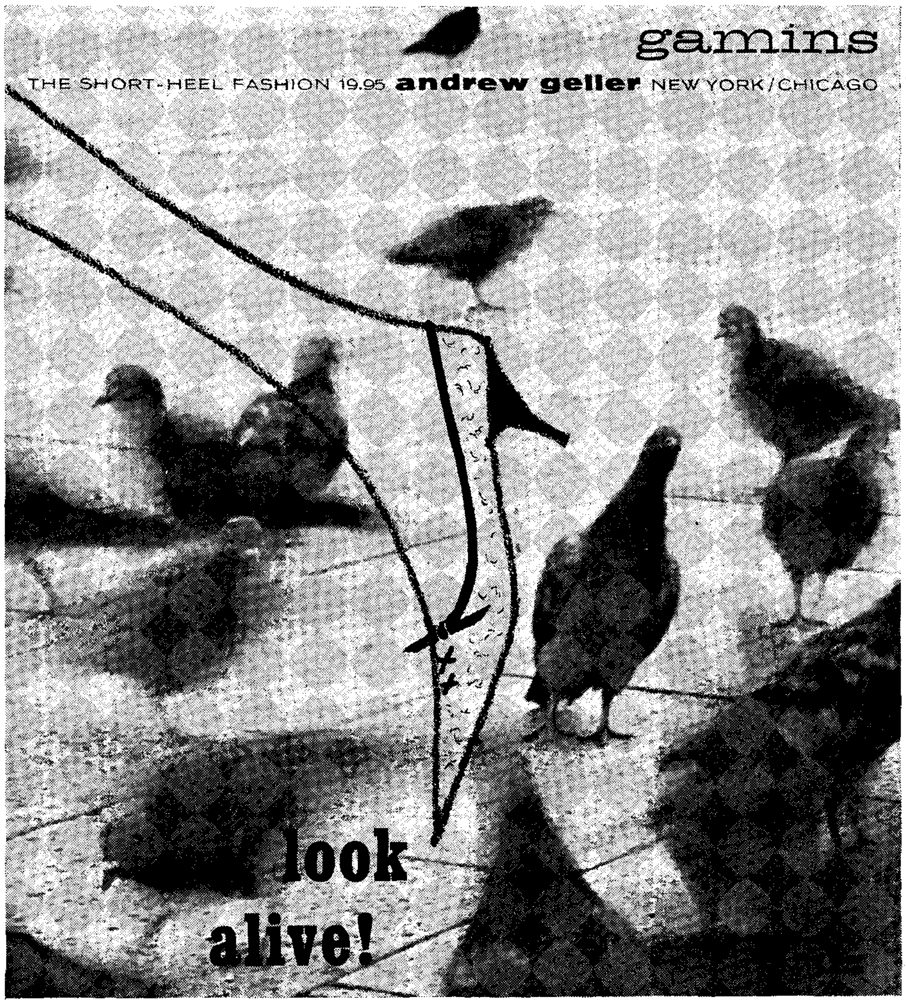

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managed to discover that during the night a man had been speared to death in a village close beside the track; the body was still lying out in the sun. A runner had been sent off with this news to the nearest British police post, twenty miles farther along the track. The askari wanted to know if we would overtake this man and give him a lift to his destination, because fighting might break out again in the village at any moment, and help was wanted quickly.

We caught up with the runner around the next bend. He was a splendid figure, loping smoothly along at a steady five miles an hour, his spear and his stool in one hand and, in the other, a cleft stick in which was fixed a slip of white paper bearing a message. I judged from his grizzled beard that he must be about forty, but on his face was an expression of extreme alarm, even of panic, like that of a child who has been asked to do something too difficult, and he clutched his cleft stick as though it were made of fragile porcelain. He clambered into the back of the truck and, out of sheer awkwardness and nervousness, rested the tip of his spear about an inch from my wife's neck. And thus, a little uneasily, we bumped along to the police post, where we handed him over to the sergeant.

Back in Moroto, I asked about these killings and was told that they are nearly always concerned with cattle or, after cattle, women. According to the late Professor C. G. Seligman, an authority on the subject, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of cattle to this tribe. Cattle, he says in his book "Races of Africa," "are so important that if an adjective stands by itself, the noun it qualifies is always understood to be 'cow.' " The Karamojong adores his cattle. He caresses them, sings to them in the fields, drinks their milk and their blood (which he takes from a vein in the neck), and uses them as currency for bargaining. Cattle are almost his entire wealth, and the more he has of them the better. The British have recently managed to stamp out rinderpest, the main cattle disease, and herds now roam in such numbers that the land is turning into dust. But still the Karamojong, driven by an overpowering compulsion, goes on breeding more stock, even though the more intelligent chiefs are perfectly well aware that drought and famine are bound to overtake the tribe in the end.

Naturally, there has been a wild inflation in the use of cattle as currency. In order to buy a wife now, a man must pay the girl's father as many as sixty

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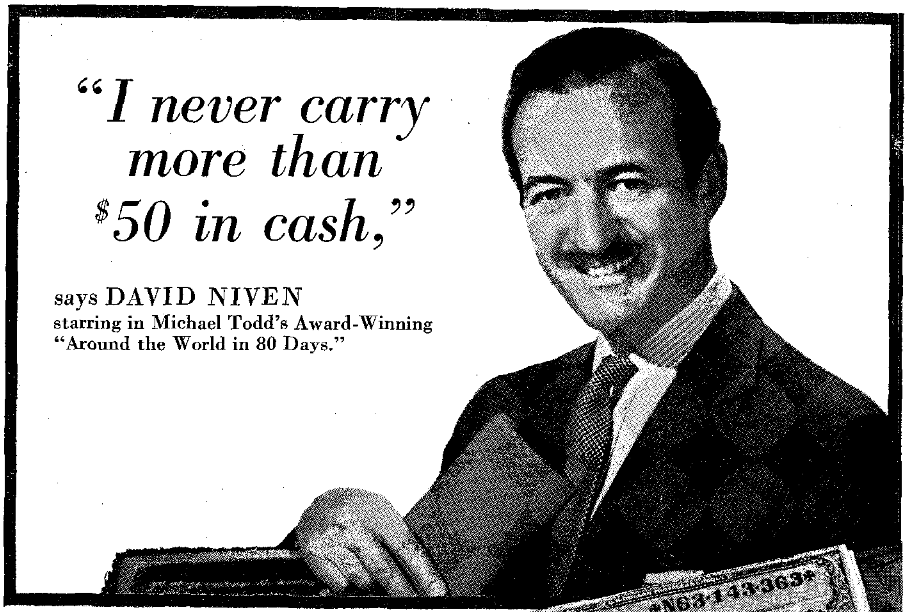

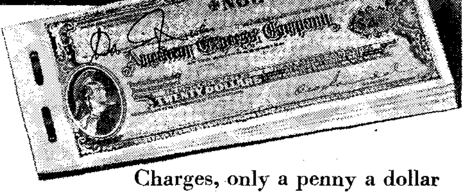

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head. In some places, the poorer young men have resorted to time payments; they produce ten cattle this year, and another ten next year, and so they go on until the girl is paid for. Then they set to work buying a second wife. It happens every now and then that a man will become impatient, and so he will go out by night on cattle raids. These raids are carried out with marvellous endurance and skill—a practiced man can drive a herd of cattle thirty miles before the morning breaks—but sometimes the owners catch up with the marauders, and then the spears fly through the air. Raids and counterraids were going on in the Karamoja the whole time we were there, and in the Moroto prison there were quite a number of men doing long stretches for cattle theft. They did not seem to mind particularly. Two years or ten—it was all the same to them, since they had no sense of time and meanwhile were eating well.

To the Western mind, it is something of a mystery that the Karamojong should value his wife so highly that he is willing to commit theft and murder for her, because by no excess of chivalry can she be called a beautiful object. Beside her peacock mate, she looks dowdier than a peahen. She is short, scrawny, and physically dirty. For a moment around her fifteenth year, her body may achieve a certain grace and firmness, but that brief springtime is soon gone, and by the time she is twenty she is older than the rocks on which she sits. (She is, of course, allowed no stool.) She shaves half her skull and twists the remaining hair into strands that look like a greasy mop. She loads her ears and neck with a mass of coiled wire (never removed), which must weigh a good ten pounds. Still more wire is bound around her short arms and legs, and she ties a ragged goatskin about her waist. Arms, face, and midriff are decorated with a pattern of tribal tattoos, and the whole ensemble is topped off with an unwashed shawl or an old sack thrown over the shoulders. I was given two explanations of the fascination exerted by the Karamojong woman, the first of which seems sound enough. This is that she represents wealth almost as much as the cattle do. She does the work—the drawing of water, the building of huts, even the digging in the fields—and she produces the children. The second explanation is more doubtful. According to this, physical beauty in a woman plays no part at all in a Karamojong marriage; in fact, it is avoided. The Karamojong male

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Sept. 11, Oct. 23, Dec. 1
Buffalo • Hotel Statler
Sept. 24-25, Nov. 3-4
Charleston, W. Va. • Hotel Daniel Boone
Sept. 8, Oct. 20
Charlotte, N.C. • Charlotte Hotel
Oct. 1, Nov. 12
Charlottesville • University of Virginia
Oct. 7-8, Nov. 18-19
Chicago • The LaSalle Hotel
Sept. 8-9-10, Oct. 20-21-22, Dec. 1-2-3
Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza
Sept. 4-5, Oct. 15-16, Nov. 19-20
Cleveland • Hotel Statler
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Dec. 8-9
Columbia, S.C. • Jefferson Hotel
Oct. 2, Nov. 13
Dallas • Hotel Adolphus
Sept. 3-4, Oct. 15-16, Nov. 20-21
Dayton • Van Cleve Hotel
Sept. 18, Oct. 30, Dec. 11
Denver • The Albany Hotel
Sept. 11-12, Oct. 23-24, Nov. 17-18
Detroit • Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
Sept. 15-16, Oct. 27-28, Nov. 17-18
Evansville, Ind. • Hotel McCurdy
Sept. 11, Oct. 23, Dec. 4
Houston • Rice Hotel
Sept. 8-9, Oct. 20-21, Nov. 24-25
Indianapolis • Sheraton Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 6, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 21-22
Kansas City, Mo. • Muehlebach Hotel
Sept. 29-30, Nov. 10-11, Dec. 8-9
Los Angeles • The Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 15-16-17, Oct. 30-31-Nov. 1
Louisville • Brown Hotel
Sept. 22-23, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 8-9
Lynchburg, Va. • Virginian Hotel
Sept. 29, Nov. 10
Memphis • Peabody Hotel
Sept. 26-27, Nov. 7-8
Midland, Texas • Scharbauer Hotel
Sept. 23, Nov. 4, Dec. 2
Minneapolis • Radisson Hotel
Oct. 2-3, Nov. 13-14, Dec. 11-12
Nashville • Dinkler Andrew Jackson
Sept. 24-25, Nov. 5-6, Dec. 10-11
New Orleans • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 29-30, Nov. 13-14, Dec. 15-16
Oklahoma City • Hotel Biltmore
Sept. 25, Nov. 6, Dec. 4
Omaha • Hotel Fontenelle
Oct. 1, Nov. 12, Dec. 10
Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford
Sept. 15-16, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 4-5
Philadelphia • University of Pennsylvania
Oct. 9-10, Nov. 20-21
Pittsburgh • Penn Sheraton Hotel
Sept. 2-3, Oct. 13-14, Nov. 24-25
Rochester, N.Y. • Hotel Sheraton
Sept. 22-23, Nov. 5-6
St. Louis • Hotel Chase
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 17-18, Dec. 5-6
San Antonio • Hotel Gunter
Sept. 5-6, Oct. 17-18, Nov. 22
San Francisco • St. Francis Hotel
Sept. 18-19-20, Oct. 27-28-29
Savannah • DeSoto Hotel
Oct. 3-4, Nov. 14-15
Toledo • Commodore Perry Hotel
Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10
Tulsa • Hotel Mayo
Sept. 26-27, Nov. 7-8, Dec. 5-6
Washington, D.C. • Hotel Willard
Sept. 9-10, Oct. 21-22, Dec. 2-3
Wilmington, Del. • DuPont Hotel
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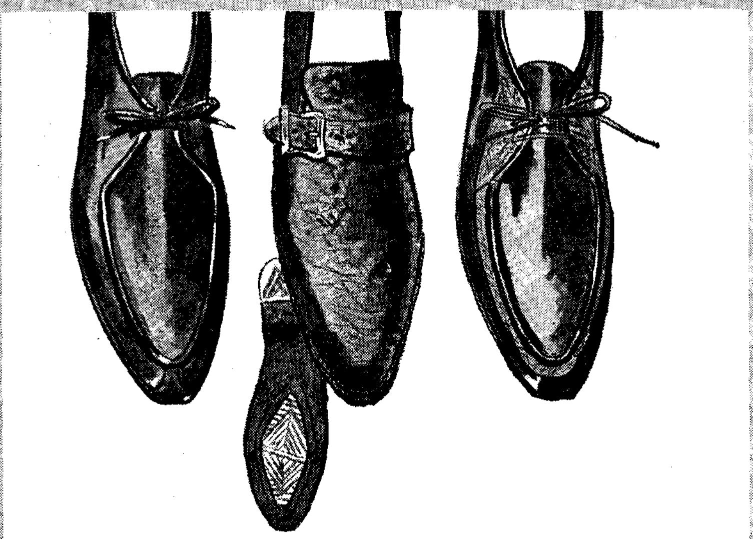

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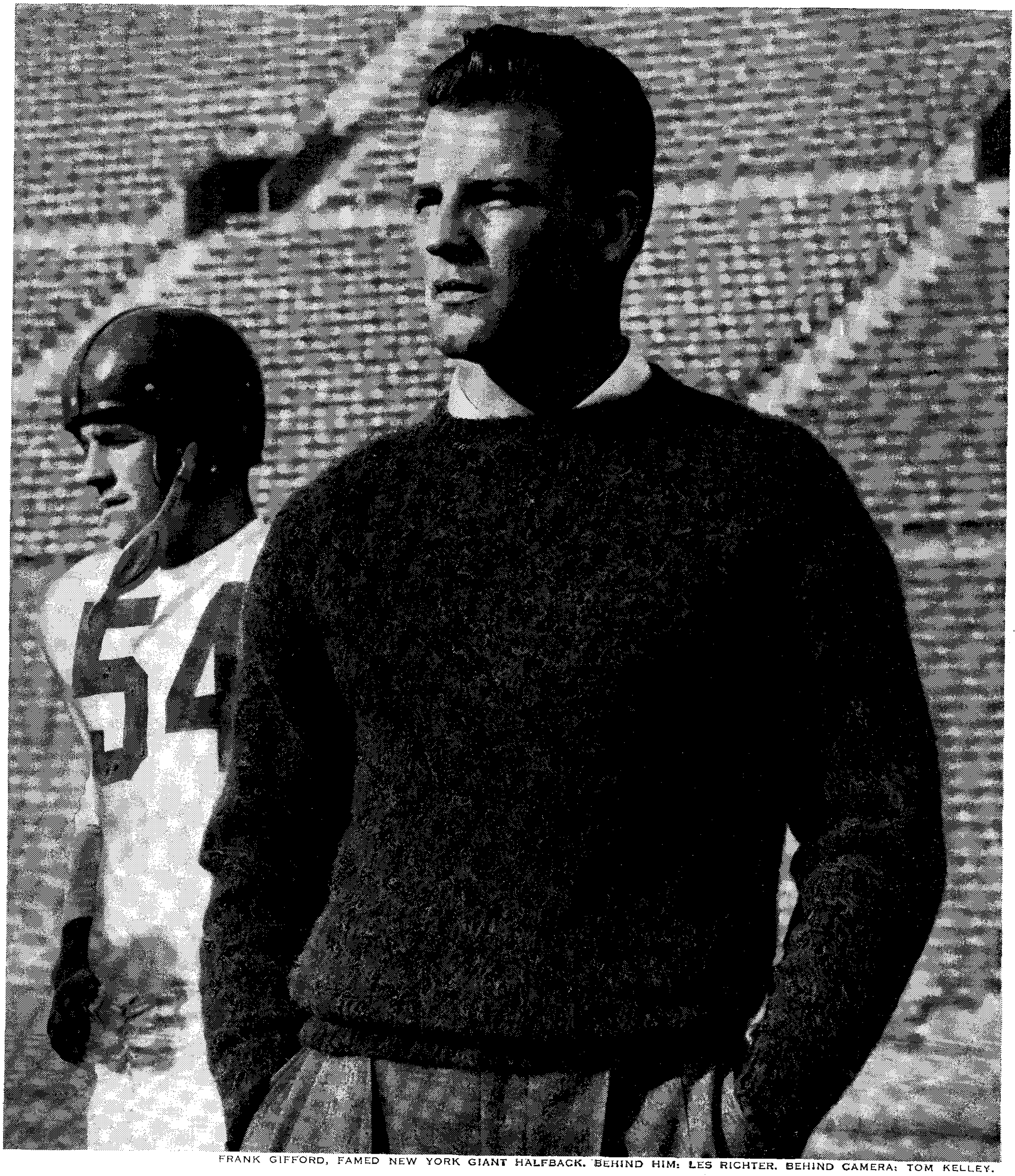
proceeds on the assumption that a beautiful woman will be desired by all men, and that, consequently, she herself will desire all men. And so as a wife she is more trouble than she is worth. Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that most of the women we saw were by no means crushed by work and childbearing. I used to watch them at the water holes in the morning. They were very gay, and chattered unceasingly even in the midday heat, when the men were spread-eagled asleep under the acacia trees or were just squatting silently on their stools for hours at a stretch, secure in their beauty and their power, and quite clearly thinking of absolutely nothing.

Dr. Samuel Johnson has said somewhere that "all the importunities and perplexities of business are softness and luxury compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness." This simply does not apply to the Karamojong. In the obvious pleasure they derive from suspended animation, in their sheer emptiness of mind, they can be compared only to the basking crocodile. This is not decadence, nor is it torpor. It is virility in extreme repose. There are times—notably at the onset of a cattle raid or at the approach of a new moon—when the somnolent villages wake up. The Karamojong have no drums, but on these occasions they drink deeply of a strong beer made of maize, and then, rousing up their bedraggled mates, dance the whole night through. These sudden changes, these rapid shifts from an almost Lethean calm to primitive action, create an atmosphere that seemed to me to be much more stimulating than that of the comfortable, half-Westernized world we had left behind on Lake Victoria. Here, on these hot plains, we at least knew exactly where we were: we were back in the Stone Age. And we found it both releasing and exciting.

So, apparently, did the white men who were administering the district. We used to meet them at the government resthouse in Moroto (there are no hotels at all in the Karamoja) when they came in from outlying areas to replenish stores and collect their mail. Nowhere else in Africa—indeed, hardly anywhere else at all—have I met people so interested in their work. It filled their lives. Most of these men were young and unmarried, and were paid on a scale that would shock a good cook or a headwaiter in a restaurant. Some of them lived in camps without electricity or running water, and didn't see an-



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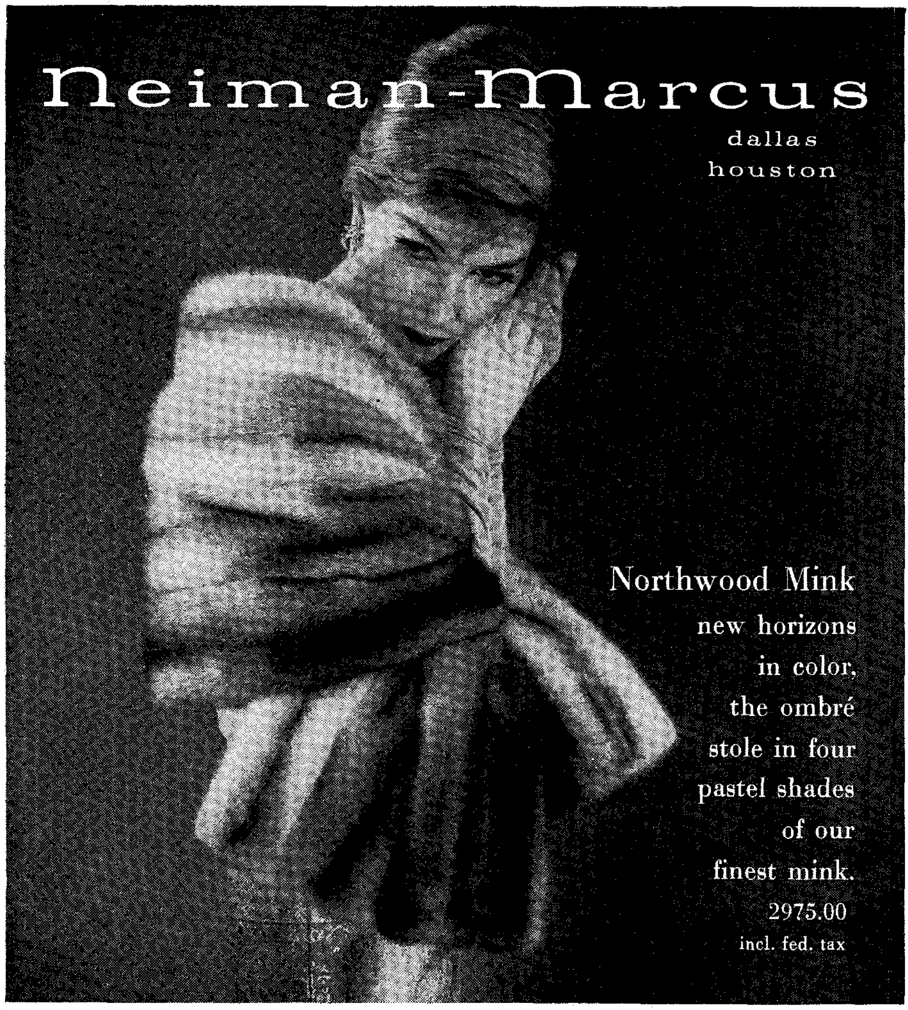

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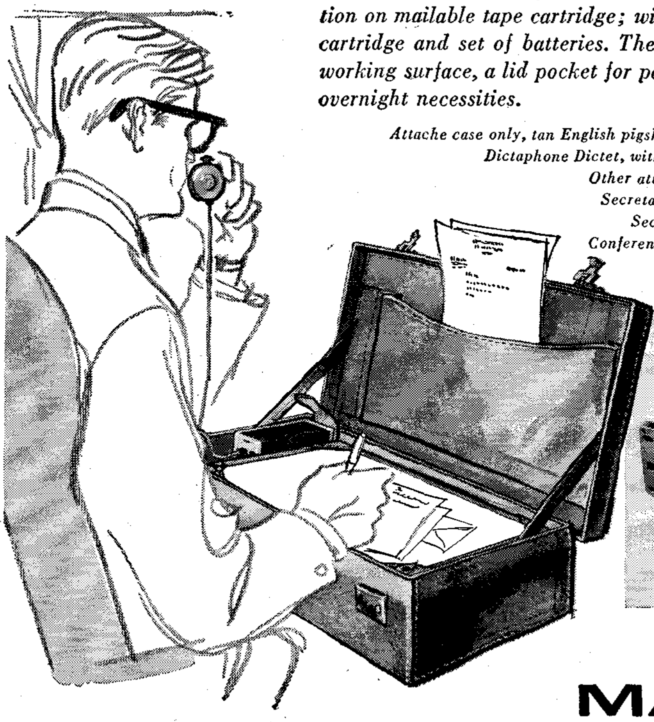

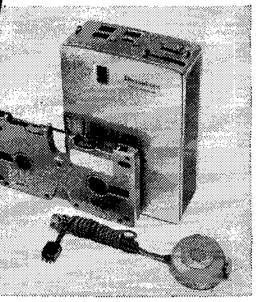

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other white man for days, or perhaps weeks, on end. They knew that their jobs were unlikely to continue; even the most optimistic of them did not think the British would remain in Uganda for another fifteen years. Yet none of this appeared to cloud their enthusiasm. They were absorbed in the practical business of building new roads and bridges, of damming back the rivers and experimenting with soils and crops. The Karamoja is regarded as a tough and lonely district, and it is the practice of the British colonial service to move officials around every few years, so that all have a spell in the more favored places along Lake Victoria or the Nile. Yet most of these men had volunteered for a second term in the Karamoja, and some were hoping to continue for a third. Not many took a self-righteous attitude about what they were doing; they were quite simply enjoying themselves—or, at all events, they were too much occupied to feel that sense of uncertainty and rootlessness that sometimes overtakes white men in the more politically developed parts of Africa. I noticed that the books they read tended to deal with technical subjects and were of the do-it-yourself kind—books on carpentry, animal husbandry, medicine, fishing, and photography.

One other thing was apparent. These men rather admired the local Africans, and as far as I could make out, the Karamojong had no animosity toward white men. Perhaps this is a feudal, and therefore temporary, relationship, but at least I found it a refreshing change from the tense color politics that bedevil the scene elsewhere in Africa. The rule seems to be that the more primitive an area is, the better the whites and blacks get on together. Even the most rabid nationalist would have difficulty proving that the Karamojong are being exploited. No white man is permitted to own land in their district (or anywhere in Uganda, for that matter). Taxes are trifling, and such services as medical attention, for both men and cattle, are provided free. Money comes into the Karamoja, rather than goes out. Nor can it be said that there is any sweated or underpaid labor in the area, since the tribesmen quite definitely prefer not to work at all if they can help it. But probably, in the end, it is the quality of plain, uncluttered space that is the most satisfactory thing about living in these parts.

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Pan American, world's most experienced airline, carries almost as many people to Europe as the next 2 airlines combined objective, the Kidepo River. Moroto itself is remote enough, but now the empty plain expanded before us and quivered in a mirage under the hills. Giant cacti and acacia trees sprouted out of the dry earth. We had the sensation of really heading into the blue (we had our two trucks now), and every bend in the track was the beginning of a fresh discovery. All this corner of northeastern Uganda was bypassed by the early explorers, and it was left to a more footloose character named Bell to open up the country to white men. In African legend, Karamoja Bell is a kind of Buffalo Bill. He is the most famous of all elephant hunters, and the havoc he created was tremendous. He first arrived on the East African coast, at Mombasa, in 1897, as a young man of twenty, and was employed for a time as a lion killer on the Kenya-Uganda railway. Then, after a spell as a gold miner in the Yukon and another as a soldier in the Boer War, he came back to Mombasa and headed inland for the unknown wastes of the Karamoja. Charles Darwin once estimated that in seven or eight hundred years two elephants could become almost nineteen million, and if any proof of that statement were needed, Bell found it. He came on herds that were beyond an ivory hunter's dream—countless thousands of animals, browsing, unmolested, across these plains, as animals had done since immemorial time—and he spent the next twenty-five years blowing them out of existence. In his book "The Wanderings of an Elephant Hunter," Bell speaks of shooting twenty big bulls in a single day, and there is no reason to doubt this, for many people in East Africa still remember his safaris returning to the coast, with scores of porters, each carrying a tusk on his shoulder. Karamoja Bell had the genuine hunter's obsession with the beasts he killed, as well as a certain poetry of feeling about them—he speaks of their "quiet, persistent flitting away" into the bush—and one must admire his courage. Yet it is a little sad now to drive across these plains and find that hardly an animal has been left behind. It looks like the sort of place where at least zebras ought to run. But nothing moves.

Late in the afternoon, we broke our trip to make camp, and in the morning we drove on to a place called Opotipot. Now, at last, we were coming to the country that Rennie Bere had spoken of in his letter about the fire rings and the raiding tribesmen. It was as grand a landscape as anything in Central

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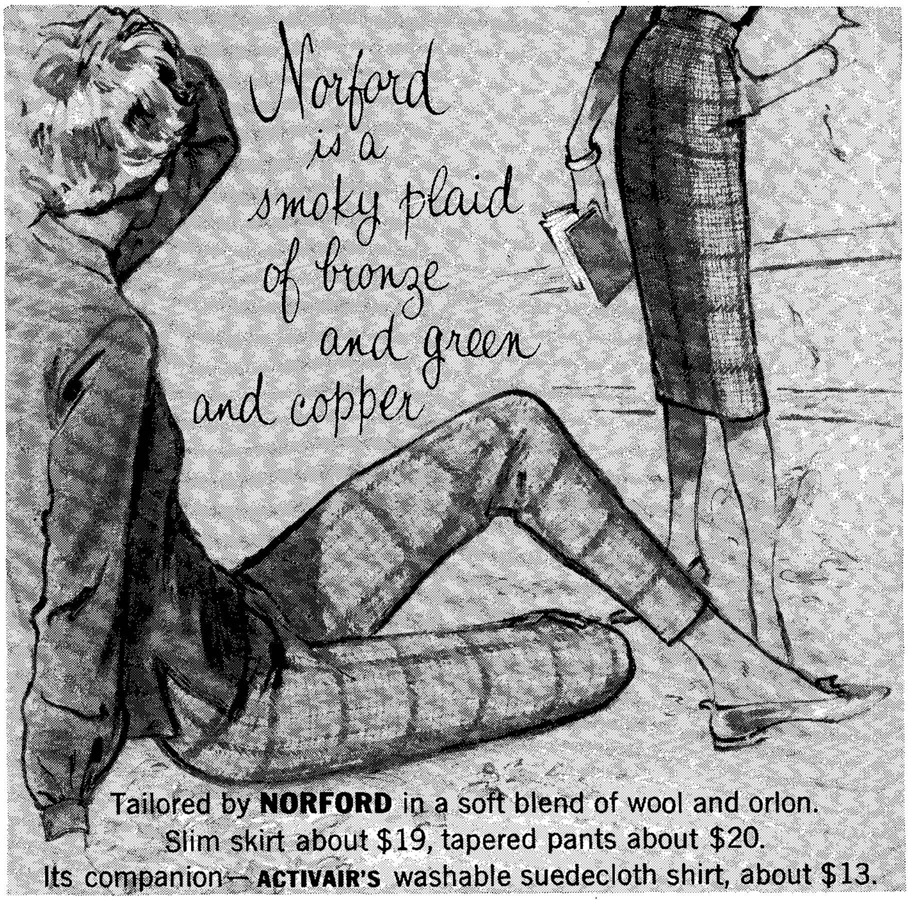
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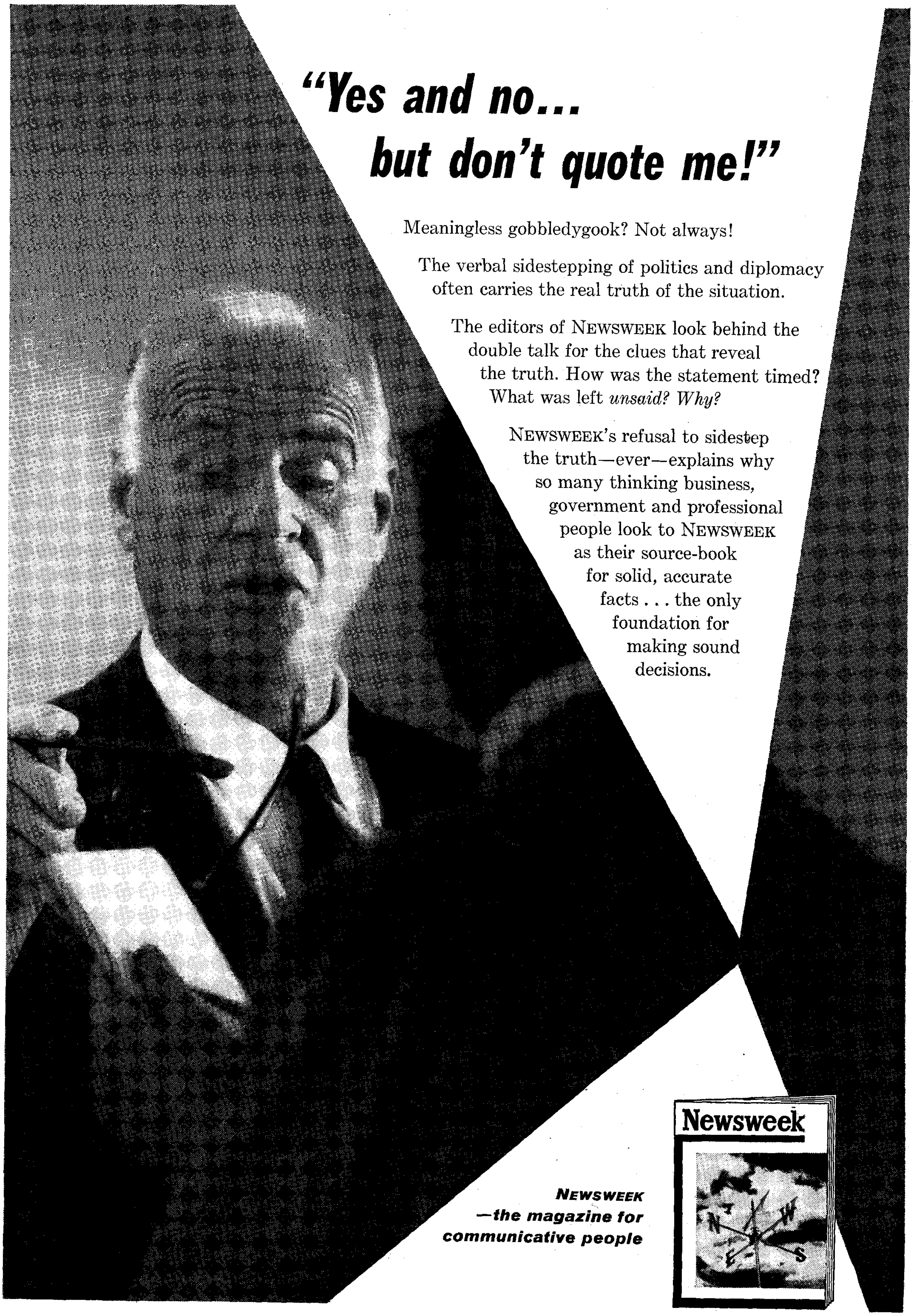
Africa. Great green hills and vast towers of black rock thrust up out of the river valleys, and there was utter silence everywhere. This was a region infested by the tsetse fly, and in recent years a swath had been cleared through the trees in which the fly breeds, so as to make a barrier against the spread of the plague. But even that huge, unnatural gash in the forest could not quite destroy the freshness and mysteriousness that seem to pervade any African scene that has been left untouched through the centuries. There is an odd strength to be found in such remoteness, in knowing that no one can very quickly come to your assistance if things go wrong.

The camp at Opotipot consisted of a few thatched huts on a hilltop, and the only reason for its existence was that it served as a base for the game ranger on his visits to the area. A group of the game ranger's African scouts were living at the camp, and soon after we arrived, one of them came to us with the news that the headman, the sergeant, was ill. His complaint did not sound very serious, and I sent him some aspirin. But then, later in the day, the messenger came back and said that now the corporal was stricken, too, and both men were very bad. I went down to their hut and found the two of them—big, muscular fellows—lying on the ground, limp and exhausted. They complained of pains in the stomach, but they could not tell me anything more except that they had eaten beans that morning. The eating of half-cooked green beans, which subsequently swell up in the stomach, is the cause of one of the older and simpler illnesses among the Africans, but I knew nothing of this at the time. I went through the gesture of prodding the two men in the place where, vaguely, I imagined their appendixes to be. Africans are wonderful patients. Hospital nurses will tell you that they behave much better than white men; with childish, unwavering trust, they will faithfully do the things they are told to do. Yet at the same time they can be possessed by a fatalistic despair—a superstitious belief that some evil spirit has singled them out for destruction and that it is useless to resist. Africa is full of stories of how perfectly healthy men will decline and die merely because they have been placed under some tribal taboo. So now, with a confused memory of these things, I looked down at my two patients, who were slowly turning green about the lips; it seemed inconceivable that two such huge, powerful men could have been



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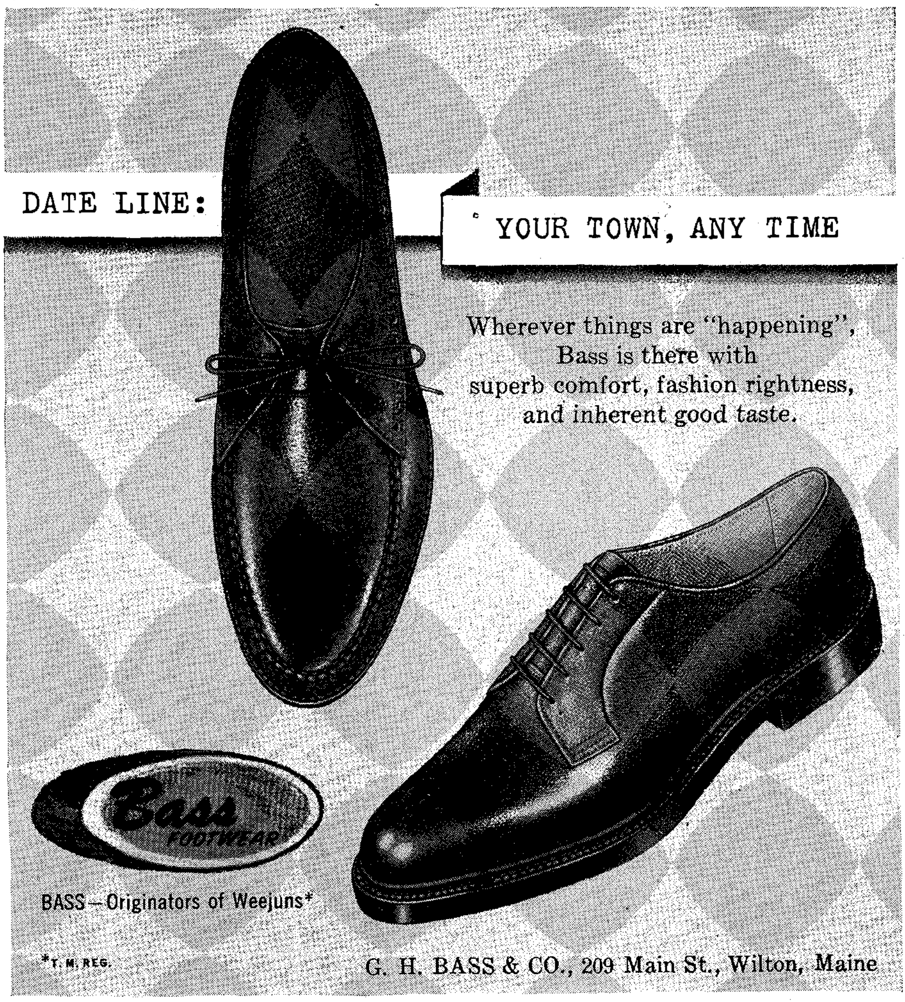

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laid low so suddenly, and equally inconceivable that they would ever get well. Indeed, it was generally accepted in the camp that they would die. I found in my kit a bottle of Alka-Seltzer tablets (which, I discovered later, were emphatically *not* the right medicine) and dropped a couple of them into a mug of water. The patients rose on their elbows and watched the fizzing with an intense, hypnotized interest. They then drank up the mixture with such evident faith that I myself began to think there must be some magic in the stuff, and I repeated the dose at intervals through the night. These additional draughts of liquid can only have made the green beans expand still further and have caused the two men still more pain. But they had recovered by the morning, and although they did not thank me (thanks are regarded as an unnecessary ceremony among the tribesmen), there was a friendly and confident air about the camp, and I began to understand how it was that so many European officials liked to go off and live alone with these people in their distant villages.

It was a queer party that assembled at Opotipot during the next few days. John Blower, the Karamoja game ranger, arrived in a two-seater plane (there was a stretch of level land in a nearby valley) piloted by Dr. William Longhurst, a zoologist from the University of California, who was studying the African hippopotamus and buffalo on a Fulbright scholarship. Like us, they had come to look at the wild animals along the border. Then, there was the local tsetse-control officer, a squat and heavily bearded man with a nautical air that reminded me, somehow, of the sailors in "H.M.S. Pinafore." He had dropped in from his camp, some twenty miles away, and he was soon followed by a British district commissioner from a neighboring area, who was chasing a wounded elephant. Gunbearers, askaris, porters, and the game scouts completed the cast.

If there was no actual drama among us, there was at least a certain eccentricity about our comings and goings. The district commissioner was in a somewhat harassed state. He had shot his elephant five days before—a young bull with fifty-pound tusks—and he could not forgive himself for having missed the vital spot with his shot, even though the animal was moving toward him fast at the time, and was in the midst of a herd. It had been wounded in the body. In normal circumstances, the tracking down of a wounded elephant is an arduous business, but not too

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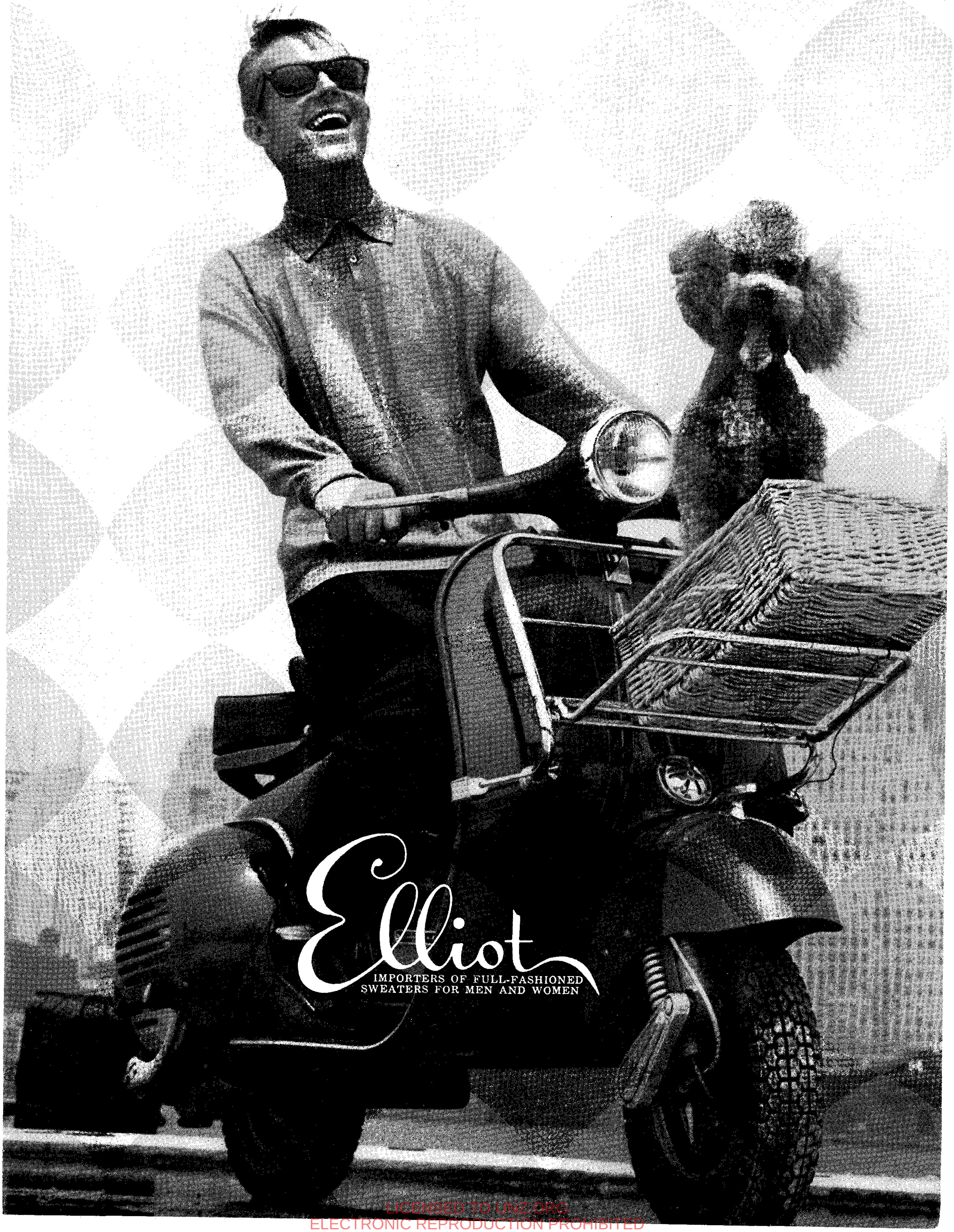
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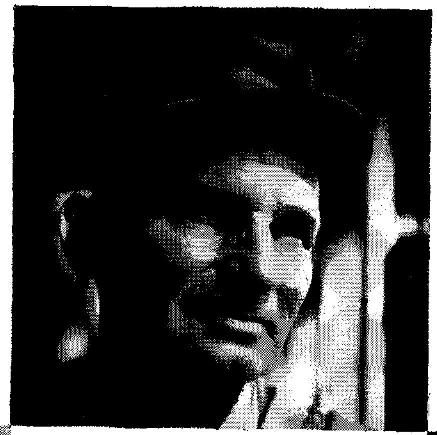
difficult for an experienced man. Here in the north of the Karamoja, however, there was no paraphernalia of hunting cars and of comfortable, well-equipped camps to return to at night. The district commissioner, in fact, was hunting precisely as Karamoja Bell had hunted fifty years ago; that is to say, he had set off into the wilds with a line of twenty porters following on behind, each with a load on his head. Equipment had been cut down to the essentials; he slept out in the open at night and made do with the most primitive meals, and except for the porters he was alone. Under ordinary circumstances, these arrangements, because of their quietness and simplicity, can provide joys that the tourist-sportsman in his car will never know. Your feet may swell and blister, but many new and wonderful sights come before your eyes when you are walking silently through the bush, and the mere absence of the usual trappings of a motorized safari—the tents, the tables and chairs, the convenient radio—creates a sense of freedom. Day by day, you advance from one river or water hole to the next, and at night, after the porters have eaten, they sit beside their fires and sing. In the present case, of course, this idyllic life had been abruptly upset by the wounding of the elephant. Provided it is not hurt too badly, an elephant will travel thirty miles in a night, and for five days the commissioner had been chasing his quarry over very rough country indeed. There had been little time for eating or sleeping, and matters were made a good deal worse by the hardness of the ground and the sparseness of the trees; the wounded beast was leaving few tracks. It might be glimpsed for a moment, but then it would vanish silently among the rocks on its great sponge feet. It had left the herd and was travelling alone, fast and erratically—so erratically, in fact, that many conflicting reports had come in from the tribesmen, and the commissioner had been following one false scent after another. Now he was baffled. After a short rest at the camp, he set off on his search again.

Blower, Longhurst, my wife, and I one day drove down a rough track to the Kidepo River, which runs northward across the border into the Sudan and eventually reaches the swamps of the Upper Nile. This is a marvellous place to see wild game, and for some reason—perhaps because it is so seldom visited—the animals appeared to me to be exceptionally tame. But it is the Kidepo River itself that is the really



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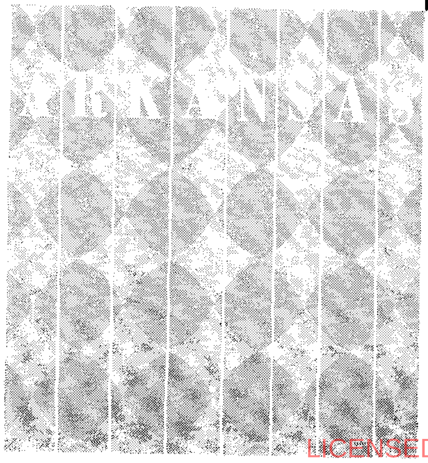

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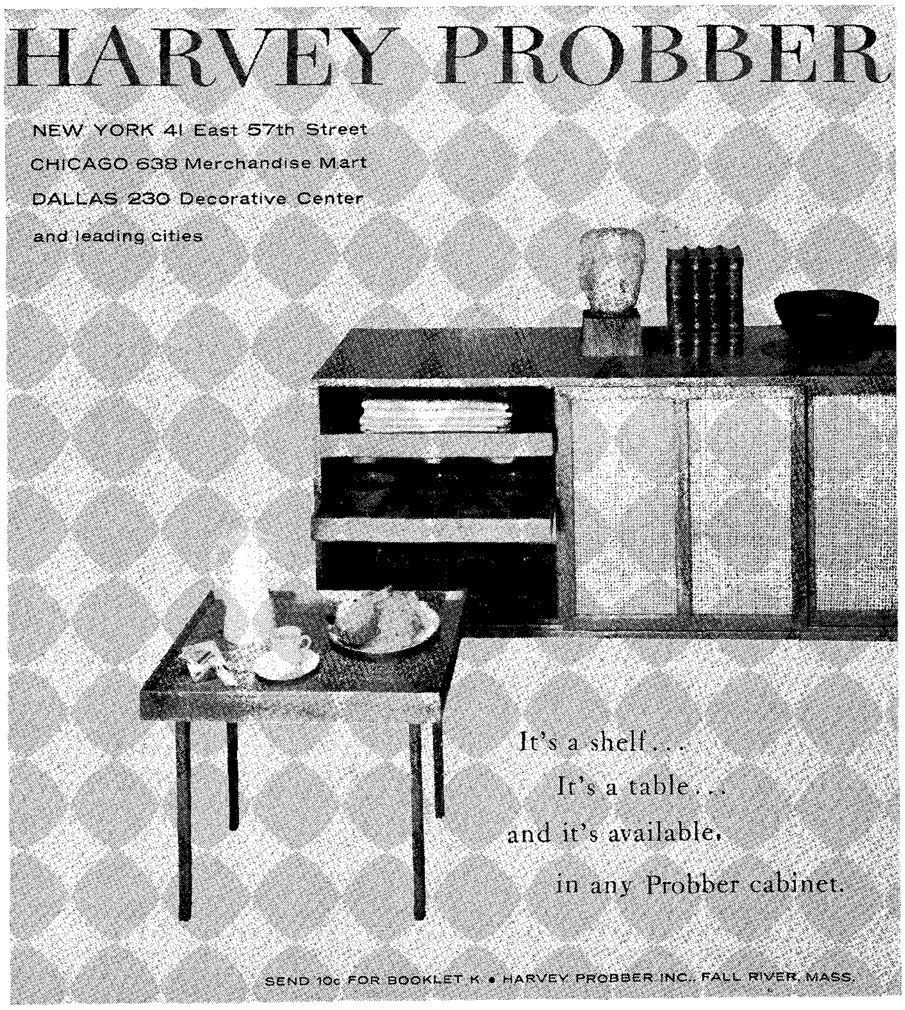
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enchanting sight in this forgotten corner. When we were there, it was almost dry, and its banks were lined with colonnades of borassus palms. The trunks of these palms, some thirty feet high, are as clean-cut and symmetrical as polished marble, and at a distance they have a remarkable resemblance to the columns of a Doric temple; then, coming closer, you see the dazzling white sand of the dry river bed beyond and the arching fronds above, and the effect is not so much of Greece as of Egypt—Luxor, perhaps—and the colors are the colors of the Nile. Great orange-tinted fibrous fruit, the size and shape of bowling balls, hang in clusters from the palms, and occasionally one, overripe, comes crashing to the ground. The elephants love the huge berries, and Jumma spoke highly of their flavor, but I found them gritty and dull. A muddy greenish liquid that looked and felt, and probably tasted, like warm soup filled the depressions in the river bed, and these were natural meeting places for every living thing that flew, walked, hopped, or crawled along the arid valley. Crocodiles slithered into the ooze as we came down the bank, but the birds had stronger nerves—especially the marabous, which at all times wear an aggrieved and petulant expression. In the midst of the enervating heat, they stood morosely at the edges of the pools with their gray wings gathered around them, as though they felt cold and were sheltering from rain. As we approached, they walked away slowly and resentfully, and their takeoff, which they delayed until we were within a few yards of them, was an awkward effort—a lumbering run of a foot or two and an unsteady lurch into the air. They made a noise like an awning flapping in the wind. Then, in a moment, all the heaviness was gone. The birds flew off with the fingered tips of their wings curved delicately upward, and an effortless glide took them over the tops of the palms. Compared to this performance, even the flight of the heron or the ibis can be a labored thing.

There was news of the wounded elephant when we got back to camp. Some villagers had come in from the neighboring hills saying that it had been browsing around their village all day. No one knew where the district commissioner had gone, so Blower's game-scout sergeant, now as fit as a lion, was sent off with a rifle through the midday heat to finish off the beast. Presently, one of the scouts came in and said that a shot had been heard, and soon after this the commissioner returned. He was understandably dismayed. He had hunted elephants for years, and it was a matter of pride, as well as of humanity, with him that he should personally follow up and kill any beast he had wounded. And now, after six days' fruitless slogging over the mountains, to find that the quarry had been loitering hardly a mile away and had fallen to another rifle while he himself was wandering off in the wrong direction—this was a little bitter.

There was immediately a great stir in the camp, for a dead elephant meant unlimited meat. Mysteriously, out of the bush, all kinds of Africans appeared—men, women, and children, all carrying tins, bowls, gourds, or anything else that would serve to take the meat away in. They fell into line, and the commissioner, with the whole cavalcade at his back in Indian file, set off in the tracks of the sergeant. The sun was still high enough to penetrate the bush with a close, stifling heat, and there was no sound except the breaking of branches and the expectant murmuring of the Karamojong trailing along behind. After half an hour, the procession stopped to listen. There was still no sound. The sergeant's tracks were there, but he seemed to have vanished as effectively as the elephant itself. One of the tribesmen lifted a horn to his mouth and blew a high, long note, but there was no reply, and the commissioner pushed on again. At the end of an hour, even the best of Blower's trackers had to admit that they had lost the trail. Finally, in the casual and haphazard way that things happen in Africa, word spread along the column that no one could be found who had actually seen the elephant in the morning, and that the whole story was quite possibly a rumor. As for the sound of the shot, no one could be really sure of having heard that, either. Once again the horn was sounded, and when it still brought no response, there seemed to be nothing more to be done; the procession turned around and trooped back to camp.

I myself missed this excursion, for Dr. Longhurst had kindly invited me to make a flight with him to see the wild game from the air, and at that moment we were cruising over the Kidepo Valley. Perhaps "cruising" is not quite the right word. Dr. Longhurst was a fighter pilot in the war, and now, in the minuscule two-seater, tossed by a bumpy wind, we dived, turned, and zoomed back into the sky again, and he was happy. The view, I must admit, was extraordinary. There were far more animals about than I had realized when

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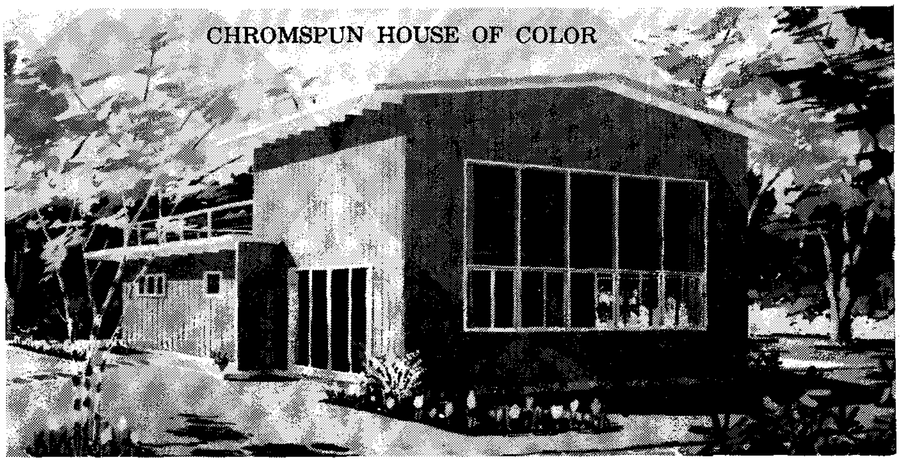

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I was on the ground, and the valleys were crisscrossed with hundreds of game trails. Giraffes were running beneath us, as well as herds of zebras, topis, kongonis, Grant's gazelles, oribis, buffaloes, and ostriches—all of them catching the sunlight in different ways, raising different trails of dust, and making changing patterns on the sand. It was very beautiful, and at the same time very unnatural. The animals were not running as they normally do; none could precisely locate the center of the hellish noise above, and so they charged blindly in every direction, heading mostly for the open. In many parts of Africa now, wild animals have grown so used to aircraft that they hardly bother to look up. But here the noise was a bewildering thing. I spotted one big rhinoceros standing out in the open, like a bulldog. He was ready for fight, but he could not make out where the danger was threatening. He charged first one way, then another, and then wheeled round suddenly, as though he were being attacked in the rear. It was not fair to agitate him so much, and we flew away.

When we got back to camp from our flight, there was more news of the elephant. He had been seen heading for the Sudan border, and, once across it, he could not be followed without a special permit from the Sudanese. So the commissioner was hastily preparing to set out again. Longhurst planned to make another flight in the morning, and he promised to send a message if he spotted the animal. The commissioner was to reveal his position on the ground by firing a purple Very light into the sky, and then a message giving the elephant's whereabouts would be parachuted down to him from the plane. All this struck us as being of the greatest importance at the time. My wife and I were leaving for Nairobi in the morning, and I remember how we sat up that night debating the chances of the next day's hunt. But there never seems to be a definite end to anything in Africa. When we left Opotipot, Dr. Longhurst's plane was still flying about, the commissioner was still searching through the scrub, and the elephant was still wandering about somewhere in the hills, waiting to keep his inevitable appointment with death.

NOTHING will now persuade the people of Kenya that the hydrogen bomb, the sputniks, or some other artificial agency has not upset the climate of Africa. Year after year, they used to have their two dry seasons and

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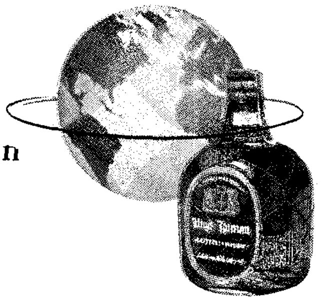

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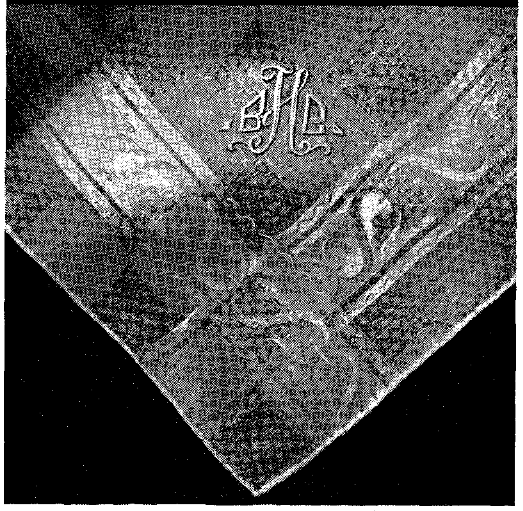
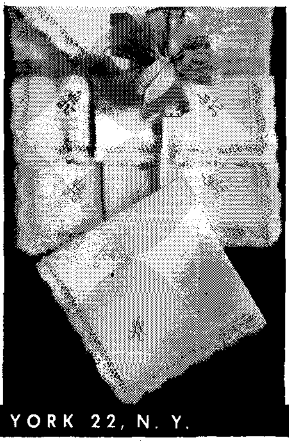

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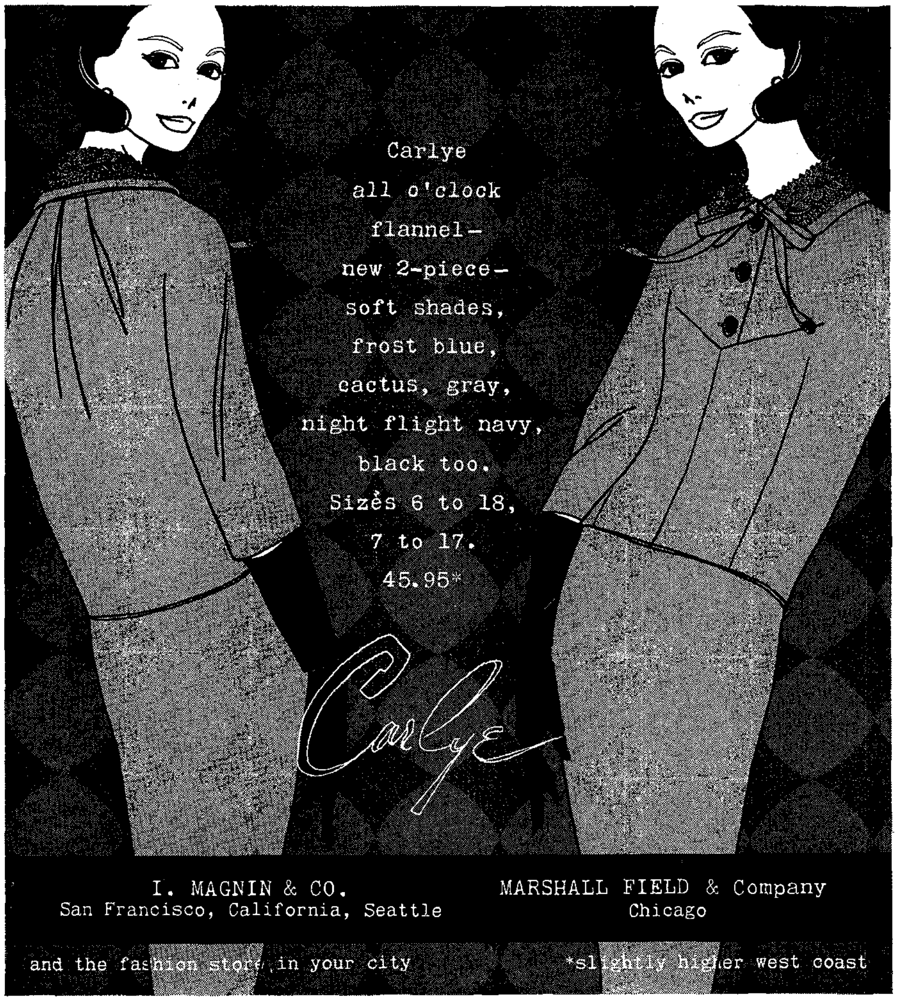

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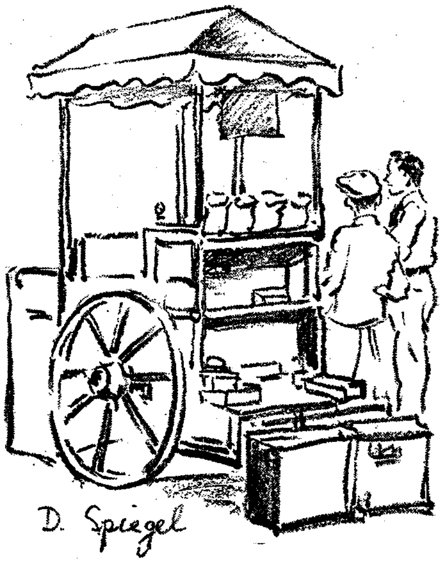
their two wet ones, and you could name the start and the end of these seasons almost to the day. This was of some importance, since in many parts of Kenya you cannot move far off the beaten track—or sometimes on the track itself—once rain begins to fall. But for the past two years storms have burst out of the sky even in the driest months. When my wife and I got to Nairobi, it started to rain, contrary to all the rules of the calendar. The big-game hunters sitting in the Nairobi hotels were a dismal sight. Most of them had flown in from the other side of the world, having planned their trips many months ahead in the expectation of hot, dry weather. And now the rain poured down, and rain can be really depressing if you are paying safari fees of something like a hundred dollars a day while waiting for it to stop. Hunters who had succeeded in getting out of town were, if anything, rather worse off; they simply had to sit in their tents in the mud, and not all the money in the world could get them out.

I had my own reasons for being dismayed by the weather, because I was anxious to get going on the next leg of our journey, to Lake Rudolf, in the company of a friend of ours, a white hunter named Sydney Downey. For Downey it was to be a busman's holiday, since he wanted to investigate the condition of the wildlife in the area; for my wife and me it was exploration, pure and simple. Lake Rudolf lies in wild and desolate country in the northwestern corner of Kenya, on the Ethiopian border, and parts of the eastern shore are absolute desert. Although the lake, some hundred and eighty miles long and twenty to thirty-five miles wide, covers an area of thirty-five hundred miles (which makes it the twentieth-



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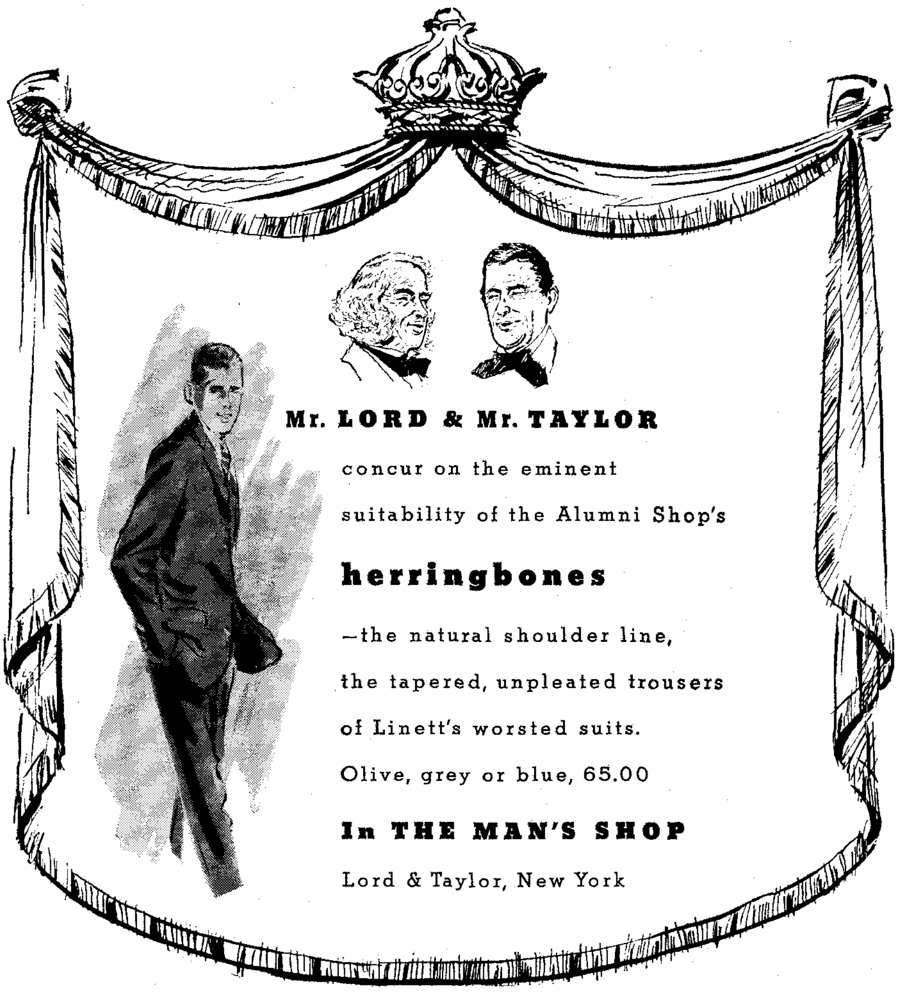

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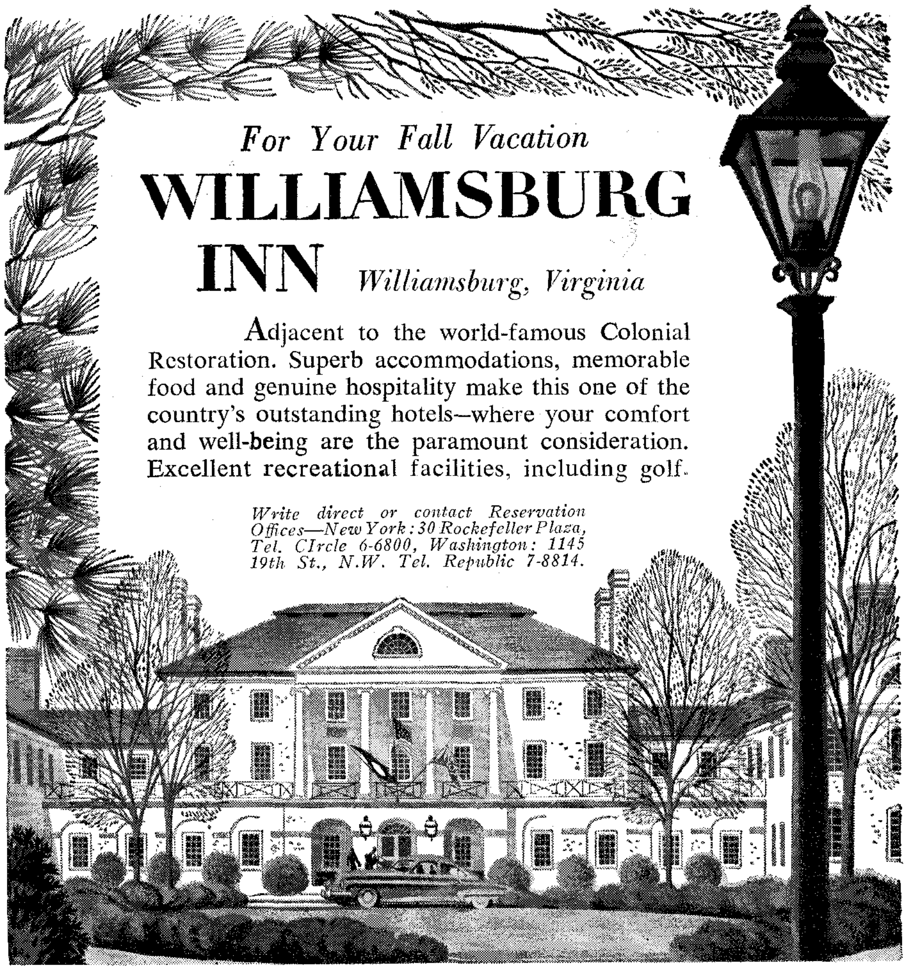

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largest lake in the world), no ship ever sails there, and hardly a village of any size exists along the shore. Everything we heard about the place seemed interesting. It was said to be a great bird sanctuary, and the fishing was declared to be stupendous. Yet the lake was drying up. A considerable river, the Omo, flowed in from the Ethiopian mountains, and there were seasonal streams as well, but none of this intake was able to keep pace with the evaporation. The level of the water had gone down thirty feet since 1914, and the Sudanese, who had once owned a strip of the northern shore, were now left high and dry in the sand. One of the effects of this evaporation had been to create a strong concentration of natron salt in the water, and while this was apparently excellent for hippopotamuses and crocodiles, human beings found the solution a gloomy and depressing drink. Then, there were the inhabitants of the area. These were the Turkana, a warrior-pastoralist tribe who were still living in a state of nature, practically untouched by the outside world. This isolation was the thing that seemed to have most impressed other visitors to the lake—its extreme detachment and loneliness. It was as if the Dead Sea had been transported, enormously enlarged, to the middle of equatorial Africa, and then abandoned and forgotten.

Hearing these things, we were naturally impatient to get on the road. But the weeks went by, and still intermittent showers fell. Then, abruptly, the weather improved. We decided to wait no longer; early one morning, we packed two trucks with camping gear and set out. We planned to make for a place called Ferguson's Gulf, on the western shore of the lake (thus avoiding the deserts to the south and east), and this meant a two- to four-day journey from Nairobi, depending on how many of the river crossings had been washed out. The first day, our route lay northeastward as far as the Uganda border—a spectacular drive. At Kitale, six thousand feet high and lying under Mount Elgon, you run through some of the loveliest country in all Africa—dairy farms and crops that are as green as anything in New England. It hardly prepares you for what lies ahead, for the track almost at once plunges northward down two steep escarpments that are as hot and dry as Arizona. At three thousand feet above sea level, we started peeling off our sweaters, and at two thousand we were in a flat semi-desert, with red dust and sand flying up in clouds behind us. It was the sort of

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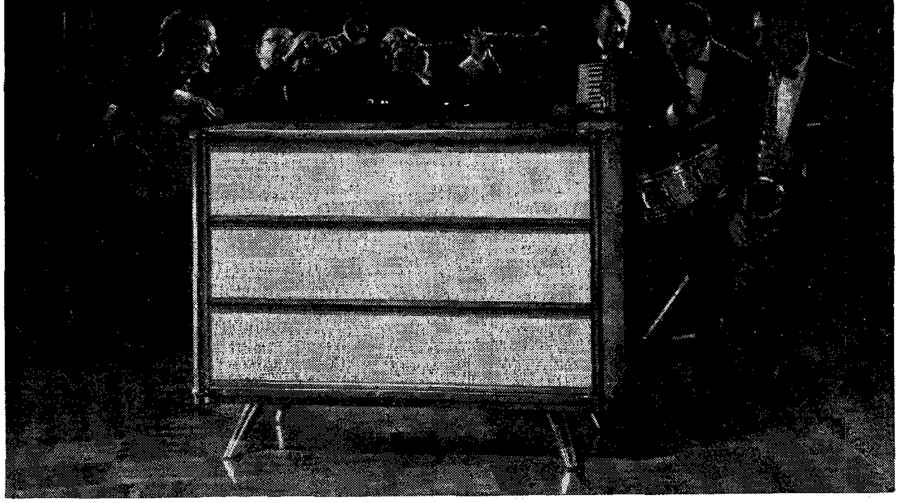

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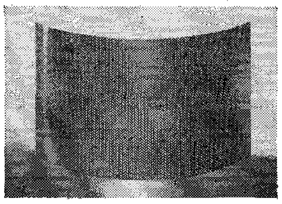

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contrast that you normally experience only when you make a rapid air journey to another country. Just a few miles back, we had been among lush fields and great groves of eucalyptus; now we were bumping over dried-up river beds lined with doom palms, and tremendous rose-colored anthills sprouted up on every side. The animals we saw had a kind of desert domesticity about them—small, shaggy gray camels, donkeys with black stripes making collars around their necks, numberless goats. Mongooses scampered like cats across the track, and even the ostriches were small and had a tame and wearied air. The prevailing color of the flat landscape was dusty olive-gray, and the bright things that caught our eyes were inexpressibly bright—scarlet beetles, lizards with vermilion eyes, tropical butterflies, and honey eaters with iridescent wings, darting among the dry twigs.

We made good time, and on the second night reached a British military outpost and trading center called Lodwar, only forty miles from the lake. Twenty years ago, places like Lodwar were two-a-penny on the map, and even if one did not know them from personal experience, they were made familiar enough by such movies as "Beau Geste" and "King of the Khyber Rifles"—the fort standing on rising ground, with the Union Jack (or possibly the French tricolor) flying above in a pale-blue sky; an appalling waste of sand and stark rocks lying about; and camels squatting under the palms by a water hole. In the compound of the fort itself, a squad of soldiers is drilling; others stand sentry in the watchtowers, looking out over the desert; and in the early morning a bugle sounds. At Lodwar, these scenes are preserved with an almost painful thoroughness, and, with a sudden shock, one realizes that they are as out-of-date as the illustrations in Victorian adventure books. It seems incredible that the camel driver and the native soldier in his kepi (with a flap at the back to keep the sun off) should have become anachronisms so completely and so quickly. One feels that one knows these people and this fort just as well as one once knew some household, some garden, of childhood. The salutes, the flag being lowered at sunset, the bugler sounding recall—I found myself remembering every detail with an almost Proustian clarity, and I also remembered, with a curious sense of embarrassment, how important all these things once were to me, how I gobbled them up in the movies and in adventure books. And now that I had arrived at the reality, at

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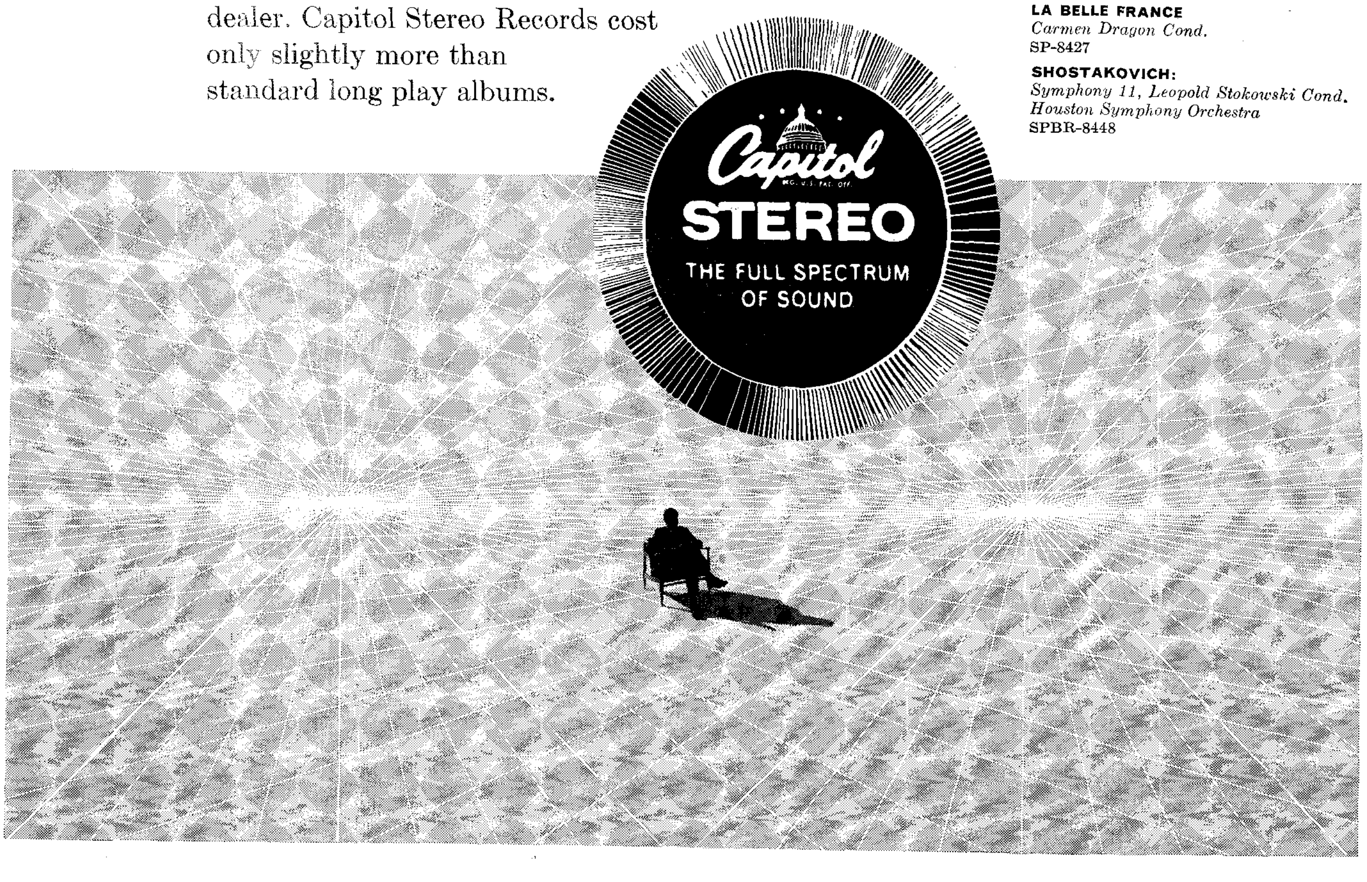

Lodwar, it was the reality, and not the fiction, that was unreal. It was very queer and a little disturbing.

Lodwar, however, provided a fine, outpostish sort of atmosphere from which to launch ourselves on the final stage of our trip. We had a comfortable night there, and then, rising with the bugle, we set off again. Although only forty miles divided us from Ferguson's Gulf, the journey seemed to me to be interminable—much longer than anything that had gone before. There were moments when our trucks bowled along at thirty miles an hour over gravelled salt pans as smooth as the tarmac on an airfield, but then the landscape would degenerate into plains of hot, broken basalt and heavy sand. Nothing but withered thorn scrub seemed able to grow. Occasionally, some antelope like the Grant's gazelle, which seldom drinks (it manages to absorb moisture from the plants it eats), would stand poised for an instant on the track and then bound off into the mirage on the skyline like a dolphin leaping in the sea. Presently, the temperature rose to ninety-nine degrees; of the lake itself there was no sign whatever. In this way, two or three hours went by. Then, in an instant, there occurred a slight freshening of the atmosphere, the suggestion of a breeze. The temperature dropped to ninety-four degrees, and we wound our way through the last sand dunes to the shore.

This sudden apparition of the lake has been best described by the Count Samuel Teleki and Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnel, of Budapest and Vienna, respectively, who were the first two white men ever to set eyes on it. They began their expedition into the interior in February, 1887, and they had a frightful time. It was one of those horrendous African journeys that once seemed as strange and fateful as the present attempts to reach outer space. For a year, they wandered about with a retinue of two hundred porters, and they were half starved and often half dead with sickness and thirst. Just why two prosperous Austro-Hungarian gentlemen should have chosen to do this remains something of a mystery. The story runs that Count Teleki came to Africa because he was mixed up in some scandal at the court of the Emperor Franz Josef, but a much more probable explanation is that he and his companion (like most African explorers from Livingstone onward) were seized with a vision of distant, unknown El Dorados—this, and a yearning for the simple satisfaction of walking through country

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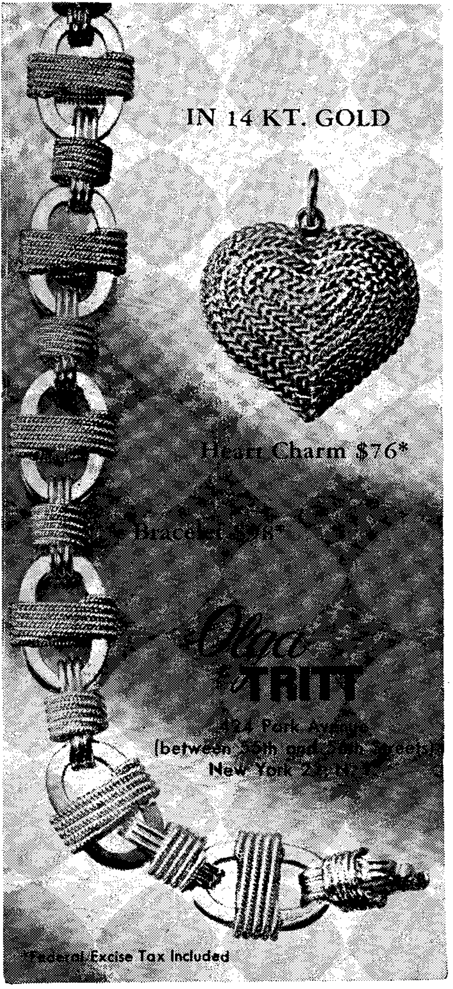

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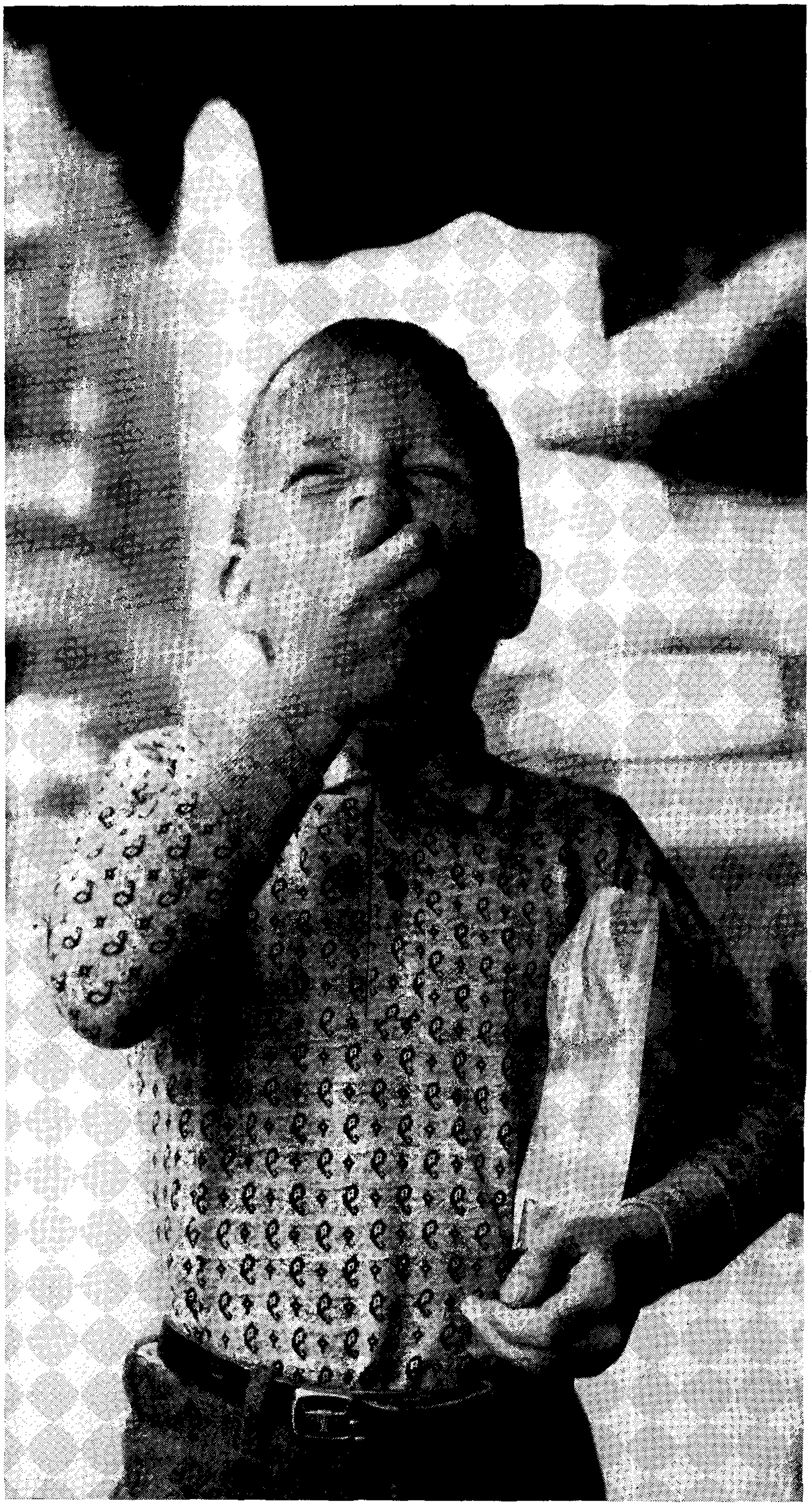
that no civilized man had ever seen before. The local tribes told them of a great lake to the north—the Basso Narok, or Black Lake—and that was enough to lead them on. At all events, on March 5, 1888, they finally sighted their goal. "For a long time," von Höhnel wrote afterward, "we gazed in speechless delight, spellbound by the beauty of the scene before us, whilst our men, equally silent, stared into the distance for a few minutes, to break presently into shouts of astonishment at the sight of the glittering expanse of the great lake which melted on the horizon into the blue of the sky. At that moment, all our dangers, all our fatigues were forgotten in the joy of finding our exploring expedition crowned with success at last. Full of enthusiasm, and gratefully remembering the gracious interest taken in our plans from the first by His Royal and Imperial Highness Prince Rudolf of Austria, Count Teleki named the sheet of water, set like a pearl of great price in the wonderful landscape before us, Lake Rudolf." As with all else on this desperate journey, there was, of course, an anticlimax: "The men rushed down, shouting, to plunge into the lake, but soon returned in bitter disappointment: the water was brackish!" They were obliged to drink it, however, and then Teleki and his companion turned north and discovered another, smaller lake—the Basso Ebor, or White Lake—which they named Stefanie, after Rudolf's wife, the daughter of the King of the Belgians. If Rudolf was ever aware of these honors, he had little time to enjoy them. Less than a year had elapsed when, on January 30, 1889, he and his mistress, Baroness Marie Vetsera, were found dead together in the hunting lodge at Mayerling. Fate has been unkind to the last to his unfortunate wife, Stefanie: her lake has now dried up, and hardly a swamp remains.

Lake Rudolf, being much larger and deeper, cannot have changed very much in appearance since the days of Mayerling. The things von Höhnel saw seventy years ago we saw now. A strong breeze was stirring the water into white-crested waves, and all the shore was fringed with wading and swimming birds. Overhead, a great cloud of flamingos, disturbed by our arrival, kept dissolving and re-forming in shades of pinkish black and white. As Downey got out his gun to shoot a duck or two for lunch, a group of naked Turkana boys came running toward us from a little village of grass huts a bit farther along the shore, and they followed him



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like dogs into the reeds. His first shot seemed to set the whole sky into a commotion; all at once, the air was filled with many different kinds of duck, with white ibises and black darters, with pelicans, Egyptian geese, herons, storks, and cormorants. They soon settled, however, since hardly anyone now shoots along the lake, and as Downey shot again, the Turkana boys frisked through the water to bring the dead ducks to the shore. These boys were astonishing swimmers. They grinned and shouted as they swam, and when they leaped out onto the bank with the water streaming from their bodies, they looked as though they had been painted with shining black enamel.

We moved the trucks closer to the small village, and now there gathered around us a crowd of immensely lithe, slim men, wearing close-fitting caps made of upswept feathers from the breasts of pelicans—just these and a few beads. The women, standing a little to one side but gradually edging their way toward us, were precisely as von Höhnel had described them—some wearing V-shaped aprons sewn with pieces of ostrich-egg shell, others wearing the skins of animals around their waists and coils of wire around their necks and arms, and still others smeared with grease and white ashes, and all of them heavily marked about the shoulders with self-inflicted scars. I thought them much better-looking than their sisters of the Karamojong tribe. The babies, too, looked healthier, and there were none so small that they did not sport at least one string of beads around the neck. These beads, incidentally, run in fashions; those we saw were mainly red and gold, but the previous year, Downey said, everyone had preferred gold and white.

The lakeside Turkana are the real primitives of Africa—primitive not in the sense of being crude or brutish, for they are very far from that, but in their loyalty to their ancient tribal customs. They do not drift from their villages; their entire world is bounded by what we could see on the lake, and there was nothing here that belonged to the twentieth century—or, indeed, to any other century in recorded history. The tribe was in the permanent state of its nativity. Some of the Turkana's practices might be considered brutal by civilized standards—they leave the sick and the very old outside the villages to die—but in the main they are gentle, sensible people, and it would be quite unfair to blame them for their backwardness. Though they live by fish-

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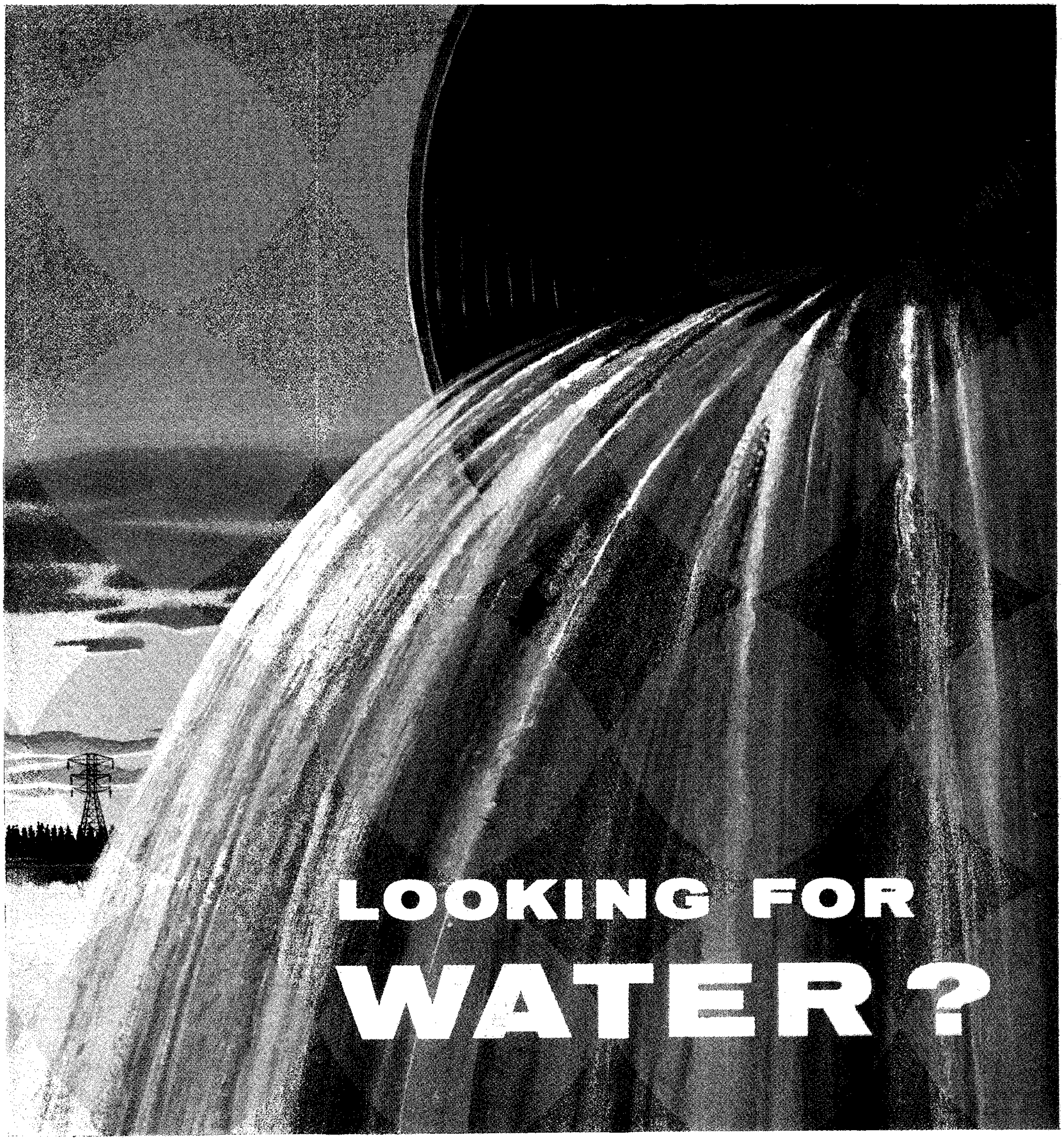

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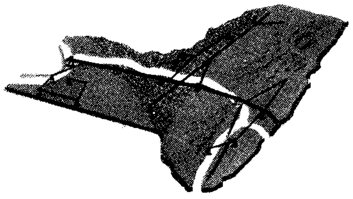

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ing, they have no boats, but that is because they have no timber with which to build them. Instead, they make rafts by lashing the trunks of doom palms together. These vessels become waterlogged and sink after a time, but in the meanwhile they serve the fishermen very well. There is no iron for hooks, but there are nets, and they are enormously effective. The catch is cleaned and slit open, and either dried in the sun or smoked beside a fire. When a sufficient quantity has been prepared, it is bundled up, like so many pieces of buckled cardboard, and carried away on the heads of the women, and although the fish smell to high heaven, they provide the Turkana with enough protein to enable them to survive in a hard environment. A warrior will eat ten pounds of fish in a day, if he can get it. Sometimes his hunger will drive him out on moonless nights. Then he takes a flaming torch made of palm leaves bound tightly together and, with spear and basket, waits for the fish to come swimming toward him in the shallows.

All these people were delighted to see us. That is one of the pleasantest things about travelling in out-of-the-way places in Africa now. In the more settled areas, the clothed and partly educated African has, as a rule, a subdued appearance, yet a certain hostility is nearly always there—hidden but pervasive. Here in the wilds, it is the other way around. The tribesmen look fierce at first, but you soon discover that they accept the whites with a naïve, implicit trust. Often on this journey, we would suddenly come upon a group of them walking in single file through the scrub, each man with a spear or two in his hand. They had the aspect of complete savagery, but then they would invariably smile and, lifting their hands in a casual salute, call out "*Jambo!*"

The Turkana village was on a small bay, perhaps half a mile wide. Across the bay was a spit of land on which stood several empty grass huts amid a grove of palms; we could have the use of them, we were told, and some of the men would help us carry our baggage around the end of the bay. But we had been foresighted; among our gear on one of the trucks was a collapsible boat. So now we unloaded it and set it up, and the Turkana packed it with our baggage and gave us a lurching, frantic sendoff through the waves. As we touched dry land on the other side, crocodiles slithered off the bank into the warm brown water.

There was something of the atmosphere of the South Pacific islands about

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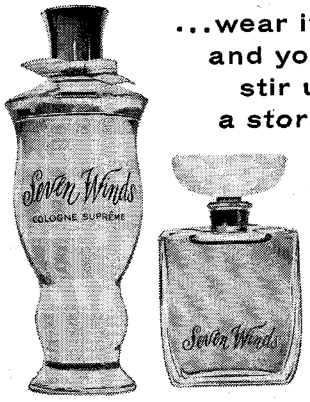

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this camp, and we felt it strongly when we got ashore. It was enchanting and at the same time very queer—rather as though one had set out for the Canadian lakes and had arrived in Hawaii by mistake. Here it all was—the heavy, soporific air, the palm-leaf huts, the teeming birds and fish, the sound of the waves on the beach, and the yellow sand under one's bare toes. We had crocodiles instead of sharks, and the mooning hippopotamus in place of the dugong, or sea cow, but all the other effects were of coral reefs and the tropical sea. The moon here, near the equator, was very close and very bright. In the early mornings, we used to walk down to the edge of the water and see where, during the night, the crocodiles had dug their claws into the wet sand as they came ashore, and always there was an intricate network of footprints made by many different birds.

The crocodile grows on one. In all Africa, no other living thing, except possibly the hyena, is so much loathed, and yet the more you know about this monster the more interesting he becomes. Herodotus appears to have been the first traveller in Africa to observe the crocodile really well, and he speaks of it without any rancor whatever. "Of all known animals," he says in his famous passage on the subject, "this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest, for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than a goose's egg, yet when it is full grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits and even more." A cubit being the distance from a man's elbow to the tip of his middle finger—about twenty inches, say—this makes Herodotus' full-grown crocodile perhaps twenty-eight feet long, which is big but not impossible. Like so many other reptiles, the crocodile may well have grown smaller in the twenty-four hundred years since Herodotus first observed it—or, at any rate, heard about it—on the lower Nile.

Crocodiles are diminishing fairly rapidly in number, since nowhere in Africa are there any game laws to protect them, and all human beings approach them in much the same way they approach snakes—with an instinctive desire to kill. They are described as vermin, and most sportsmen will almost automatically take a pot shot whenever they catch one unawares on a sandbank, or even when they see only the two glaring eyes and the snout projecting above the surface of the water. They do this not because they want the meat (crocodile flesh is foul) or, necessarily, the skin (it is extremely difficult to re-

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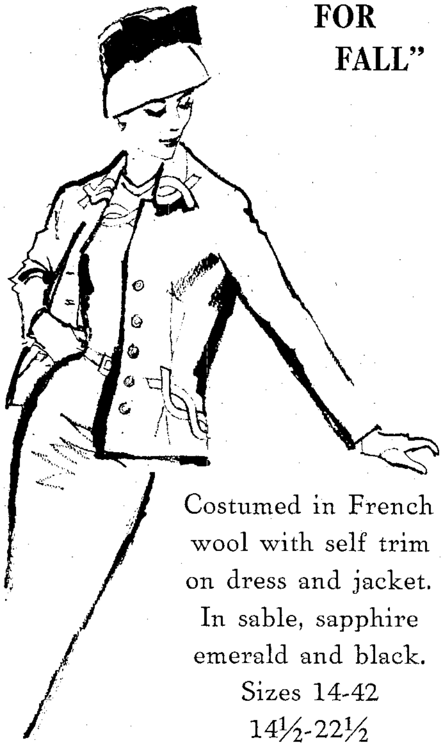

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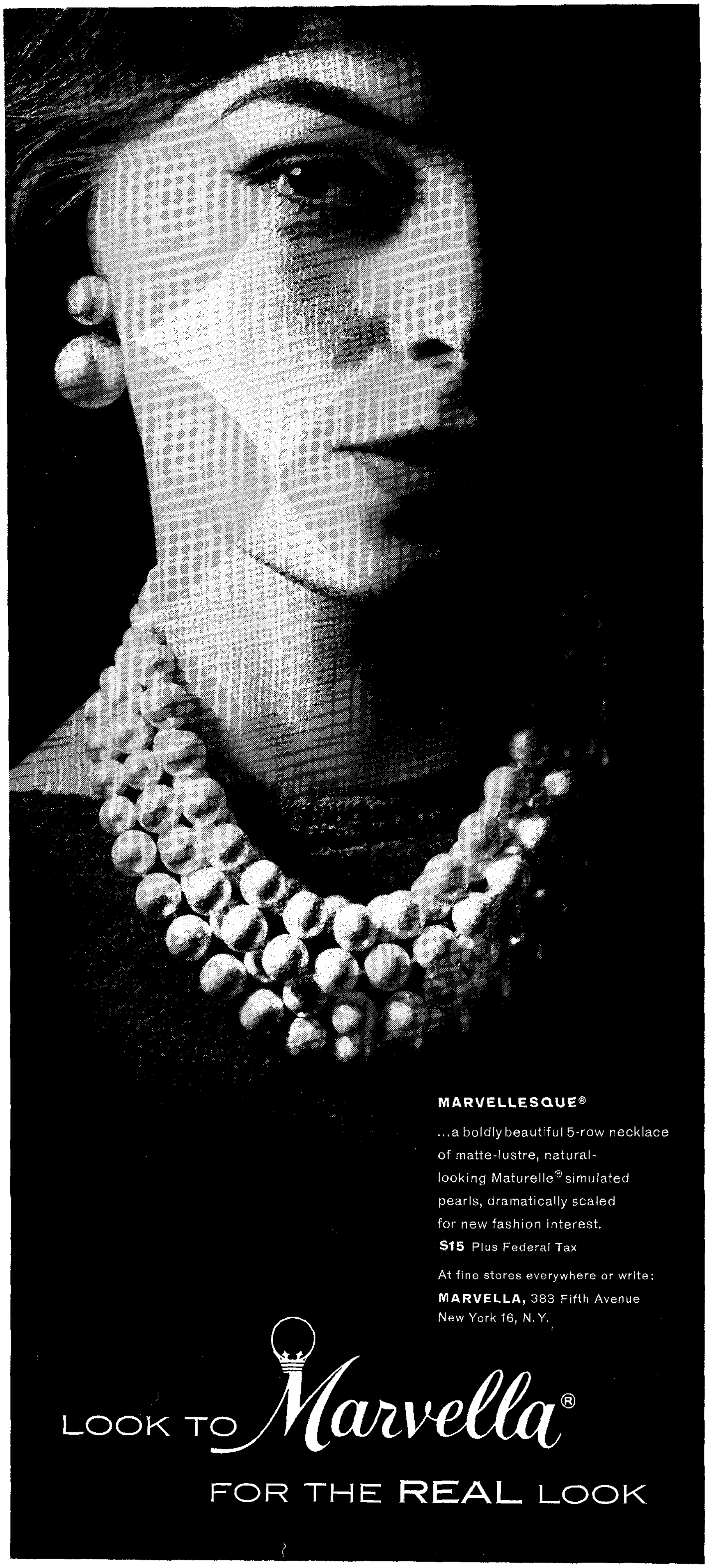
move) but with a gratifying sense of duty; no less than St. George himself, they are removing an evil dragon from the earth. Sir Winston Churchill put the matter very well in an account of a journey he made down the Nile fifty years ago: "As we were thus scrambling along the brink of the river a crocodile was discovered basking in the sunshine on a large rock in mid-stream, about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore. I avow, with what regrets may be necessary, an active hatred of these brutes and a desire to kill them. It was a tempting shot, for the ruffian lay sleeping in the sun-blaze, his mouth wide open and his fat and scaly flanks exposed. Two or three attendant white birds hopped about him. . . . I fired. What the result of the shot may have been I do not know, for the crocodile gave one leap of mortal agony or surprise and disappeared in the waters."

There is sometimes, of course, a commercial motive. Crocodile-fishing organizations have sprung up in many parts of East Africa, and their methods very much resemble those described by Herodotus: "They bait a hook with a chine of pork and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter on the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and, making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is dispatched with ease; otherwise he gives great trouble." I have never seen a modern crocodile fisherman belaboring a pig or plastering a crocodile's eyes with mud, but hook and bait remain just about as they were in Herodotus' time. On the upper Nile, simpler methods are used. The hunters go out at night carrying bright lights in their boats, and the crocodiles, either mesmerized by the glare or simply curious, swim toward them. They are easily seen, for their eyes shine red in the glow. When they get near enough, the hunters bash their heads in with an axe. Most of the hides go to France, to be made into women's handbags. The consequence of all this is that crocodiles are no longer seen along the lower Nile for a thousand miles or more, and even in the great central lakes they are becoming rare. But not in Lake Rudolf, where they are never hunted. Often, I counted at least half a dozen cruising around us when we went out in the boat. Normally, one associates crocodiles with swamps and quiet la-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goons, and it was strange to see them here in rough water during a storm. They looked like logs, or even derelict fishing boats, as the waves broke over their backs, and when they lay on the beach, the surf came streaming off their scaly hides like a waterfall pouring over a ledge of rock.

We were astonished at the way the Turkana boys jumped into these dangerous waters, but we were assured that the lake is so full of fish that the crocodiles are replete and have no wish to attack. At first, naturally, we accepted this with a certain reserve. Yet in the end we found ourselves bathing—in the shallow water a yard or two from shore—several times a day, and in the hot night, when the heavy, woolly heat pressed on one like a warm coat worn in summer, we dragged our camp beds down to the beach and slept there without disturbance.

THE mornings at our camp were magical. Long before the sun appeared, a green light slanted across the lake from the east, and through this the pelicans came flying. They appeared in batches of anything from five to fifty birds, and either in a V formation or in line. They gave one the impression that they were ascending and descending a series of invisible hills in the sky; when they flapped their wings—a lazy, casual motion—they rose together in a line, and then they would go into a long glide that took them almost to the surface of the lake. Once again they would flap in unison and rise like galleons from the waves. Often, one would see as many as a thousand birds flapping and gliding in this way, and their wings made a pleasant sighing in the air. When they came down to rest, they would land a little awkwardly, like elderly gentlemen stepping off a moving bus. By day, they fished. They would come cruising along, looking like a miniature fleet of sailboats. Sometimes, apparently at the direction of an old male, they would form a circle and, with a subdued hissing noise, seek to drive shoals of fish into its center. But more often they moved in small squadrons, sailing in line astern. Every few moments, a bird would suddenly stretch his long beak out until it lay horizontal with the surface of the water and just an inch or two above it. Then, like an arrow from a bow, like a harpoon from a fisherman's gun, the beak would shoot downward, in a smooth, very swift lunge. One expected to see a fish impaled, but instead there would be a long pause while the bird, his bill now

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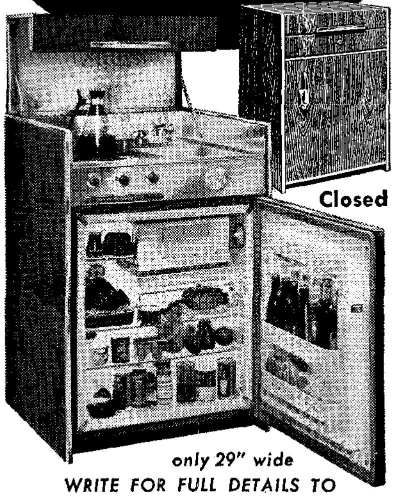

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pointing vertically into the water, appeared to be quietly meditating. Then, at last, with a quick upward flick of the head, the bill would be raised into the air, and one could see the shape of the fish slipping down the bird's throat into his stomach. Only darkness put an end to these labors. Then, once again, the great dark frieze of birds would take to the sky, making off to a sandy promontory just beyond our camp, where—murmuring, clucking, and complaining—they would settle for the night.

Each species of bird appeared to have its own chosen roosting place—the ducks in the reeds, the herons in the palms, the fish eagles in the bushes, the flamingos on the shore—and if there were predators among them, I never saw any. The one abiding interest of every bird along the lake—indeed, of almost every living thing there—was fish. The sheer mass of fish was astounding. They boiled up around us in huge shoals wherever we moved in the boat, even when we were barely a dozen yards from the shore. We caught fish, ate fish, smelled fish, and saw fish jumping from early morning until the moon rose at night, and there were times when one began to feel like a fish oneself, immersed in a vast aquarium filled with wet silver fins and goggling eyes. There were three main varieties. The tiger fish, a tremendous fighter, looked like a young shark about eighteen inches long; it had cruel, backward-slanting teeth and was not much good to eat. Then, there was the tilapia—or, more formally, *Tilapia galilaea*—which was the same fish that Christ and the Disciples caught on the Sea of Galilee. It ran, for the most part, to five or six pounds, and was the staple diet of the lakeside Turkana. Finally, there was the Nile perch. This is really a phenomenal monster. One hears so many tales about it that the truth becomes a little elusive. It is certain, however, that it is one of the largest fresh-water fish in existence, and that a hundred-and-sixty-pound specimen that was landed in the Nile recently was not a record; even the earliest explorers speak of much better catches than that. Not a great deal is known yet about the Nile perch. It seems to breed in Lake Albert, in Uganda, and then make its way down the Nile as far as Khartoum. Anglers at Rhino Camp, just below Lake Albert, have noticed that the fish appear to move in age groups; one day, that is, you strike a shoal of twenty-pounders, and the next day the average will run to forty pounds or more. But

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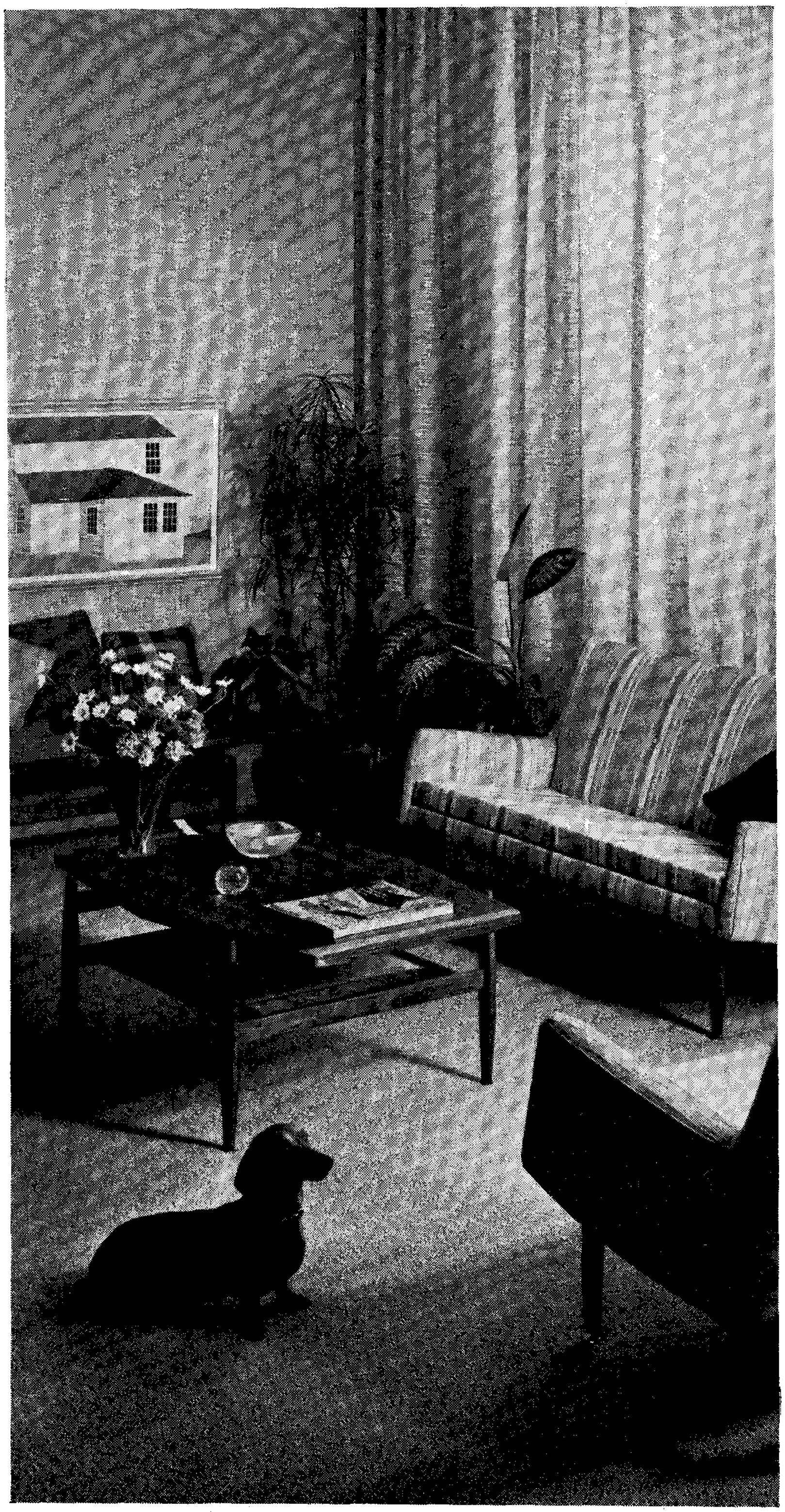

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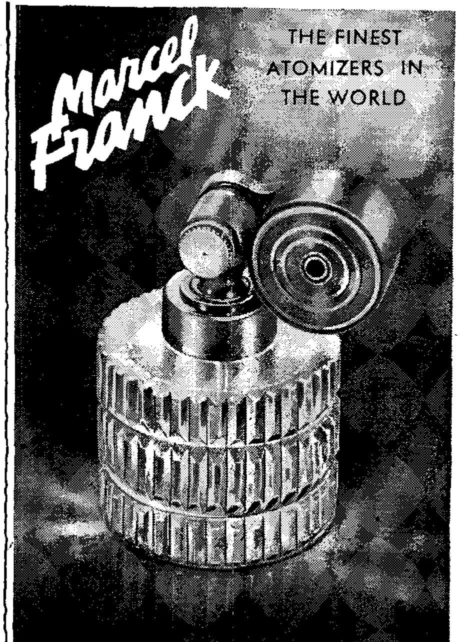
the perch do not breed only in Lake Albert; they can be found in abundance in Lake Rudolf and in many other places. In the Sudan, the tribesmen sit on the rocks above the cataracts of the Nile and shoot the bigger specimens with bows and arrows as they leap into the air on their return journey upstream. The more usual method of catching them, however, is the one we employed here—trolling from a boat. You let out about thirty yards of strong line with a metal spinner on the end. When the strike comes, it is not particularly spectacular; as a rule, the fish does not jump into the air but sounds at once. Usually, it can be turned after forty or fifty yards of line have run out, and then begins a series of slow rushes and retreats that may go on for half an hour before the fish is brought in. This, at any rate, was my experience when I pulled in a twenty-one-pounder one night. It came out of the water like an old boot, and although I could see that such a tiddler did not count for very much with the two Turkana fishermen who were with me, they were pleased because I was pleased, and we rowed home in a glow of mutual esteem. The singularity of the Nile perch, apart from its size and rapacity—apparently it will devour anything—is that a Goliath as big as a man is just as good to eat as a ten-pounder.

At Lake Rudolf, an endless war is made against fish. The crocodiles snap them up in the depths, the Turkana spear them and trap them in the shallows, the birds snatch them from the surface, and, as if this were not enough, the tiger fish eats the humble, plankton-eating tilapia, and the Nile perch eats the tiger fish. Yet nothing seems to make any real inroad upon that spawning horde. It was marvellous to see what happened one evening when we watched a net being paid out from the beach. It took at least a dozen Turkana tribesmen to drag it in, and they made a fine sight straining together on the lines, with the sunset light on their naked black bodies. Long before the net was gathered to the shore, the fish began leaping frantically into the air, and some escaped. But this did not matter in the least; around five hundred large tilapia were presently spilled out onto the sand. The smaller fry—that is to say, anything less than three or four pounds—were thrown back, along with the tiger fish and some strange species whose names I will never know. The rest were threaded through the gills on a long fibre rope and towed off to a sort of fish factory



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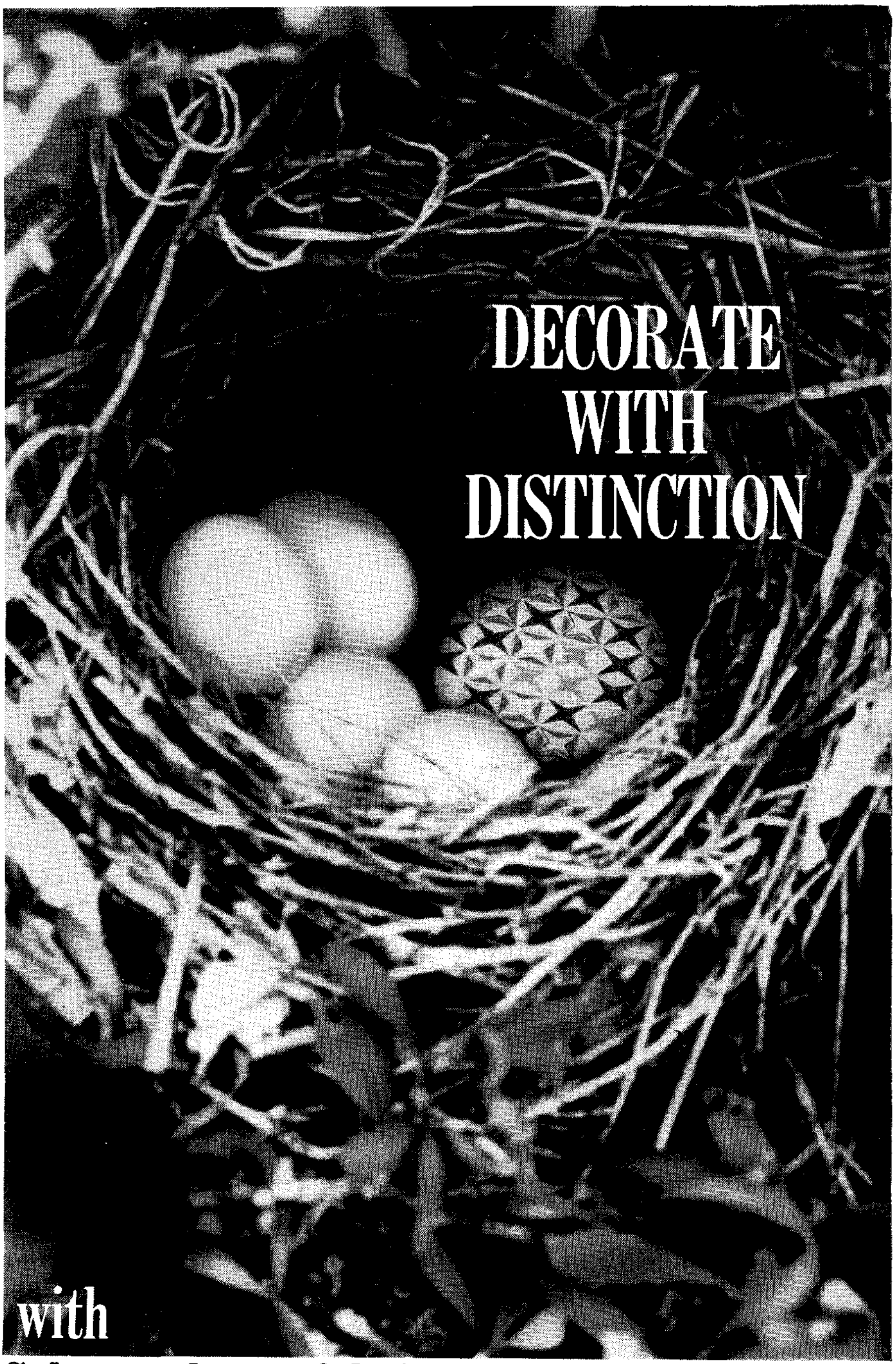
among the sand dunes, where they were cleaned, salted, and laid out to dry. Otters, turtles, and even small crocodiles are sometimes brought in by the net, and once a hippopotamus got entangled, creating havoc before he got away. But usually it is just more fish.

A RETIRED British naval officer, Commander Dennis McKay, and his wife have made a home at Ferguson's Gulf, and they are the only white people who live on the lake. They were away when we arrived, but they returned a day or two later, and we went up to call on them in the group of palm-leaf huts they have built on a low, sandy cliff above the lake. I was curious to meet them. It is a difficult thing for white people to live alone in Central Africa, especially in such an out-of-the-way backwater as this. The primitiveness of the country may be very stimulating to travellers, but it is quite another thing to live with it day after day. It presses on you, and even for a transient it can become quite overpowering at times.

For many years, the Commander had served as the district commissioner at Lodwar, so he knew the country and both he and his wife had got the habit of isolation. When the time for retirement came, they were faced with the problem of where to go. Back to an England that had changed very much during the long period they had been abroad? Or here to the lake, where the climate, hot though it was, suited them very well? Their life was very far from beachcombing. The Commander had set up a fishing business and had a government contract to supply fish to the old men and women among the Turkana who would otherwise be left to starve and die. He and his wife had made themselves reasonably comfortable. They had a truck with which they fetched fresh drinking water from the plains beyond the lake, a Fiberglas motorboat, a Frigidaire that ran on kerosene, a staff of servants, canned food to supplement the fish, their books, and, occasionally, visitors. Yet when all this was said, it still seemed to me that there was something unexplained. Some special qualification was needed to enable a man and a woman to live, if not cut off entirely from civilization, at least a good way removed from it. After a day or two with them, I began to understand. They had achieved something that is very rare among white people in Central Africa—they had accepted it. Without losing their own



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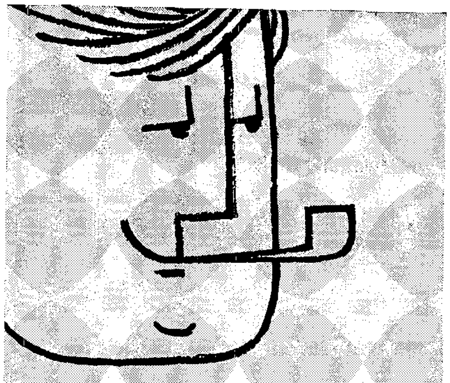
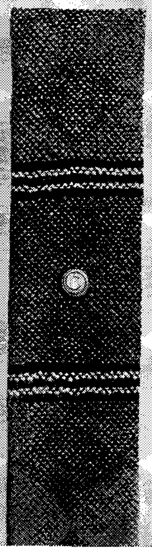
identity, they lived with the country on its own terms. They were absorbed in the minutiae of the extraordinary African life that was going on around them; they went with the weather and the wind. When a storm was about to blow up—and the lake storms can be cyclonic—the Commander knew the exact moment to make for the shore; he observed not the waves but the sandstorm blowing toward him along the coast. He knew his Turkana tribesmen with the sort of intimacy that can come only through a long series of shared experiences. He was, in fact, living as the headman of his own village, and quite clearly he and his wife were very much liked. They had trained many of the men from childhood, teaching them to handle the rafts and the nets. They had bound up the leg of a boy who had been so savagely bitten by a crocodile that he must have died had he been a white man, and had seen how, within three weeks, the patient was bounding about the village again. (This story made us move our beds a little higher up the beach that night.) They had sailed out to an uninhabited island in the lake (a thing practically no one else has ever done, because of the sudden storms), and had seen there the craters of extinct volcanoes, along with a few goats and a deserted camp—obviously the relics of a party of surveyors who, twenty-five years ago, set out across the lake and never returned. (These men, incidentally, were attached to an expedition led by Sir Vivian Fuchs, the British explorer who recently crossed Antarctica.) They knew just where the hippopotamuses browsed in the lake weeds, and they were excellent naturalists. Clearly, McKay and his wife loved the lake. They had discovered its rhythm and had become a part of it. And whenever they wearied of their slowly revolving hothouse existence, they were always free to go off to a farm they owned in the green hills outside Kitale, which was like visiting another planet.

As for the Turkana, who never go anywhere, who never look beyond the lake or forward or backward in time, they seemed to me rather better off than most African tribes. Somewhere in his two large volumes, Ludwig von Höhnel remarks, "Though it is generally true that all Negroes are but grown-up children, there is no real childhood in Africa." There is some truth in this, for it is certainly a fact that in most primitive tribes the children hardly ever play; the boy is scarcely six or seven years old before he is sent off,



FROM SAN FRANCISCO



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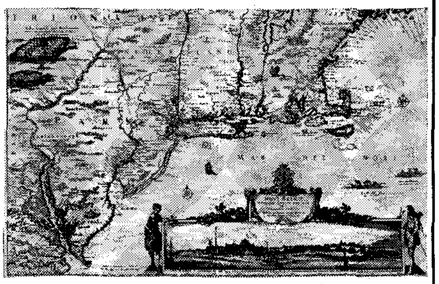

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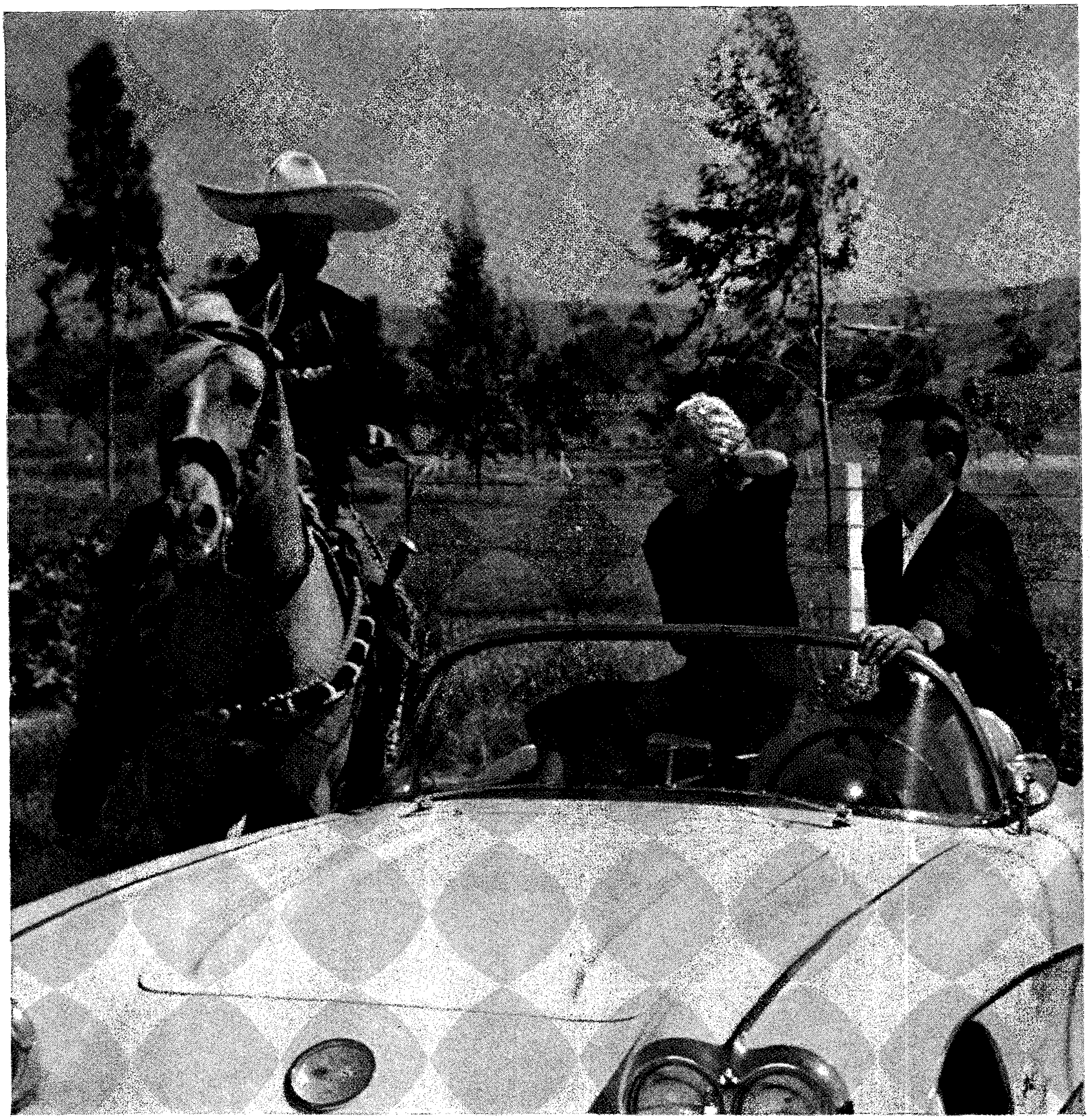

The Charro and the Sports Car

THE DELIGHTFUL thing about San Diego is that in one day you can visit two totally different worlds. On the Mexican side of the border you may find yourself asking road directions of a Charro. These gentlemen horsemen are proud of their horsemanship, their fine mounts and their colorful costumes. The broad sombrero, gleaming braids, silver buttons and spurs date back to the 16th century.

San Diego is Southern California at its best. You'll never hear smog warnings here—the air is kept refreshingly clear and sunny by almost constant ocean breezes. Temperatures above 90 degrees are such a rarity they rate newspaper headlines.

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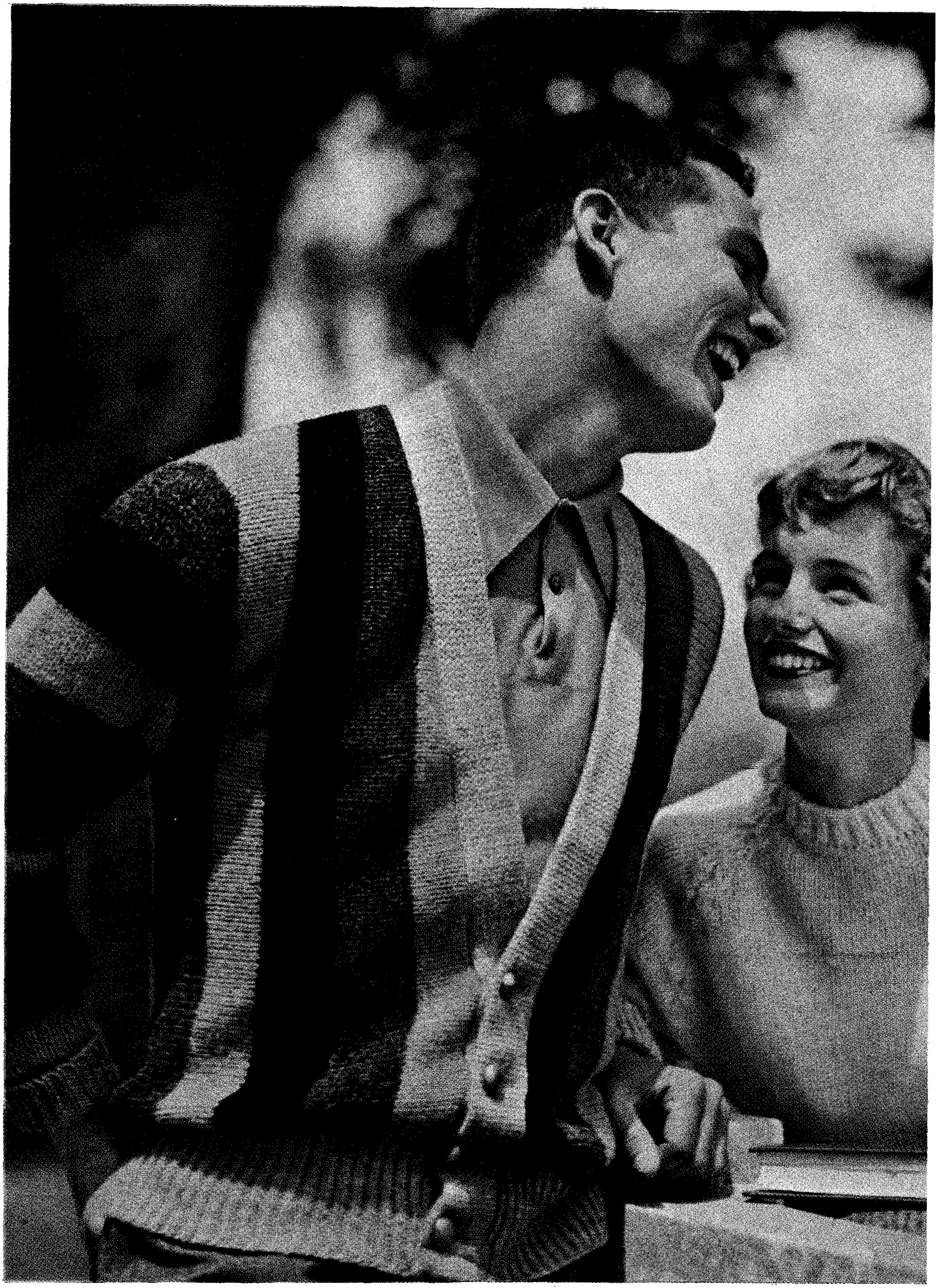

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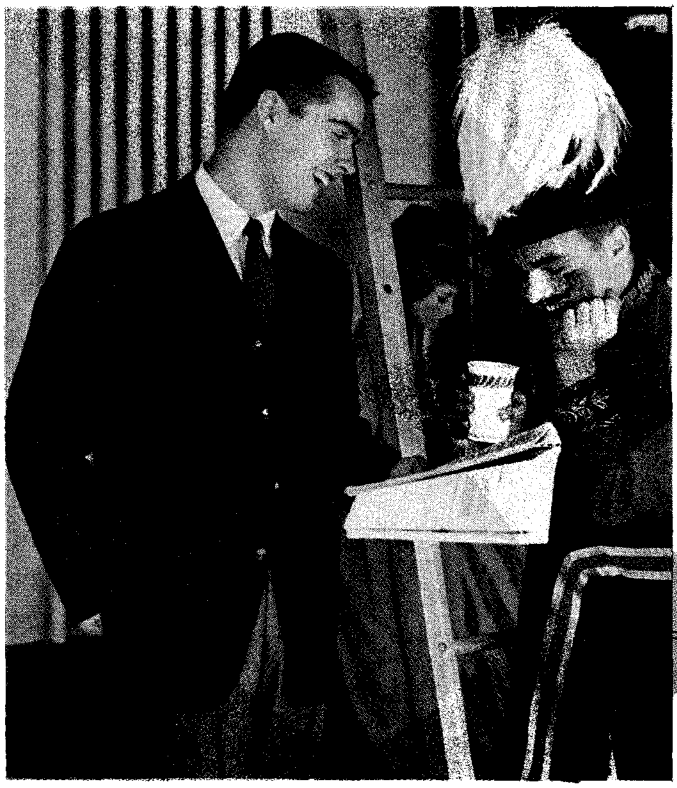
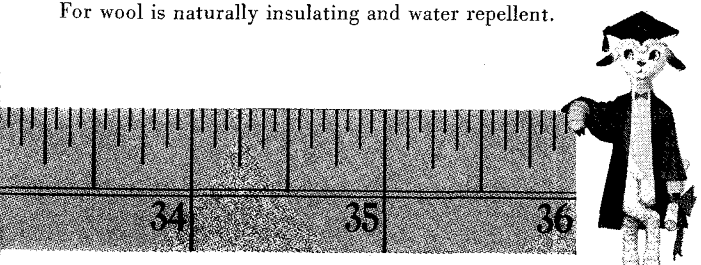


Directing the class play is fun! And you're sure your blazer-striped jacket of pure wool will never forget its lines! Naturally resilient, wool holds its shape, shakes off wrinkles.



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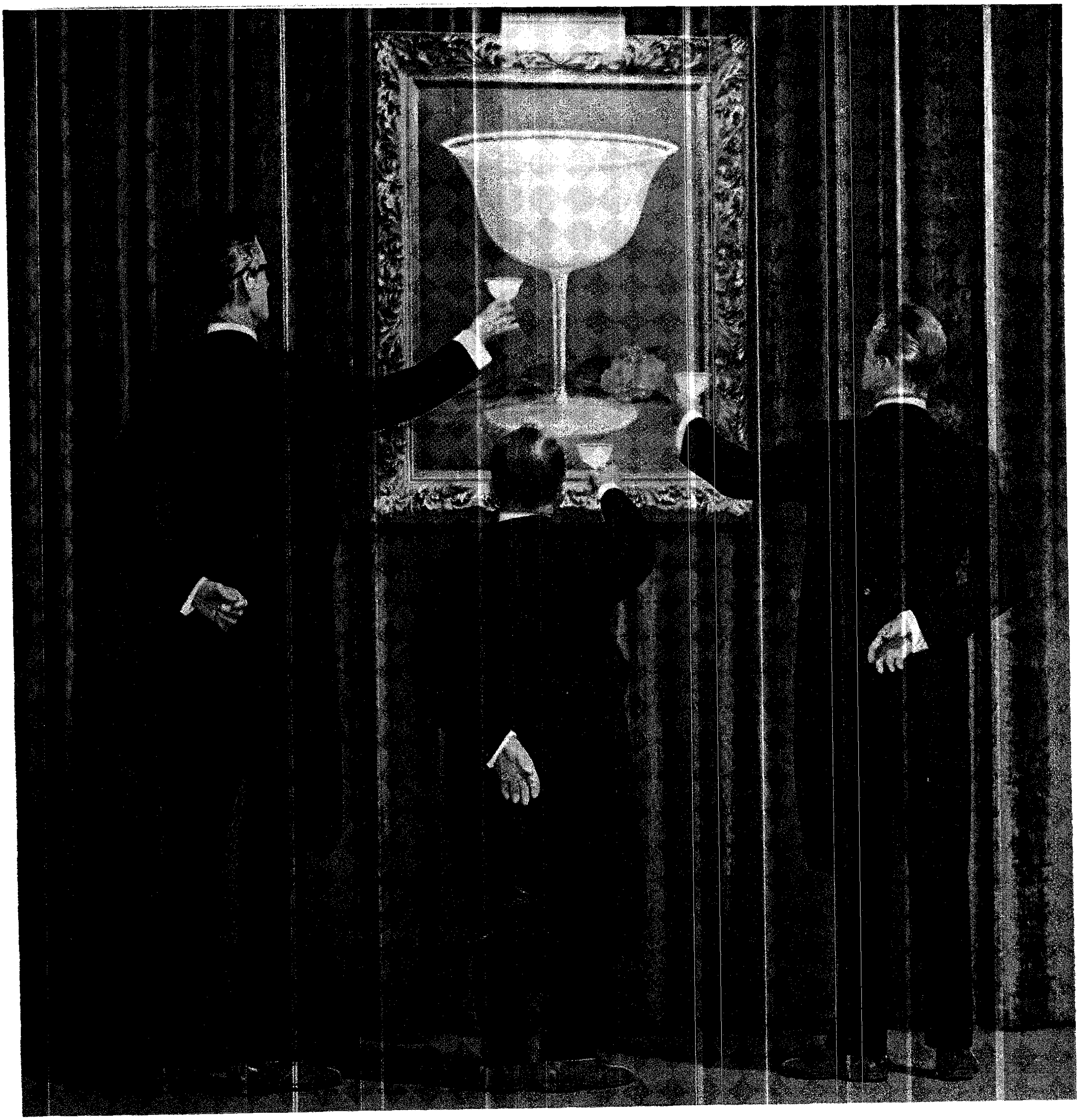

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A toast from the cognoscenti! Behold the Tequila Margarita (circa 1910; Anon.), a New World masterpiece which is delighting purists by the thousands. Yet from hoi polloi to dilettanti is but a short step... simply experience this remarkable Cuervo cocktail for yourself: Half jigger of Triple Sec, juice of one lime, jigger of Jose Cuervo tequila. Shake well with shaved ice and serve... and here is the secret of true connoisseurship... in a *salted* champagne glass. No secret, really. Spread salt on a dry napkin, then rotate the moistened glass until just the rim is edged with crystals. *Caramba!* You have discovered the esthetic pleasures Cuervo brings to any favored cocktail... try a tequila martini, sour, or the extraordinary Tequila Sunrise. A toast then to Margarita, and to *Jose Cuervo*—supreme quality for 150 years.

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spear in hand, to mind the cattle and the goats, and at the same age the little girl is already starting a lifetime's drudgery of drawing water, carrying loads, and preparing food. Yet here on the lake the children did play, and there was a certain dignity about the adults that made them very far from childish. They were serious, practical people. Without a doubt, there were *longueurs* and miseries in their lives—an uninterrupted diet of fish can hardly be the ideal thing—and many of them were suffering from ailments that civilization could easily cure. But they did not seem to me to be basically discontented. When we were ready to leave, the young men packed our baggage and rowed us back across the bay. They wanted no payment. I held out my hand to the leader of the group, a naked athlete of classical Grecian beauty, and he came toward me smiling. First, in the accustomed manner of the tribe, he took my thumbs in his hands, but then, fumbling like a girl who has made a slight *faux pas* at a party, he opened out his own pink palm and grasped mine in the strange, amusing way of the white man's civilization. He plainly felt a little awkward and uncomfortable doing this, but it was very courteous.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

Mrs. Clarence Shaffer was discharged from the Carlisle Hospital Wednesday, where she was a patient for a couple days following an accident at her home Saturday, when a pulley broke and hit her on the head that was being used to pull up hay in the barn.—*Dillsburg (Pa.) Bulletin.*

Some people are always being imposed upon.

•

LEAVING FOR COLLEGE—Train and acces., HO gauge; soap box racer, official wheels; scooter; Flexy Flyer Racer; blackboard; bow and cross bow; tether ball and pole; ping-pong table; books; games; toys; basketball; football; fielder's and first baseman's mitts; clothes, boy's size, 15 to 17; baseball shoes. You name it. I probably have it. JE 2-8694.—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

A Bible. I Corinthians 13:11.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE PUBLISHING SCENE

[*From an editorial in the first issue of a new periodical called Executive Decision, published in Canada*]

We will not be blindly partisan, nor internationally dumb. We will not stand in the pulpit of our heart to preach nationalism, nor log in the entangling forests of our brain only those species which show us at our best.

the new Pops

Some smooth!
Some swinging!

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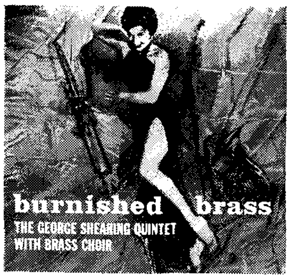
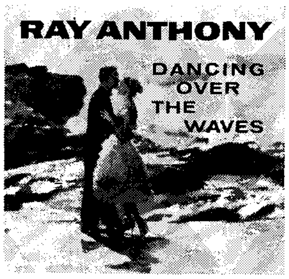
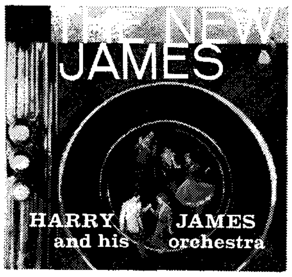
COLE ESPAÑOL
Amid captivating Latin rhythms recorded in Havana, Nat sings in Spanish—with a style that needs no translation. W1031



The soft moods of the George Shearing quintet are subtly reflected in the polished brass of Billy May's orchestra. T1038



Maestro Anthony bobs up with a buoyant new album of melodic favorites, for dancers who like to float. T1028



Harry and Music Makers blow modern in these originals, free-wheeling on jazz...but holding sway with the dancers. T1037

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LES BAXTER his chorus and orchestra
Les Baxter stirs up a bubbling potpourri of European tunes, smoothly blended and nicely spiced. T1029

JUMPIN' WITH JONAH
The Jonah Jones Quartet
Here's Jonah in a whale of a new album...dance swing that swims smoothly, with spurts of that irrepressible horn. T1039

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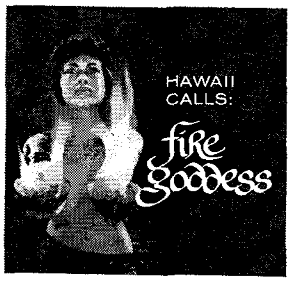
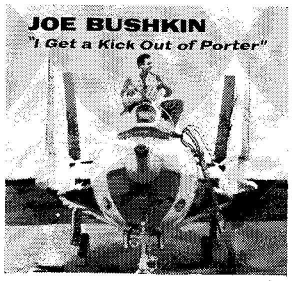


Webley Edwards' exciting collection of real Hawaiian chants has the rumble and fiery drama of an erupting Kilauea. T1033



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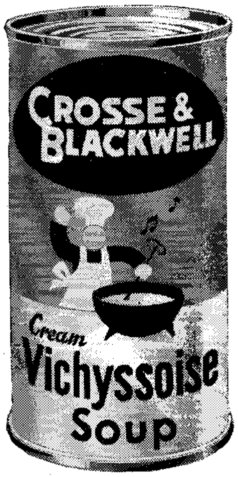

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Kaye in Flight

ABOUT the only thing wrong with the movie called "Me and the Colonel" is its title, which sounds like something that might be attached to the memoirs of an illiterate military orderly. Otherwise, the picture is highly satisfactory. Stemming from S. N. Behrman's play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel"—which in turn was based on a drama by Franz Werfel—"Me and the Colonel" presents Danny Kaye as a gentle but ingenious Polish Jew who, after fleeing the Nazis for years, has become a resident of Paris. The time, however, is 1940, and the Nazi panzer divisions are fast approaching the French capital. When the picture opens, Jacobowsky, always philosophical, is facing the fact that he must move along once more. As it happens, among the guests at the hotel he lives in is a Polish officer (Curt Jurgens) who is ferociously anti-Semitic, has an iron-clad contempt for anyone whose code of conduct does not jibe with his, and devotes his life to upholding his honor, getting drunk, and cultivating cuties of all varieties. He has been ordered to report for duty with the Polish government-in-exile in London, and, anti-Semite or not, he finds that the only way he can get there is to join forces with his Jewish compatriot, who has succeeded in promoting a Rolls-Royce for the flight out of town. Together with the Colonel's batman (Akim Tamiroff), the unbending gentile and the humble Jew set out for the south, but before they have gone very far, the Colonel insists on a detour close to the combat area to pick up a lady friend named Suzanne (Nicole Maurey). While the Colonel is busily nuzzling up to her in joyous reunion, Jacobowsky manages to wangle some gasoline from a passing French tank, and presently the Rolls-Royce is beating its way south again, now with Miss Maurey as an added starter.

The assorted devices that Jacobowsky employs to keep the party out of the hands of the Germans are consistently amusing, and the Colonel's slowly dawning realization that his Jewish travelling companion is a man to be reckoned with is developed quite believably. So, for that matter, is Su-

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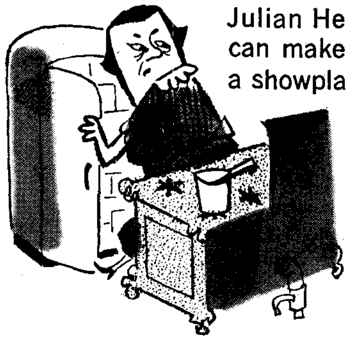

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zanne's realization that she has come to like Jacobowsky just as much as she likes the Colonel. Along the way, there are all kinds of comic scenes—a mad duel between the jealous Colonel and Jacobowsky, for instance, which winds up with the participants soused to the eyeballs in a wine cellar—and yet there is always an awareness of the ominous possibility of capture by the Nazis.

The acting is first-rate. Mr. Kaye projects himself most attractively, Mr. Jurgens is pleasantly lunatic, Miss Maurey is beguiling, and Mr. Tamiroff is droll. In subsidiary roles, we have Alexander Scourby, as a Nazi major more enlightened than most; Françoise Rosay, as a hotel manager; and Martita Hunt, as a helpful nun. They, too, do their work well. The film was directed by Peter Glenville, and its script was written by Mr. Behrman and George Froeschel.

"THE HUNTERS," which deals with aerial combat in Korea, is all right as long as it stays airborne, but when the jets come down to earth, we are confronted with some pretty banal stuff. It would seem that a hot-shot major (Robert Mitchum) has an illicit yen for the wife (May Britt) of a snivelling, dipsomaniacal lieutenant (Lee Philips). This situation gets duller as it goes along, but maybe you'll be able to put up with it in order to have a look at the beautifully photographed skyscapes and landscapes.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Fish this weekend offer good substitute, moneywise, for meat, the Fishery Council reported.

Salt Water Fish in plentiful supply are cod, flounder, butterfish.

Then why did she buy a house in Westwood?

"That's a good question," she smiled. "I've already rented a suite in the Plaza Hotel while I am in New York. I guess it is sort of confusing."—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

Just a matter of fitting the pieces together.

•

Dr. Newcomb points out that household formations—other than husband-wife households—which had been increasing by about 400,000 a year from 1950 to 1955 will drop to less than a quarter of a million a year between now and 1960. The increase in households is dropping, too, because deaths are growing faster than marriages. Increasing longevity does not eradicate death, it merely postpones it. —*News release from the Urban Land Institute.*

Damn.

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ALL PURPOSE GRIND
Brown Gold
100% COLOMBIAN
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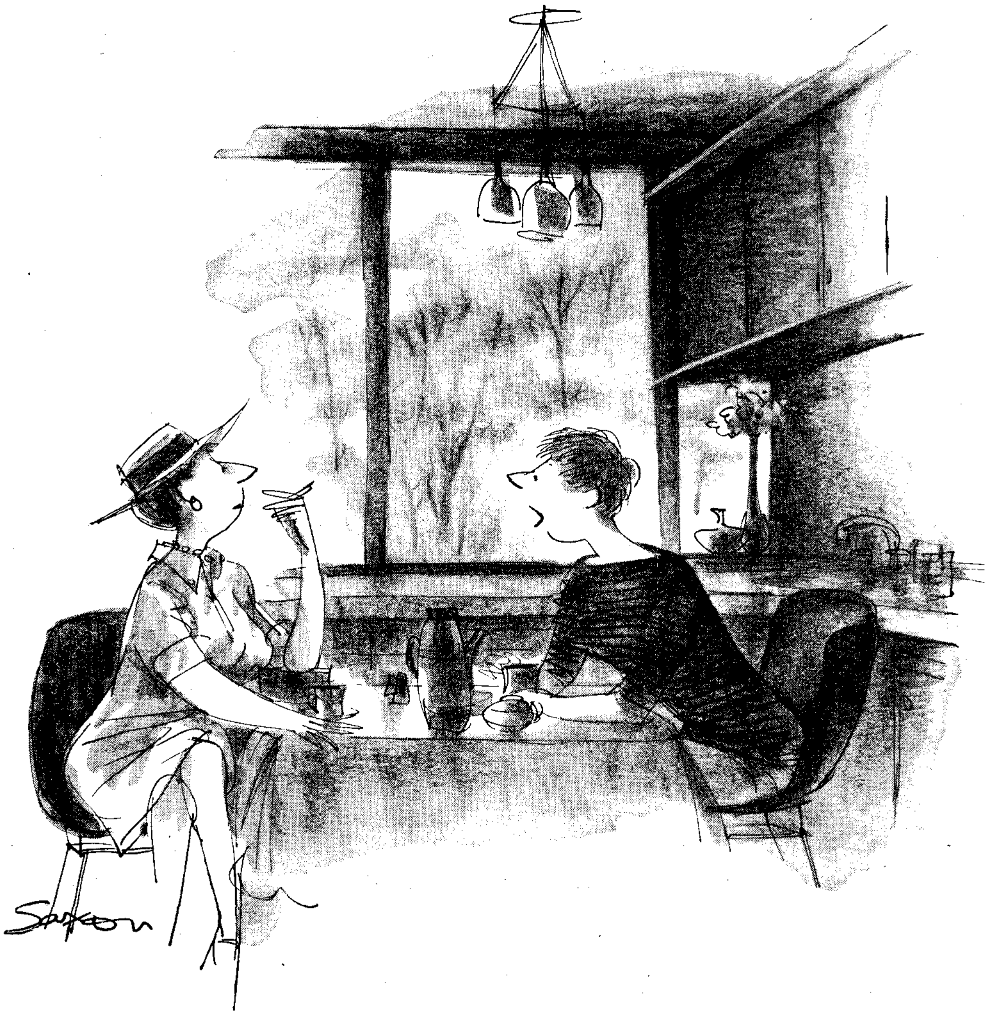
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

AFTER giving the female torso the worst jostling it's had since the First World War, fashion seems to be relaxing, at least momentarily, into a simple Directoire line—supple and slim from a waistline just under the bosom to a bit below the knees. Obviously, though, we can't run around looking like children getting ready for bed, so the custom milliners have rushed in (like angels where fools have been treading) with what they like to call "more hat," presumably to counteract (or balance) "less dress." It seems that hats must have height, to collaborate with the raised waistline. And there must be irregularity, to make up for the straight, prim lines of our new clothes. To compensate for the sloping Directoire shoulders we're wearing now, the hat people are all having a ball with rotundity, of the space-helmet sort. The result is a headlong (or headhigh) orgy involving lots of fuzz and feathers, the fuzz sometimes supplied by felts with a pile so deep that they resemble fur. (Mr. John dotes on the fluffiest of these, which he uses for every kind of shape.) And furs themselves have never been more pervading; lynx, fox, and other long-haired mammals are employed in such an enveloping manner that milliners may be suspected of celebrating Alaskan statehood as well as the French Empire, which is now in great favor with them. Bowing to the Eskimos and the Empress Josephine on a single bended knee takes a bit of doing, but I have learned to expect marvels of the millinery boys and girls. I should point out that the furs are malleable, are light in weight, can be pulled around in various ways (Sally Victor puts clinging jersey bands on her big, furry berets for security), and can be rolled up and tossed in a suitcase, or even stomped on, without going to pieces. At their most bumptious, the hatters have used furs for parka hoods or round wigs that completely cover the hair and compose a luxurious frame for your pretty puss. At their quietest, the hatters have persuaded mink to look as young as the Morning Before. Sally Victor, who is particularly extravagant with furs and anything but—well, bearish about them, does (1) a little black mink cap of Scottish flavoring, with a deep box pleat running from front to back and a barrel muff to match, and (2) a tiny brimmed mink cloche, down on the forehead a trifle (the hatmakers are all trying to do this to us again), with a neat dome crown clinging to the head. This last is also in Victor's big assortment of dyed nutria in solid colors, such as apricot, purple, and orange. John-Frederics shows a demure Empire bonnet of mink—dark for the tiny, peaked brim, and four progressively lighter shades in folds around the high crown, which ends in a top of silvery mink. Not to be outdone, Sally Victor turns out caps with deep, Grecian roundness, or else with points toward the back, in a combination of brown, white, and black broadtail stripes.

Among the feathers concerned in the new season's hats, ostrich is predominant. Empire caps that Mme. Récamier would have loved are at Walter Florell. One is a mobcap of ostrich dyed in any color; a matching satin band goes around the puffy crown, and from it depends a small brim, likewise ostrich, that curls under the face. My favorite, though, is a wig of black ostrich with curly tendrils down the forehead and out on the cheeks, plus a pink satin bow above the brows—outspoken femininity if ever I saw it. Most milliners don't dare as yet to pull hats way down over the brows; they'll *veil* the forehead, but *that's* all. Nevertheless, crushed, narrow little toques that duck over one eye and show the hair on both sides appear all around. Tatiana, of Saks Fifth Avenue, makes some that are sheer Empress Eugénie, among them a narrow little pillbox of red velvet, correctly tipped forward. A spine of black-and-white curly ostrich plume starts at the front, goes over the top of the head, and lazily winds up behind one shoulder.

Little women who might be over-



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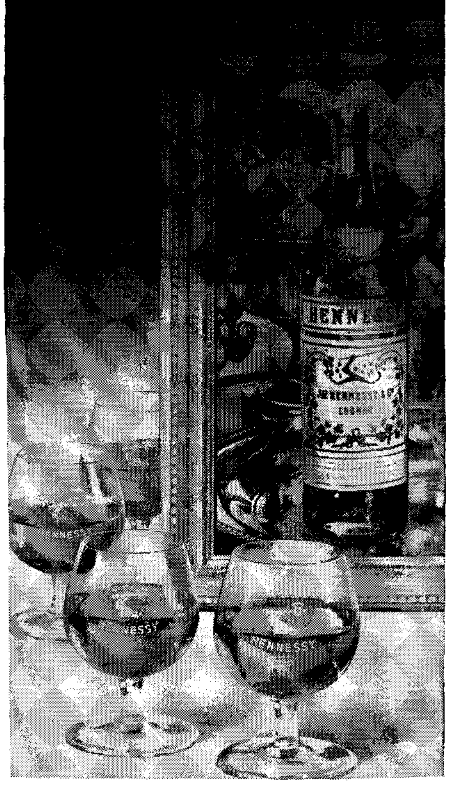

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whelmed by all this fuzzy-wuzzy puffball stuff can become subtler coquettes with clean-limbed hats that tower, usually in irregular, crushed folds—majestically draped turbans or (and these are more endearing to me) folded-crown Directoire bonnets, which appear everywhere. Some bonnets are quite narrow between the ears and have short backs; a visor rises to a sharp peak far above the forehead. A second type of bonnet has a tall, draped crown encircled by a bit of satin ribbon that ends in an extremely casual bowknot high in the front; a small, demure curved brim occurs below. Lilly Daché, cleaving to the venerable notion that women should look desirable, does beauties of both types. I particularly admired two—a shiny pink felt with a grosgrain band, and a black velvet with a deep crown that, like most Dachés, slants toward the back. John-Frederics shows a beauty in gray soleil that is at once typical and very special—with a band and a bowknot of gray satin at the center front and a small brim, as arch as the minx who should wear it, coming well down over the ears.

But let's tackle the point-to-point, shop-to-shop details, shall we?

THE forthright Sally Victor, instead of looking at Empire and Directoire fashion plates, has gone straight back to the Greeks, just as Napoleon did when *he* was a dictator of fashions. The result is a number of fascinating cap or bonnet shapes, usually a mite off the hairline in front, that project backward. Sometimes these take the form of Psyche knots. (The bushiest possible fox hats have an absurd satin ribbon at the base of this knot.) Others, following the shape of Athena's helmet or Greek vases, go fairly straight across the head and either wind up in a high point or curve under to the nape. Monkey fur starts from a peak toward the back of these hats and comes down over a small brim to veil the face. Leopard makes another of Victor's Athena bonnets, brimmed over the brows and going straight, without any waistband interruption, into a deep point at one side. A big Breton is of gray possum; black jersey emerges under the brim to cover the ears, and crosses under the chin to make a scarf. Victor uses lots of embroidered jerseys (with Greek motifs) for hats of every shape, and, for formal draped turbans, a beautiful silk in brilliant stained-glass patterns. Other turbans bring about a revival of moire; many of these are draped down at one side, but even more of them

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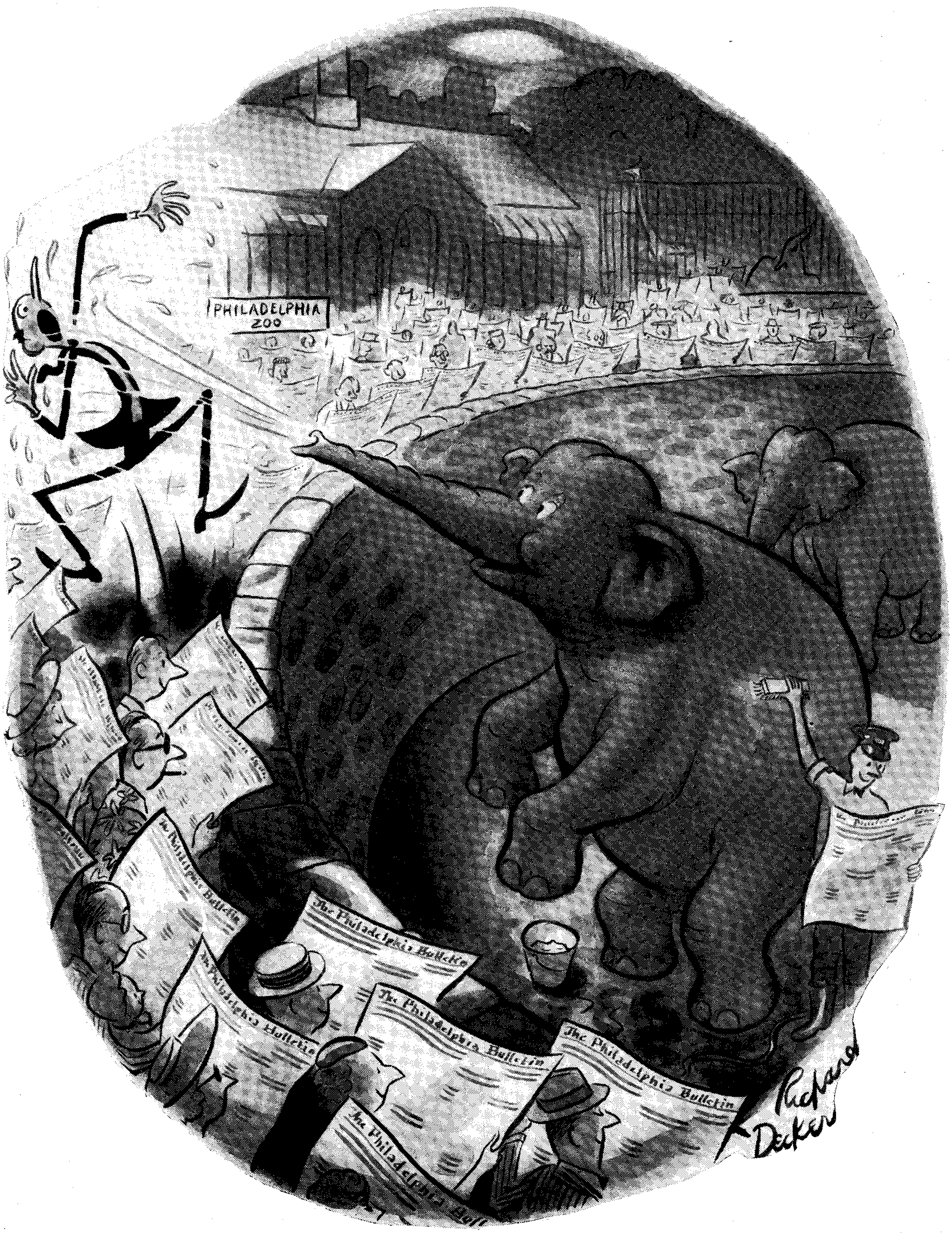
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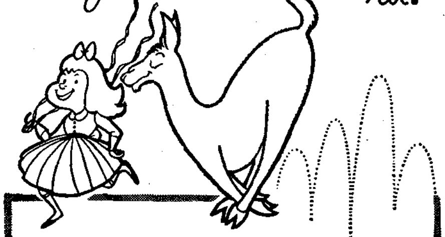

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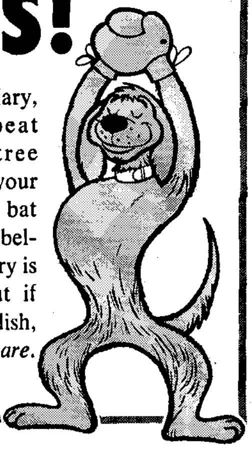

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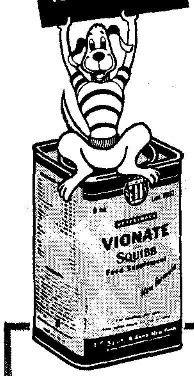

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ascend. Feathers appear in the Victor collection, too. Multicolored pads of them make deep caps, such as a Shocking-pink velvet base that is covered with sapphire, Shocking, and Kelly blobs of feather. More feathers, long and shiny red ones speckled with black, start forward from the back of another and create jagged bits around the face; iridescent coq feathers arch over the brows without producing undue shadowing. For evening, all sorts of tiny black pillboxes and plaques have absurd circus-horse ornaments shooting up in front—a spray of black feathers, a twist of velvet, or what you will.

Aside: It is an interesting commentary on life as it's lived today that the designers of enveloping domes and helmets and wigs and the like for daytime all favor a mere nothing for evening. What are we supposed to do—marry our hairdressers?

WE now come to Emmé, who, *thimble to thimble and eye to eye* with her Mr. Adolfo, breaks forth with some deep-dome thinking. A whole group of egghead hats look, literally, like half an egg lowered over you; the smaller, semi-detached cap underneath anchors the half an egg as high or as low over the brows as you choose without its touching you anywhere. It simply shades the forehead, in other words. These hats are done in many furs—mink, civet, or whatever—and they are also fine in satins, felts, or you name it. Obviously to be worn with the most grandiloquent tailored clothes, like those of Ben Zuckerman. Less ovate dome shapes, for day clothes, are likely to bubble upward from a flat cuff around the hairline. Some are like the hats of German sailors; the Navy boys would be astounded, though, by a version that has a satin band and bow around the temples and a velours balloon above. That lightweight, deep-piled Ascher mohair you'll see in one winter coat after another makes fuzzy chéchia pillboxes, designed to be worn forward, and tilted as well. The chéchia shape is also glorious in chinchilla. Fur, for that matter, is big business at Emmé—vast busbies of fox *au naturel* or dyed in colors like pink and green, huge berets of fox on grosgrain bands, things like that. Getting back to less bulk, the Emmé-Adolfo combo shows what it calls Directoire jockey caps, which have exaggerated peaked visors. One is in white felt, with black grosgrain going across the top of the visor and curling under the rear in a manner that would never sit well with

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the Jockey Club. There are many varieties of turban, of lamé or vicuña, worked in heavy folds to give a rounded look, and tilted to one side, or else of pillbox persuasion, with a rhinestone decoration dropping down over the brow, sort of like a caste mark. And, for evening, Emmé and Adolfo pay brief obeisance to hairdos by showing all kinds of rhinestone tiaras or miniature rhinestone berets adorned with black and white feather fancies the size of ermine tails.

FOR some illogical reason, or none, hairdos are sacred to Lilly Daché. Everything in her salon reveals quite a spate of hair somewhere, and her high crowns start her favorite backward slant well behind the front hair. This is especially true of her fez shapes. One, of black velours, has a satin bow on the top; stiffened Spanish-type lace makes another, with a slanting fez crown, and a sharply peaked visor curving way up to show the front of the coiffure, thus more than hinting at Daché's affection for bonnets. Of gray felt is a Directoire arrangement with a vivacious small arched brim and a crown high in front but slanting much lower in back; the whole is encircled with black satin ribbon. Another Directoire is shown with a beige satin brim and a black satin crown that terminates in one of those flat bonnet circles in back; this crown can be crushed down or puffed up, according to your mood. In fur, Daché's big hit is a cloche in black broadtail with an inch-and-a-half rippled brim dipping down on one side; this has a very high, squared-off crown with some casual folds in front. Daché is still a champion of turbans. A typical beauty combines satin in purple, pale Wedgwood blue,

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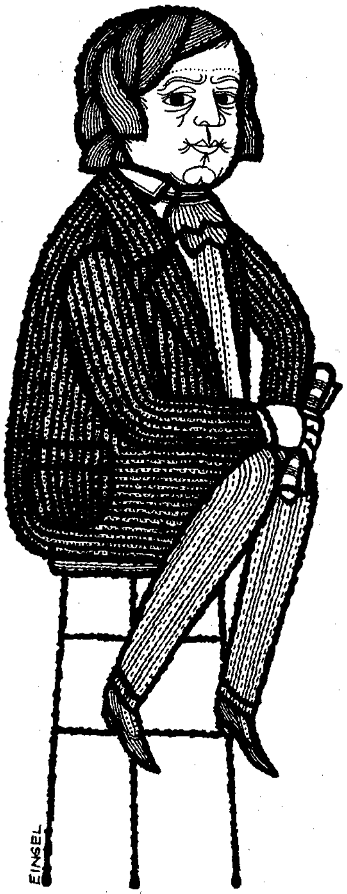

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and teal, and it is wrapped irregularly and wound up in a point high at one side. For the newer, plumper variety of hat, she offers a super-bandanna, pulled up to a knot above the hairline in front. A flat band descending from this knot to the nape has folds and folds gathered into it to give it an exceptionally high, wide, and bouffant look.

WALTER FLORELL is another who thinks that a woman wants that expensive coiffure to show somewhere, so his brims are likely to arch and tilt to one side. For hats to go with tailored clothes, he is using a lot of stitched jersey, in stripes and hound's-tooth checks. This makes, for one, a deep, square-crowned cloche with a velvet bow across the front and a sidelong slant. Slouch hats (there *are* some, still) have medium brims that can turn back; the stitching will make them stay put where they're wanted. For quiet devastation at the cocktail hour, he has made many hats of a black satin ribbon a bit over an inch wide. One is faintly coolie, with tiers and tiers of ribbon, slightly gathered, descending from peak to brim; another is a cap of interlaced ribbon with loops down the back of the head. A third, black satin bows all over a net surface, is one of the prettiest wigs I've seen this season, though there is much to be said for a more flamboyant Florell wig of black marabou, deep and round, with fluff all along the hairline. For Florell, too, gets ideas the moment he sees a feather or a wad of fur. His fur hats are likely to come deep down in back and are usually tilted to show part of the hairline, and they all have a lovely sanity. He shows one of the prize *young* mink hats in town—a sort of Pilgrim bonnet that ties with ribbon at the nape and has a circle of felt above that. And, in broadtail, there's his lovable Wonderbag. It's an oblong fourteen inches high, with a place for your head at one end, and it is so cut that you can drape it into any number of turbans. Supposedly, the snug fit at the base keeps it from blowing out like a wind sock in the breeze. I was also taken by his bold use of black and white broadtail in combination. A sidewise turban of it may be smooth and solid black across the hairline, with crushed black-and-white swirls above this; a big beret on a narrow band (very drapable) is all black-and-white pie-shaped pieces that radiate from a black velvet button in the center.

MR. FRED of John-Fredericks has been moseying around Cuba, and the names he has given his hats are

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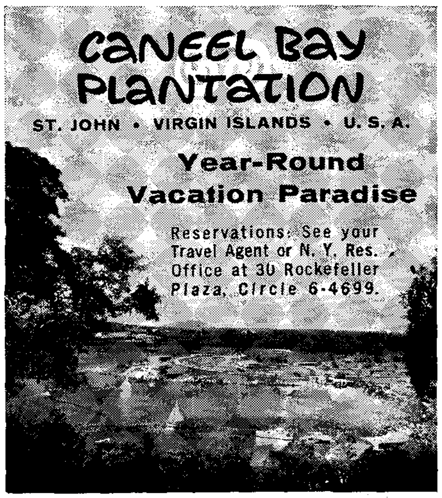

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Cuban, all right, but the stuff blends perfectly with our current scene—iridescent coq feathers making a bulbous bowl that hangs over the eyes; turquoise ostrich, with tiny matching bows all through it, descending almost past the ears, wig style; spiky black feathers projecting like a fright wig; fine, wispy stripped black ostrich shooting out over the forehead at ear level from a half hat on the front of the head. As for fur, there is an extra-special chéchia of chinchilla that wholly hides the hair, but my pet is Werewolf, a concoction that combines blond wolf and blond jersey in a wide cloche. This can flop around the face when you want to look like an Afghan hound, or the fur brim can be turned back, Breton fashion. A particularly nice deep, deep cloche of Cuban antecedents is constructed of interlaced bands (olive velvet) that suggest palm fronds, and the edge is all jagged ripples. The paper-bag hats worn by Cuban venders are responsible for Mr. Fred's casually creased tall hats in combinations of panne and velvet; the dice in Havana's casinos are responsible for a big, squared-off beret composed of six eight-inch squares, each in a different shade of velvet. There is no Anglo-Saxon reticence in Mr. Fred's thoughts about night life, either. I never saw so much unabashed glitter. Lots of his caps have multicolored and many-faceted beads in a heavy fringe down the forehead and descending well below the lobes to make gigantic earrings; not content, he puts strands and strands of beads about the neck. All of this shrieks, "Here I *yam!*"

TATIANA, of Saks Fifth Avenue, possibly because Antoine's salon is glowering nearby, almost invariably shows plenty of the coiffure. Except for the pillboxes, most of her hats have a flirtatious tilt. The pillbox of hers that I love best is of black silk with a raised bowknot design in gold lamé sprawled over it. A lovely irregular effect is created at the base of the hat by cutting the fabric away from the bowknots there. Other pillboxes are rounded; one is all shaded pads of pink feathers mixed with blobs of iridescent coq and pheasant feathers. It sounds impossible, but it adds up beautifully. Among the tailored hats is a handsome cloche of black soleil with a rippled brim far down on one side; a deep, fat roll of tobacco suède above the brim almost completely conceals the soleil crown—a device that is a Tatiana specialty this season. A dressy version of this is of black panne with curly ostrich over the brim. Another cloche,

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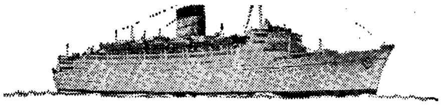

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entirely of turquoise velours, has the same fat roll. The fez crown is tilted, and a pheasant feather shoots upward over the right eye. Tatiana is doing loads of things with a fabric I haven't seen elsewhere—velveteen in a tweed pattern, with splashy white flecks on a ground that is many tones of brown, gray, yellow, or green. Small feathered birds are dyed to match. Sometimes a bird perches on top of a Breton sailor worn well toward the back of the head; sometimes it perches above one eyebrow of a deep, round cap. I have hinted earlier that Tatiana is addicted to ostrich for the cocktail hour, but not all her ostrich hats are Empress Eugénie. A wide one of red soleil, an irregular bicorne, has a bowknot at each point; an ostrich plume is to be put across the brim in front and threaded through the bowknots when an especially spectacular entrance seems a good idea. In a gentler vein, there's a small, rounded pillbox of braided white panne with white ostrich rising from the center and making a ponytail down in back.

IRENE OF NEW YORK loves turbans every year; this year, in keeping with the mood, they're called Empire turbans, and they tower and topple like anything. One, of olive-green velvet, is tied in an offhand knot in the center front, bandanna style, and it's tall and narrow back of this. Another, and shallower, version is shown in lamé. High Twists is her name for hats of velours, satin, velvet, or lamé that rise from a cap base into a spiral twist that culminates in an irregular open top tipped back to one side. Another narrow turban, eight inches high (and that's *high*, sister), is of irregular horizontal folds; it, too, culminates in a small crater. This appears in blue satin. One more is of pink satin. It's very long in back (most of these hats cover the back hair but show the front) and has a fez look up ahead. Irene calls on elaborate fabrics for hats in simple, basic shapes; stitched lamé is the reigning favorite. She uses it in fedoras that are pinched in down the crown, in Alpine fashion, and in cloches that are either brimmed or of the flowerpot type. A new simple shape is not unlike the hats London bobbies wear. One version is a deep, round pillbox with a velvet chin strap, a velvet top and button, and a matching satin edge. Another is of off-white velours, stitched and stitched, with a black velvet headband underneath to keep it from smothering the forehead. This has a chin strap of black velvet.

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For late afternoon and evening, the ubiquitous ostrich makes a round pillbox sort of thing in white that—listen carefully—is dotted with violets, or tiny strawberries, or other complete incongruities. In the Empire mood is a tiara with two sand-colored ostrich feathers bobbing on top of a demitasse-size plaque of sand satin.

IT is a contradictory world we live in, to be sure. One further proof: Milliners try to make hats that look like hair or wigs; the hairdressers are striving to make real hair look like headdresses. You'll hear more about this pretty soon, when I get over my preliminary confusion, which goes something like:

> Birds in their little nests agree,
> Can such things *be*?

—LOIS LONG

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(CHANGES OF EMPHASIS DIVISION)

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Most recently, Miss Goodrich has placed a subtle but firm woman's touch on Francoise Sagan's "A Certain Smile," to transform the amoral story of a young girl's pointless affair with a much older man into a picture that is, according to Miss Goodrich, "a strong plea for marriage and morality."

"She's a beautiful writer, the little Sagan," says Miss Goodrich. "Really poetic. A fine emotional quality."

However, changes of emphasis have been made. "We have the girl really falling in love with the man, instead of just going off on a weekend," she says. "In the book, Sagan mentions that the girl's older brother was killed in an accident, and that her father spent all his time consoling her mother. To us, that was explanatory. The girl, rejected by her father, was looking for a father image in this man. Although Sagan didn't see it that way."

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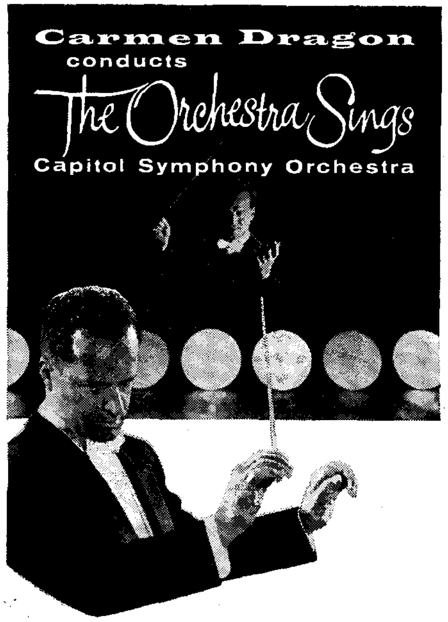

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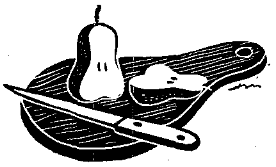
A LITTLE MYSTERY OUT OF MAUPASSANT

A FEW summers ago—it was a year or so before third class was abolished on French trains—my wife and I boarded a local at Le Mans, where we had been looking at the cathedral, to go to visit friends in a small town about twenty miles away. Our friends had arranged to call for us at Le Mans in their car after lunch, but then had been prevented by engine trouble, so, in midafternoon, we took seats in a third-class compartment, and immediately found ourselves in the midst of a drama.

An elderly, wrinkled-faced peasant woman, wearing a coif that proclaimed her as coming from a little farther south, was weeping bitterly. On her knees she was holding a large mesh shopping bag that contained a fully feathered but inert black-and-white chicken. "It's dying," the woman sobbed, caressing the feathers through the mesh. "Dying. It will be dead before I get there. What will my daughter-in-law say?"

She had started out that morning, she told the compartment, from her home in a village about fifty miles the other side of Le Mans, to visit her son and daughter-in-law in a hamlet that I recognized from its name as being the station before the one we were going to. With her, as a gift, she had brought this fine, healthy, large hen. But alas! The heat, and perhaps the agitation of travelling . . .



Even before she got to Le Mans she had become worried, she said, for the bird had begun to gasp (the old lady opened an almost toothless little mouth in imitation—almost too graphic imitation—of a panting hen), and though she had taken it to the lavabo and dripped water down its throat and onto its head, it had not revived. At Le Mans, she had had to wait and change trains, and the assistant *chef de gare* couldn't have been kinder. He had found a medicine dropper, and had fed the poor hen some brandy, taken from a bottle that he had in his private locker, for which he hadn't charged a sou. But the bird hadn't responded to that, or to the pieces of ice that she had bought from a drink vender and had held under its black-and-white wings. Now there was clearly no hope. Almost all signs of life were gone. "Look at her poor eyes, *messieurs-dames!*" the old lady cried. She pulled the fowl's head through one of the meshes of the bag and showed us that its eyelids were all but shut; visible and glaucous beneath them were only the merest crescents.

"If my daughter-in-law were a person of good character, I wouldn't be so upset," the old lady told us. "But she is of a hardness, *messieurs-dames*. Of a hardness that makes it impossible for me to see how my poor son stands her. And hard not only to him! Always attributing the wrong motives to everyone, always finding fault. So you can imagine how she acts to me, who have the misfortune to be her mother-in-law! You can imagine what her behavior will be when I arrive bearing as a gift a dead hen! 'Ah! How long has *that* been a corpse? How have you preserved it? What do you expect me to do with carrion?' I can hear her. And there's *nobody* here who was on the other train—the one that I took this morning—and saw what a fine, healthy bird I'd brought! But you, *messieurs-dames*, you could bear witness for me that even when *you* first saw the bird it was alive. It won't be for many minutes more, I know, but— *Aie!*" And the old lady let out a sound that was half screech, half moan. "It's happened! It's all over. Ah, *ma pauvre petite cocotte!*" And, bending, she kissed the soft feathers, and stroked them again and again, tears coursing down her wrinkled cheeks.

Everyone in the compartment offered consolation, but her heart seemed broken. Her sobs were pitiful to hear, and when the train had stopped at one or two small stations, and we knew that hers would be the next, my wife and I looked at each other guiltily, knowing that, of course, we wouldn't get off with her to bear witness when she met her daughter-in-law, but feeling at the same time that the merest charity demanded that we do so. As the train slowed, we helped her get her valises and bundles off the rack, and the man sitting nearest the door took them out into the corridor for her. "*Au revoir, messieurs-dames,*" she said, wiping her eyes and her face on a huge blue handkerchief that she had taken out of some pocket in her black clothes. "*Au revoir, au plaisir.*" And she moved slowly out into the corridor, the mesh bag, with its tragic contents, in her arms.

WE all stared out the window, dreading the cruel scene that lay ahead, yet unable to restrain ourselves. On the platform, in addition to the

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stationmaster, were just two people—a middle-aged farmer, apparently, and a woman with him. He had a look of the old lady about him, and his companion didn't *seem* hard; she was a ruddy-faced, decidedly benevolent-looking matron. As the train pulled to a stop, they looked this way and that, and then hurried to the door at the front end of our car. We all peered out shamelessly.

Both the man and the woman helped the old lady down, both of them kissed her, they took all her bags and bundles except the mesh bag, and they started down the platform. They approached the window where we were. The old lady seemed quiet, passive. She came toward us between the two younger people, her eyes lowered. But as she reached us—we marvelled that she knew just where she was, for she had been staring fixedly at the ground—she began to scream. "Bear witness!" she shouted, staring up at us and waving a hand. "Tell her, tell her, *messieurs-dames*, that it was alive when you first saw it! Tell her! Tell her!"

We all began to answer. "Yes, Madame!" we called to the daughter-in-law. "The chicken was indeed alive. It started out a beautiful, healthy bird. We saw it die ourselves. . . ."

The daughter-in-law and her husband looked at us in bewilderment. We pointed to the hen in the mesh bag, nodding, urging them to understand. But suddenly our words were drowned—drowned by language that we could scarcely believe we were hearing. Abuse, vituperation poured out of the old lady's mouth—that tiny, almost toothless little mouth that had looked so like a panting hen's open beak—violent denunciation, blasphemies, even, all directed at the daughter-in-law. "Of course the hen died! What hen wouldn't die, knowing it was coming to you, you . . ."

It was horrible. We stared. So did the son and the daughter-in-law. Had the old lady's mind suddenly cracked, given way to grief at the death of the bird, or to dread of what was to follow? Was there any cause for dread? The train began to move. Tenderly, both the son and the daughter-in-law began to stroke the old lady, as tenderly as she had stroked her hen. The son took the hen from her and stroked her hands. The daughter-in-law patted her shoulder, even stroked her face. Their faces were still full of bewilderment and shock. Never had two people seemed kindlier, more concerned. We all stared back as long as we could, until the trio—or the quartet, if you count the hen that had (or had it?) been so healthy

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that morning—had vanished, leaving all of us in the compartment staring at each other in an orgy, a veritable orgy, of perplexity.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

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[*Letter received by a lady in North Vancouver in reply to a query*]

KELLY, DOUGLAS & COMPANY, LIMITED
VANCOUVER, B. C.

JUNE 27, 1958

DEAR MRS. B——:

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of June 24 concerning the use of the word "ultrasonic" on our Squirrel Peanut Butter label.

Actually, you are partially right, inasmuch as the term "ultrasonic" is a misnomer as applied to peanut butter if you take the literal meaning of the word, "beyond sound." The complete phrase should read, "New, because it is ultrasonically homogenized." However, our label designers, because of the limitations of space on the small label, condensed the phrase.

The process of ultrasonically homogenizing, stripped of its technical language, is actually a process of cavitation, developed by generating mechanical vibrations for emulsification and homogenization. The method produces particle sizes as small as one micron (1/25,000 of an inch). In the Ultrasonic unit the emulsification is effected by blades which vibrate at a frequency in the liquid stream in the region of 22,000 per second. As you know, this is well above the upper limit of human hearing (usually about 15,000 per second) and therefore completely inaudible. Cavitation takes place continuously in the volume swept out by the vibrating blades. In other words, thousands of minor local explosions are continually taking place in the peanut butter under emulsification. You have probably seen a similar reaction in a dish of liquid custard or cream which is being vibrated, causing little craters or cavities all over the surface.

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Yours truly,
B. C. ERRIDGE,
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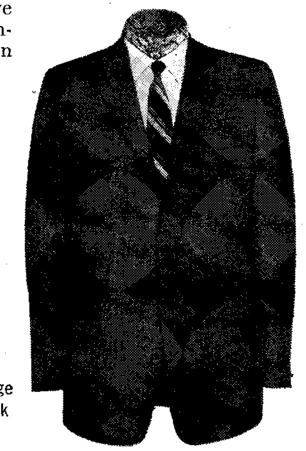

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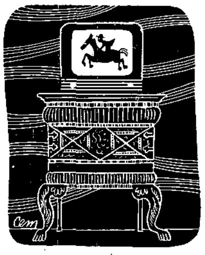
Relaxing with Paar

TOWARD closing time of a recent installment of "The Jack Paar Show" (Channel 4, 11:15 P.M.-1 A.M., Mondays through Fridays), Mr. Paar began hurling fruit at the studio audience. He was assisted in this unusual form of entertainment by three guests—Maxie Rosenbloom, Cliff Arquette, and Vincent Price. The guests seemed a little embarrassed by their share in the work, and I'm not sure that any of them contributed more to it than to toss a casual grape or a halfhearted apple. Even Mr. Paar, once he had rounded out the barrage with what looked to be a 200-millimetre melon, betrayed brief signs of self-consciousness. "What a show!" he said deprecatingly. "The actors throw fruit at the audience. And the audience is too nice to throw it back!" "We ain't off yet," said the voice of Mr. Arquette, thoughtfully, in the background. The latter is a sharp observer as well as a gifted comedian and wit. He had probably noticed something that was also detectable by outside viewers, thanks to a couple of camera shots—a sudden cool, faintly sinister atmosphere of unrest, bordering on counter-aggressiveness, in the target area. Aggressiveness is a contagious quality. In the case of the Paar show, it might well be expected to spread from the actors to the spectators now and then, since it is—or so I've come to believe—the basic ingredient of this seemingly low-keyed and easygoing program.



Mr. Paar, from whom the show takes its spirit and purpose, doesn't throw things often. As a rule, he confines himself to sedentary satire. But satire, according to Freud and his prophets, is as much a kind of aggression as melon-pitching, chess, or sadism. The low-keyed Paar program has piled up quite a record of violence of one kind and another by now. Some of this has been outgoing, like the fruit fusillade, or like Mr. Paar's quiet midnight causeries with Elsa Maxwell, which appear to have created an international demand that Miss Maxwell be outlawed by the U.N. There has also been a steady display of intramural violence, in the form of pranks, feuds, and bouts of neurosis, much of which has come in for discussion in the newspapers: "Did Jack ditch Dody because she stepped on people's lines?" "Are Jonathan and Jack incompatible?" I see no need to explore these mysteries here. On most Paar shows, there is plenty of low-keyed aggression in plain view. The other night, a girl singer was sabotaged in the middle of a chorus of "When It's Sleepy Time Down South." "General Grant sends his apologies," Mr. Paar told her afterward, as she struggled to get back on beat and on key. There is a certain amount of playful interference by members of the company with commercial announcements. (No one, however, has been able to reduce the number of commercials, which is formidable.) Mr. Paar himself, the lowest-keyed man in this low-keyed operation, but the most inventive, too, is constantly seeking and finding new outlets for the kind of repressions that his nonchalance seems to store up in him. In our final view of him on the night when the fruit flew, he was facetiously lifting a knee toward the groin of Mr. Rosenbloom, whom he had just persuaded to give him a few pointers on dirty boxing.

Some of the Paar show's idiosyncrasies, I should guess, are based on the star's professional taste in comedy, which is liberal, if not libertarian. Some are based on his private personality (which would be nobody's business but his own if it didn't tend to shape the program). The show's idiosyncrasies are important, because the show itself is good potentially—and often in practice—and because it rests on a strong and fresh idea. It is almost the only example in television of free and unpremeditated entertainment. Apart from the commercials, and a few set pieces in the way of songs and monologues, it consists almost entirely of ad-libbing. The boldness and novelty of the idea made the program successful and talked-about from the start; the public was bound to be attracted by the prospect of actors—normally the most carefully cued and unspontaneous types in the world, onstage—speaking their minds for an hour or more. It's true that radio had already produced a number of ad-libbed shows, mostly after midnight, for the benefit of the so-called night people. What Mr. Paar attempted—working, perhaps, from radio models, but also under the racy in-

J. S. RUSSELL, Farm Editor of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, Past President and Director of the Soil Conservation Society of America.

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fluence of the night club—was something relatively new and ambitious: a verbal jam session, a jazz of temperament, improvisation by combinations of performers hand-picked for the evening by their leader. The plan has resulted in some admirable shows. The best nights, I think, have come when the leader has let the performers do their stuff more or less unhindered, when he has felt secure in his judgment in picking them and has confined himself to listening and to marking the beat. The going has been rougher when he has pushed the ensemble around and made it do things his way. As I've said, Mr. Paar's private character is a dominant feature of the program. It represents a deviation from the strength of the original plan. Clearly, he is a nervous and softly aggressive man to whom conflict is a natural way of life. The guests who have succeeded best on the program are those who have mollified him or, as in the case of Mr. Arquette, Hans Conried, and one or two other regulars, have understood his plan thoroughly, rolled with his punches when necessary, and exceeded his expectations. When violence breaks out, a guest like Mr. Arquette can suppress it by joshing it. When Mr. Paar becomes demurely or sulkily suggestive, a guest like Mr. Conried can sanitize him.

For the ability to choose such guests and for the plan in general, Mr. Paar deserves full credit. And it's possible that no one could manage the plan any better. It's possible that no unrehearsed conference of actors can avoid a degree of cattiness or of competitive unpleasantness week in and week out. Mr. Paar was asking Vincent Price, on the night I've spoken of, about Mr. Price's recent work as master of ceremonies of a program dealing with extrasensory perception. "Was there anything in the guesswork," Mr. Paar asked, "or was it just a matter of the law of averages?" With his hair down, Mr. Price was perfectly willing to be coöperative. He admitted, with some relish, that it might have been just a law-of-averages proposition (though he did speak a tactful word in favor of parapsychology as practiced in academic circles). Apparently, Mr. Price had been kidding the audience of the E.S.P. program throughout the program's run. To prolong the professional joke, he laid out certain varieties of fruit on a table, and challenged members of the Paar show's cast to identify them sight unseen. It was after a few minutes of this travesty that Mr. Paar lost pa-

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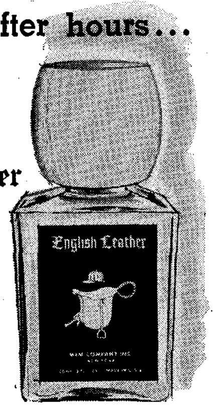

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tience with mankind and threw the fruit at the studio audience. It was after that, still restless, that he urged Mr. Rosenbloom to teach him a dirty boxing trick. Mr. Rosenbloom taught him a mildly dirty trick, and Mr. Paar topped Mr. Rosenbloom with a dirtier one. Such is life on a rough night on "The Jack Paar Show."

—John Lardner

•

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There are none so blind as those who will not see—nor so deaf as those who do not care to hear.

For years dedicated, patriotic men and women have conscientiously striven to alert United States citizens to the great dangers which threaten our nation. These men and women have constantly warned of the plan to change, and thus destroy, the United States Constitution; to put the American people under the Constitution of the United Nations, which would change our laws, our lives, and our welfare. The pieces of the jigsaw World Government puzzle are fast falling into place. The pattern is becoming increasingly clear. After we have been sufficiently "softened" will the "take over" come from within?

If you doubt that we are being maneuvered, inch by inch, towards the edge of the precipice of World Government please review the following interlocking events.

The Washington *Evening Star*, June 28, 1957, gives this information. "Three Turkish police officers are observing American police methods in Arlington County where they have been cruising streets with regular officers.

"Sponsored for one year's training in this country by the Turkish government, the trio has the aid of the *International Association of Chiefs of Police* in contacting local police departments in this country.

"Arlington County Police Chief William G. Fawver said the visiting policemen reported that the local methods vary only slightly from those in use in Turkey. Uniforms in their native land are *very similar to the uniforms used here*, Chief Fawver said."

On August 8, 1957 the Senate adopted Resolution 15 to establish a permanent United Nations Police Force.—*Newsletter of the National Society, United States Daughters of 1812.*

Turkish Army, go home!

•

Lockport, N. Y.—Herbert S. Brewer of Lockport, president of the New York State Association of Insurance Agents, has written to Governor Harriman and the Legislative leaders calling for a crash program to effectively combat the toll of automobile accidents.—*The Journal of Commerce.*

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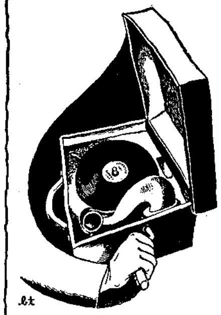
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



WITH the off-Broadway revival of Kurt Weill's chamber musical "The Threepenny Opera" about to begin its fourth year, and with a great renewal of interest now being shown in his early period, in Berlin, Columbia has chosen a propitious time for issuing, in a set of three long-playing records, a complete performance, in German, of "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," the first of Weill's two major operas. (The other is "Street Scene," which came along seventeen years later, after Weill had moved to America and mastered the American idiom as well as he ever would.) The appearance of "Mahagonny" just now is propitious in another sense, too. A striking example of Germany's Expressionist theatre of the twenties, which reflected the terrible cynicism of a postwar social order lacking any apparent values, it has a great deal in common with the works of such contemporary playwrights as Friedrich Duerrenmatt, Samuel Beckett, Eugene Ionesco, and (in the case of "The Entertainer") John Osborne. The world, they seem to be saying in one voice, is sick and probably incurable, heart-rending though it is to have to point it out.

Actually, the voice at the bottom of "Mahagonny" is that of the poet Bertolt Brecht, who provided its bitter, sordid, savage script. Read by itself, it seems a pitiless and nearly senseless thing, except for occasional passages that are either strangely poetic in their expressions of cheap tenderness or startlingly perceptive in their comment on our baser instincts. Time and scene are sometimes switched around abruptly (a characteristic device of the Berlin Expressionists), with nothing but a narrator's word for it to help the audience keep up, and the disarmingly childish air of the work is intensified by the fact that Brecht's imaginary city of Mahagonny, a community where license is confused with freedom, is way off in exotic America (somewhere in Florida, it would appear), and its people and its way of life seem a set of absurd images drawn by a European whose only knowledge of this country

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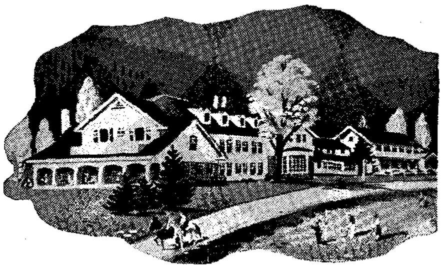

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The music, scored for thirty instruments, a chorus, a narrator, and eight vocal soloists capable of both sustained song and a kind of harsh song-speech, brings the text to phrenetic life. The orchestra (a band, really, except for the introduction of strings now and then) is more often than not a parody of the symphonic jazz orchestras of the twenties, as it supports seemingly trifling tunes with jerky fox-trot rhythms. In other sections, though, such as the brief prelude out of which the first scene is built, and the music for a hurricane that threatens the wicked city, as well as in a couple of climactic vocal ensembles, Weill uses his musical erudition to create passages of greater dignity than the sketchy and deliberately tawdry libretto would seem to call for. Although it is an opera, a musical form that might lead us to expect something memorable in the way of grand or noble set pieces, "Mahagonny," being the kind of opera it is, is likely to leave the listener whistling one of two sickly-sweet tunes, "Alabama Song" and "Denn Wie Man Sich Bettet So Liegt Man," which are reprised like the plug tunes in a musical comedy. They are insidious pieces, melodically simple, and harmonically simple, too, but with unexpected sad, melting tones and lingering cadences that make them fearfully haunting. Weill, like Brecht, had the knack of moving almost subhuman characters, in their own terms, to compassionate utterances.

The performance, recorded last winter in Hamburg, is an effective one, offering especially good singing by the soprano Gisela Litz, who manages to encompass both the operatic statements and the guttural speech of Mahagonny's formidable social leader, Mrs. Begbick, with enormous style, and by the tenor Heinz Sauerbaum, who realizes both the gentle and the tough sides of Jimmy Mahoney, the principal member of a quartet of migrants who have come to Mahagonny to settle down after seven years of chopping wood in Alaska. Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya, portrays Jenny, a prostitute who takes up with Jimmy and then ditches him when his luck runs out, and she is persuasive everywhere except in a love duet about some flying cranes, an episode that is vocally too demanding for her. The orchestra and chorus, conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg, are both commendable.

"Mahagonny" is a curiosity, a forceful reminder of the time and place in

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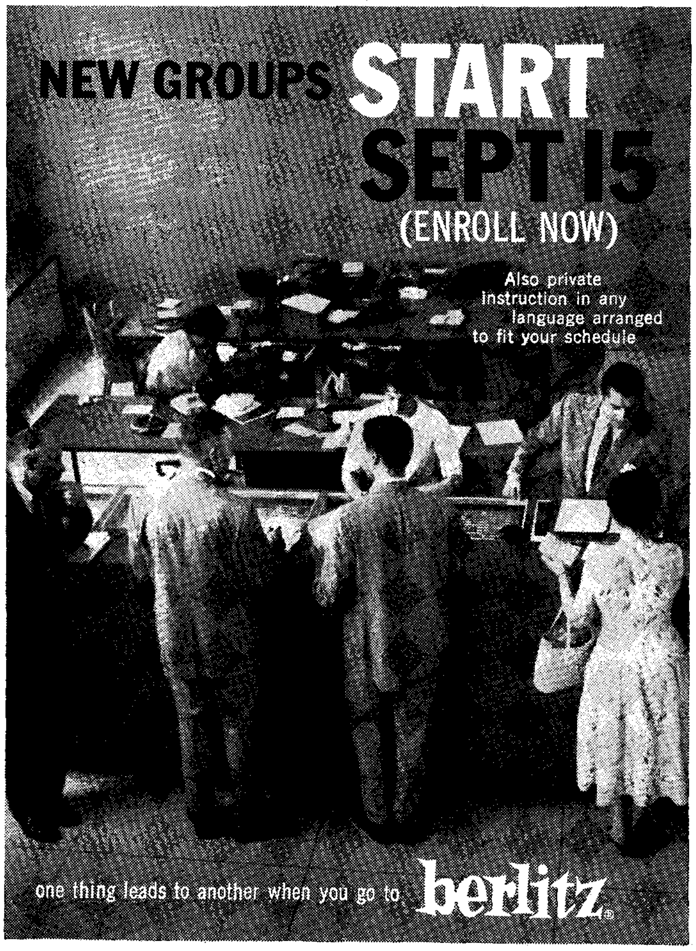
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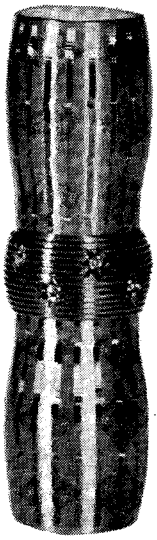

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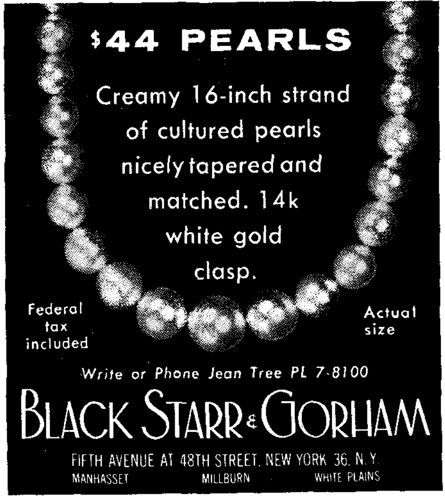

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which it was put together, and it is tantalizing to speculate on its chances in a stage revival. To begin with, it would need the services of an adapter as sympathetic and as sensitive as Marc Blitzstein, whose adaptation of "The Threepenny Opera" was the principal reason for its first successful production in this country. Even then, though, "Mahagonny" might fail, lacking the advantage of a certain familiarity, which accrued to the other work because it was based on Gay's widely known classic.

EARLIER, I mentioned Weill's other major opera, "Street Scene," and it seems to me that a few observations about it here might help bring the bulk of Weill's work into proper perspective. (Columbia made a recording of the Broadway production, by the way, with the original cast, and the album is still available.) As you probably know, a good many people regard the stinging creations of Weill's German period as his greatest compositions; as far as these people are concerned, his style was gradually adulterated in this country, until he was capable of turning out nothing more than a few song hits. Only time can tell whether or not Broadway did corrupt him, but the fact is that even his earliest works show a preoccupation with the popular song and its adaptation to scenes of intense drama. "Street Scene," like "Mahagonny" and many another Weill composition for the theatre, is concerned with violence, but in this American product, where he again used a sordid background, he managed—for the only time in his career—to write a grand opera. His music, no longer steeped in the nightmarish atmosphere of the Weimar Republic, developed a greater expansiveness and lyricism, to the point where he could create such a deeply moving aria as Anna Maurrant's "Somehow I Never Could Believe." "Street Scene" was a costly failure on Broadway. It was probably out of place in the commercial theatre, and it also suffered from an unimaginative production. It was, I believe, Weill's masterpiece. —DOUGLAS WATT

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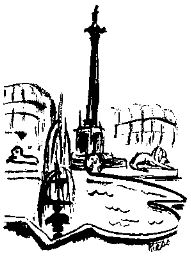
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 28



LONDON is full to the bursting point of foreign visitors plodding around in mackintoshes, indefatigably snapping their cameras between the thundershowers, and of more local holidaymakers grimly marching along in family groups with thermos flasks, dogs, and cricket bats to find a green (and damp) spot in one of the parks, where they can pretend to be experiencing summer. The farmers are lamenting blackened hay and crops bashed flat in the violent storms of the past fortnight, and the National Farmers' Union has just served notice to the heavens that if hot sun is not immediately produced for a week to toast things up a bit, this year must be written off as a disaster. The heavens have answered to date by flooding and marooning villages and striking numbers of people, including the Rural Dean of Colchester, dead by lightning.

With nature being so awful, ordinary citizens have anyway been heartened by the welcome brightening of their newspaper headlines. Since few English—having their eyes still trained in the direction of the vanished summit—apparently thought anything much would emerge from the United Nations General Assembly, some of the comment going around since it ended has sounded like surprised congratulations to a hostess whose party, expected to be tedious and unrewarding, has turned out to be the hit of the season. The relief and enthusiasm over the Arab Plan's seemingly having neatly solved the problem and saved everybody's face is somewhat cautious, it should be added. Few informed commentators here—or thoughtful digesters of informed comment, either—appear to be so comfortably bedded down in the prospect of united Arab peace and prosperity that they do not, like the princess in the fairy tale who was conscious of the pea placed under all the mattresses, feel the real test of Israel worrying them at the bottom of the pile. But the transformation of mood from the acute sense of danger and urgency that was felt here a while back is astonishing, and there is nothing equivocal in the enormous relief over the news of the Anglo-

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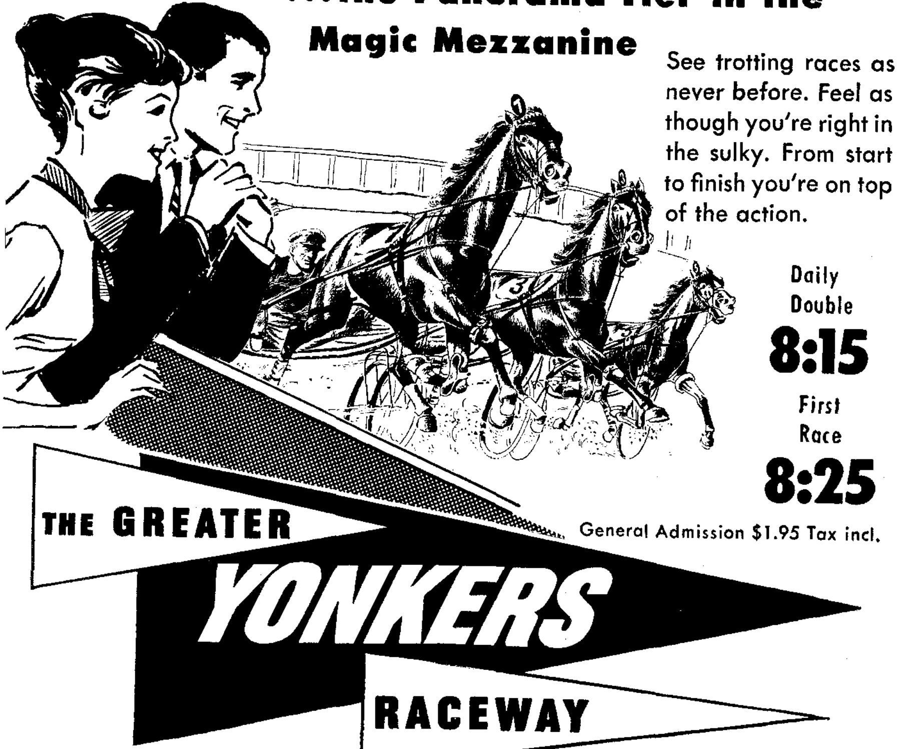
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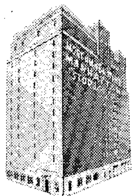

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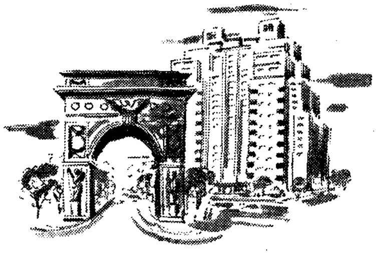
American offer to suspend nuclear tests. To millions of profoundly alarmed people who had been shocked by the Government's abrupt announcement of a forthcoming series of new tests, which was made only a week after the publication of the United Nations' chilling report on the effects of radiation, it seemed like a moment of hope at last.

THE sudden turn for the better in the news will no doubt add to the glow of public approval that has lately been directed on the Prime Minister and the Government, and increase the already sizable press speculation as to the possibility of a general election's being sprung on everybody quite soon, while the cockles of the electorate's heart are still warm toward the Conservative Party. The warmth is largely due to the Party's handling of foreign affairs, and, as Labour supporters point out with truth, elections are never won on that issue, however admirable, but on bread-and-butter questions right here at home. Still, there is no particular domestic grouse being aimed right now at the Government, and it has recently been able to report such a strong look to the pound that the credit squeeze has been relaxed some more, which will bring cheer to the Conservatives' formerly critical and wobbling supporters in the middle classes. Indeed, the political climate seems fair enough to make some forecasters wonder thoughtfully whether the election date may not be announced at Blackpool, where the Conservatives will go for their annual conference on October 9th. Whether this happens or whether, as is most generally felt, the date will be next spring, after a possibly encouraging budget, there is no doubt that the resounding all-party support that Mr. Macmillan got in the country—first for having sent British troops into Jordan (although Labour politicians spoke against the move in Parliament, most Labour voters appeared to be placidly convinced of its rightness) and then for trying for a summit meeting—has been boosted again by his recent flight to Ankara, Athens, and Cyprus to see for himself whether some final, desperate three-way tourniquet could not be applied to the bloody Cyprus problem. It is by brisk imaginative strokes, such as taking this trip himself, and not delegating it, that the Prime Minister's personality has grown on people, and the fact that he failed to come up with either a summit meeting or a Cyprus solution has not lowered his popularity—the interesting and maybe decisive political phenome-



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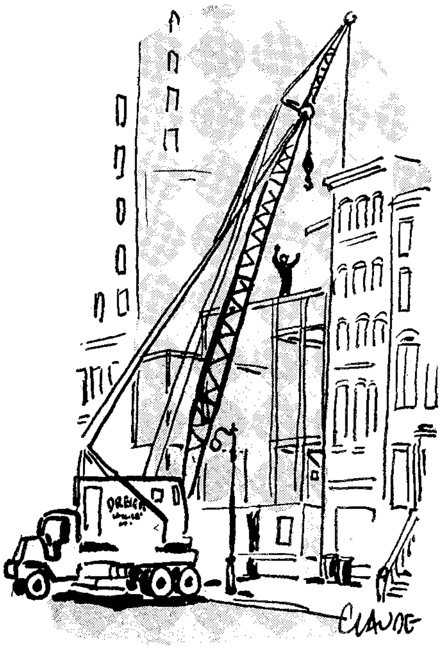
non at this moment. If the British troops are able to withdraw gracefully from Jordan without leaving a holocaust behind them, everybody will feel better still, of course. All in all, there appears to be solid ground for the high fettle in which—barring accidents between now and then—the Conservative Party will be assembling at Blackpool.

IN preparation for its own annual conference, at Scarborough in late September, the Labour Party has been letting fall a few advance autumn leaves of policy statement, and the one on education has sailed into some controversial breezes. What it says about Labour's intentions regarding the future of Eton, Harrow, and the rest of the public schools in a Socialist state is sensible and moderate, though possibly it does not please the militant old Socialist element, which would like to see the privileged establishments abolished and, with them, the idea that wearing the right school tie gives a boy a better chance than others in life. What the militants have always had in mind, apparently, is that the public schools should eventually be taken over by the state and thrown open, free, to youngsters of all classes. Now the Labour Party administration has come out firmly with the observation that it would be "an unjustifiable invasion of liberty" if any taxpayer who wanted to spend his own money—often at great sacrifice to himself—on sending his children to the sort of school he believed in were told that he might not do so. Therefore, Eton, Harrow, and the others will be left as they are under any future Labour Government. As has been pointed out, it is only English parents of a certain



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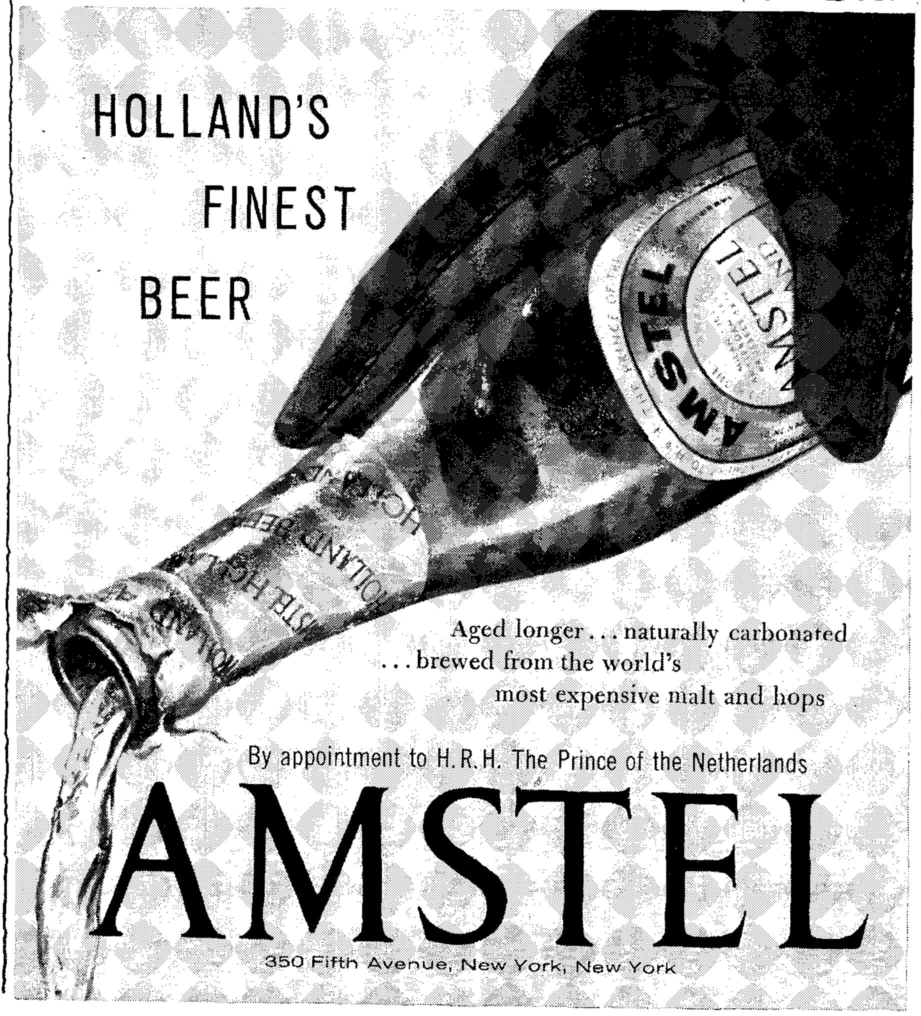
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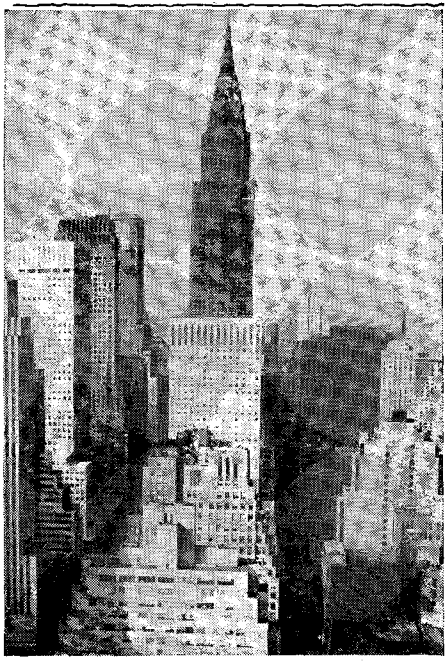

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class who choose to have their children attend the public schools, which the children themselves may or may not consider a privilege, and if the schools were to be opened to all, it might well be that this same section of the community would still be alone in sending their sons to them—on the state, this time. Labour's suggestions for reforms of the free schools, attended by over six and a half million children in England and Wales, are what are being most hotly discussed by parents, teachers, and pretty well everybody else except the pupils, who remain calm. After saying that it will strive to reduce the size of classes (the postwar bulge in the birth rate has now been caught up with a bit in the schools, but classes of over forty are still common, because of a shortage of teachers or space, or both) and to require children to stay in school beyond the present minimum age of fifteen—both of which are Conservative objectives, too—the Labour Party program makes some pungent remarks on the much criticized "eleven-plus" system. This is the test that eleven-year-olds take at the end of their time in primary school to decide which type of secondary school they will enter—grammar, technical, or "modern." The brightest scholars are herded into the grammar schools, earmarked as possible candidates for the universities and, later, for the professions. The neat-handed and quick-brained pass into technical schools. "Modern schools," in the laconic words of the Labour report, "are intended for the rest." Sorting out the brainy sheep from the less brainy goats by this method means that most children are firmly corralled for keeps in one of the three educational pens at an age when the intellectual abilities of many of them are apt to be hidden under cheerful layers of grime and toffee smears. Angry parents complain that the bogy of the eleven-plus hangs over their homes, and that the child who fails to make a grammar school often suffers a severe psychological setback. The Labour Party appears to favor the building of more "comprehensive schools"—there are already twenty-one going strong in the London area—which take in all three branches of education under one roof, thus doing away with labels and permitting a child who is bright in one subject and dim in another to be moved around. The Conservative answer to the eleven-plus row is that the whole thing is being vastly whipped up in the press and elsewhere to provide Labour with a popular plank at its Scarborough conference. At any

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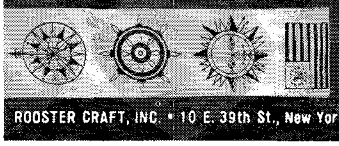

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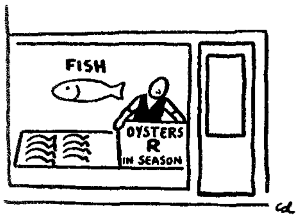
rooster

rate, eleven-year-olds have become for the first time political ammunition. They look fine in the part.

AN intelligent first play by a new writer has received rounds of enthusiastic applause from the critics and has settled down comfortably at the Comedy Theatre. "Five Finger Exercise" is the work of a young playwright, Peter Shaffer, who may have been frightened by "The Vortex" in infancy, for its big scene, when the almost incestuously fond mother, Mrs. Harrington (Adrianne Allen), and her son (Brian Bedford) start sticking daggers of accusation and counteraccusation into each other's hearts, must produce a reminiscent pang in many a middle-aged theatregoer. Mr. Shaffer's theme is, alas, the eternally beloved one of English playwrights—the game of unhappy families tearing one another nervously apart at unspeakable breakfasts, lunches, and dinners in a weekend country cottage (Suffolk, this time). The member of the party who sets the whole thing off is the little Harrington daughter's German tutor (brilliantly played by Michael Bryant), with whom both mother and son fall in love, while the rich, uncultured father (Roland Culver), a manufacturer of furniture that causes his Cambridge-undergraduate offspring to shudder, prowls uneasily through the unquiet weekend wishing that he had somebody normal to go and drink with him at the pub. The fifth digit of the play's title is the fourteen-year-old daughter, Pamela. Juliet Mills, the young daughter of the film actor John Mills, makes her début in the part, and she is normal, all right, as well as funny, innocent, and touching—a delicious performance, which she plays like an old trouper. Since the London theatre leans quite a bit on classic revivals, and new plays that are written as well as this one are rare, Mr. Shaffer's work is being much talked about.



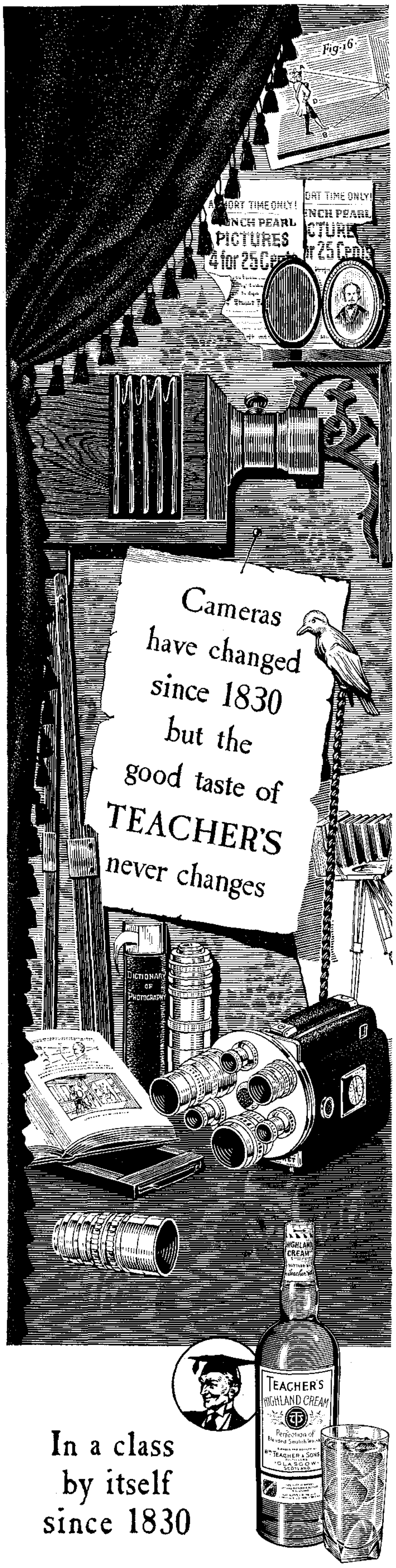
THE Victoria and Albert Museum has staged a nice summer exhibition called "The Age of Worth," which is good for a visit from anyone interested in high fashion or in women, or simply in an outstanding success story connected with both. The success, of course, was that of the famous couturier Charles Frederick Worth, who was born in Lincolnshire in 1825, was apprenticed to a printer at the age of eleven, and emigrated to Paris when he was twenty without knowing a word of French and with only the classic five pounds in his pocket as capital. By cannily inducing the elegant Princess Pauline Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, to let him make a couple of dresses for her at her own price, the unknown young Englishman caught the eye of the Empress Eugénie, who became a client and continued so for life. The exhibition is a selection—covering the last hundred years—from twenty-three thousand original House of Worth sketches, mostly in water color, that have been presented to the Victoria and Albert by Charles Frederick's grandson. They make a fascinating and somewhat bemusing study of the mysterious changes in the female form. The prettiest things are a succession of visions of Mme. Swann walking swiftly through the Bois in her little hat trimmed with lilac and reclining in a tea gown among her Japanese chrysanthemums. Among the 1920 sacks is a very fetching number called L'Heure du Flirt. A photograph of the Master himself in later life, wearing some sort of academic gown and an artist's floppy bow tie, but still with a shrewd Lincolnshire expression behind his Gallic mustaches, benevolently surveys the extraordinary edifice of his talent. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

• •

THE DARK AND FALLING SUMMER

The rain was full of the freshness
  and the fresh fragrance of darkening grapes.
The rain was as the dark falling of hidden
And fabulous plums ripening—great blue thunderheads moving slowly.
The dark air was possessed by the fragrance of freshness,
By a scattered and confused profusion until,
After the tattering began, the pouring-down came,
And plenitude descended, multitudinous.
Everywhere was full of the pulsing of the loud and fallen dusk.

—DELMORE SCHWARTZ



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THE RACE TRACK

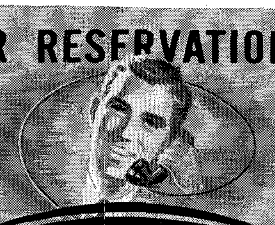
The Old and the Young

ANOTHER season at Saratoga has closed, this one with a cockeyed burst of surprises. Civet, who had won only once in nineteen starts this year, beat Inside Tract, Eddie Schmidt, and half a dozen others in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap on Monday, and then A Glitter finished tenth in the famous old Alabama Stakes on Wednesday, getaway day. Tempted, who led from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, won the Alabama comfortably from Spar Maid and Lopar. It is hardly a stable secret that A Glitter is full of temperament, even for a filly. Still, she's undoubtedly the best of the three-year-olds of her sex, and when she tries, she makes a good job of it. This time, she seemed to run unwillingly, and she finally bore out sharply on the turn into the stretch. After the race, Valenzuela, who rode her, said she just wasn't in the mood.

Financially, Saratoga had an eminently successful meeting, both the betting and the attendance being less than five per cent below the totals for 1957, which were the all-time high. As for the racing—well, it takes very little to throw horseplayers into a bedlam of enthusiasm; a colt winning three in a row, or a 40–1 shot, can do the trick. All the same, I think First Landing, who has won seven in a row, is worth a round or so of cheers. We'll know for certain after the Futurity at Belmont a week from next Saturday.

Ah, Belmont! Seven of the autumn classics will be renewed there between now and October 20th. In addition to the Futurity, we'll have the Woodward Stakes, always a good show; the Lawrence Realization, the longest race in the country for three-year-olds (a mile and five furlongs); the Champagne, the oldest for two-year-olds (first run in 1867); the Beldame and the Ladies Handicaps, the rich events for fillies and mares ($50,000 each); and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, the biggest test of all (two miles).

AS everybody knows by this time, the New York Racing Association has modified its recently adopted policy of admitting children to the state's tracks. Now boys and girls must be sixteen, or look sixteen (a birth certificate



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is not required), and must be accompanied by an adult in order to get in. They can't bet, though, until they're old enough to vote. In June, when the bars were let down to all ages, there was a divergence of opinion on the notion. For a lot of people, it was the answer, especially on Saturdays, to the question "What shall we do with the children?" Taking one thing with another, admission to Belmont cost no more than a sitter, there was grass to romp on, there was little likelihood of Junior's getting into the saddling paddock and trying to find out what happens when you pull a horse's tail, and Sister could have a gay time picking up all those pretty mutuel tickets. Another school of thought insisted that the bigwigs were having the rules changed so that they could give their grandchildren a day at the races, and that no good would come of it, while old-timers reminded everybody that when the reformers set about closing the Long Island tracks fifty years ago, their most effective propaganda was pictures of seedy women with babies in their arms crowding around bookmakers and apparently betting the family's supper money. Anyway, in July the City Council called upon the State Racing Commission to see to it that minors were barred from the tracks (Jamaica is within the city limits, you know), but the Commission refused. Later, Governor Harriman asked Ashley T. Cole, the chairman of the Commission—which, by the way, is appointed by the Governor—to suggest to the New York Racing Association that it review its policy. The Association did, and made its rule about sixteen-year-olds. At Saratoga, however, there were youngsters all over the place. In fact, the afternoon Governor Harriman was there for the Special they swarmed around him in the paddock, asking for his autograph. Not one of them looked a day over twelve, but the Governor smiled, and obliged handsomely.

There used to be children at Belmont, too, especially when Alfred Vanderbilt was its president, just before the Second World War. He once said that he'd been going to Belmont, Saratoga, and Pimlico since he was seven, and that what was good enough for him . . . —AUDAX MINOR

•

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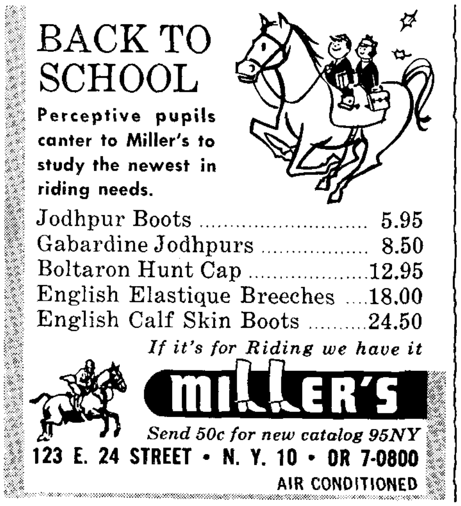
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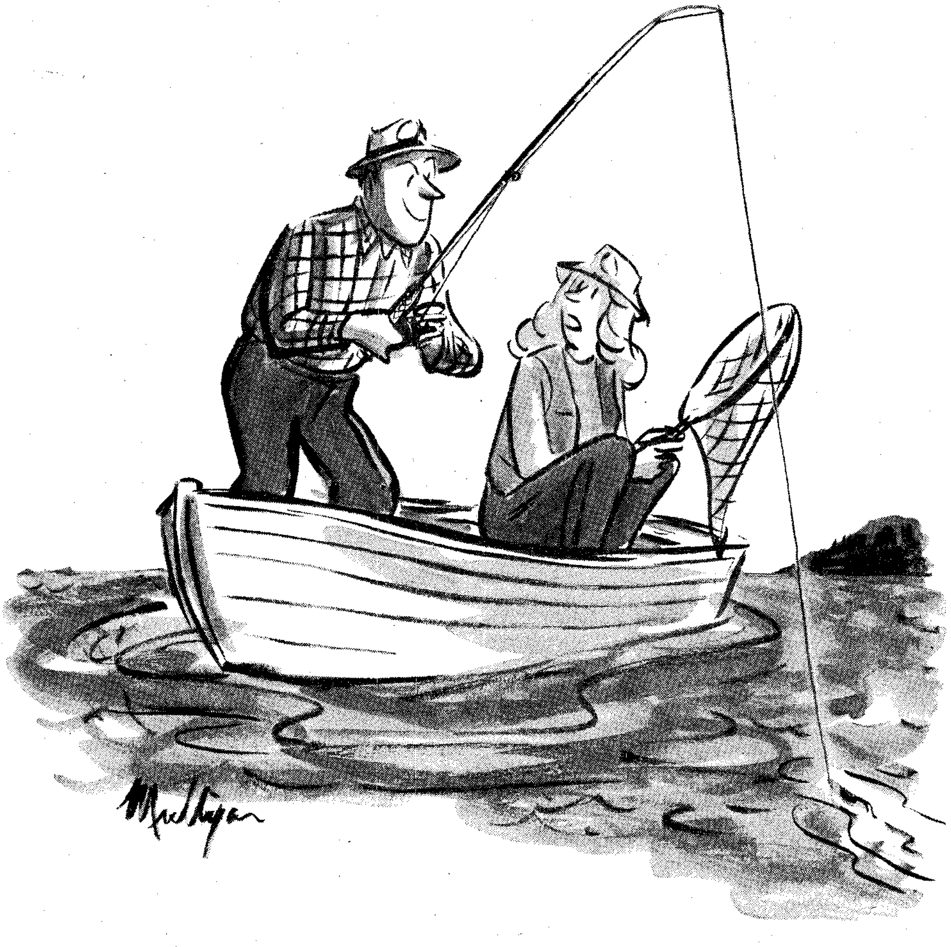
BOOKS

Happily Ever After, with Footnotes

LIKE artichokes, most modern non-experimental American novels come in three parts. There is the conventional but enticing outer covering of place, action, dialogue, and character; the spiky intermediate section of symbol or allegory; and the heart, where the delicate, luminous lump of moral insight rests. Jerome Weidman's new novel, "The Enemy Camp" (Random House), a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, appears to be one of these novels; it is a long (five hundred and sixty-one pages), careful, plotty book, full of active, garrulous people, prophetic figures, symbolic events, and earnest moral considerations. But after one finishes the book—so painstakingly mapped out, so neatly written—one abruptly realizes that something is wrong. For although it labors over honesty, religious prejudice, love, and pity, these are merely an intense smoke screen, which, when penetrated, conceals nothing more than an expert, very old-fashioned melodrama. The seemingly rounded principal figures are actually that celebrated nineteenth-century triumvirate of the persecuted and partly crippled heroine; the strong, stubborn, dense hero; and the arch-villain. Moreover, they are involved in the same old operatics. At the age of only ten, the hero wakes up one morning with a premonition that someone he knows will die that day (someone does). The hero is accused of a crime committed by the villain, masquerading as his friend. The villain steals the heroine from under the hero's nose on their wedding day, and, to compound the misery, ransacks his quarters. On top of that, Mr. Weidman pulls a happy ending out of a situation involving—among other things—attempted extortion, near adultery, deception, and lying. All this, though, takes place in the midst of a bulging fretwork of sociological and just plain home-furnishings detail—a novelistic device that has been brought to a near art during the past couple of decades by such documentarians as Steinbeck, Dos Passos, Cozzens, and Marquand. In fact, the first hundred pages of the book are a Cozzenslike savoring of just six or seven hours in what starts out as an average day for its hero, George Hurst, who, raised a poor orphan on New York's lower East Side, has become a successful accountant, with a house in Connecticut, a beautiful wife, and two children. Hurst is summoned to the telephone. A lot of things happen before he gets there:

> "Tell Miss Akst to hold on," he called up the back stairs to his wife. "I'll be right with her."
>
> He stepped back into the bathroom, snatched a towel, glanced hastily into the mirror, saw that the red stain was spreading down the lather in two tiny rivulets, and pressed a corner of the towel against the cut as he hurried out of the bathroom and across the kitchen toward the phone. He did it with a feeling of annoyance that he knew was unreasonable.
>
> Unlike most commuters, George Hurst did not find the process of getting to work every morning [a] hysterical sprint. . . . He enjoyed the hours just after dawn and the small chores with which he filled them: putting on the coffee; taking in the newspapers and the milk; letting out the dog; bringing up from the freezer in the cellar the package of horsemeat that, late in the afternoon, would be d'Artagnan's thawed-out meal; pouring Mary's first cup of coffee; tiptoeing upstairs with it and nudging her awake as he set the cup on the small table between their beds; then coming downstairs again for his shave and his shower.
>
> "It gives me a chance to come awake slowly, without any jolts," George had once explained to Mary. "And to do some thinking."
>
> "What do you think about?"
>
> "Nothing much," George had said. "Business mostly. I plan my day."
>
> The plan for this one, which included lunch with Nick Perrini, one of George Hurst's oldest clients, had been jogging along smoothly, taking the sort of solid shape in George's mind that he always aimed at, when Miss Akst's unexpected phone call had come crashing in. George made an effort to conceal his annoyance as he reached for the phone.
>
> It stood on the counter under the cupboard in which Mary kept cereals and canned goods. George picked up the phone and moved with it around the side of the cupboard toward the place where, under the magnetic knife rack, the Hurst family's part-time maid, Carolina, had hung the small mirror she had won two years ago at the Danbury Fair.
>
> "Hello," George said. "Miss Akst?"

One's curiosity is aroused: What brand of coffee, milk, horsemeat, and cereal? S. S. Pierce canned goods, or homelier brands? What kind of dog? *Two* newspapers, but which ones?



"Wilbur, I want a divorce."

How much is Carolina paid? Hurst's lunch with Nick Perrini begins, too, with this waddling, microscopic ease:

> "Make it bean soup, then, a hot pastrami sandwich, and a bottle of beer," Nick said. "How about you, George?"
> "I'll have the same," George said. "Except you can skip the bean soup, and instead of the beer I'll have iced tea."

And so on. But it is the meticulous attention to the slow, workaday thump of white-collar life that carries Mr. Weidman's book and that, by the time we have been itemized into midafternoon with Hurst, has prepared us for the inevitable inventory of his past. This is done in a mammoth flashback that makes the excursions of Marquand seem like momentary reflections.

Most of the thirty years covered are enclosed in an enormous parenthetical aside that deals, in a delightfully meandering and irrelevant way, with the cramped convolutions of life on the lower East Side between 1910 and 1930. Two governing facts are established along the way: Hurst is a Jew who fears and hates the Gentile world (the enemy camp); he has never been able to break the evil, parasitic hold on him of two childhood friends—Danny Schorr, an aggressive, magnetic, totally unscrupulous hustler by whom he is hopelessly dominated (the villain), and Dora Dienst, a frail, tough, pretty girl whom he believes he loves (the heroine). Mr. Weidman begins working Hurst loose from these burdens with a series of crackling melodramatic incidents that shock one into momentary belief. On Pearl Harbor Day, Hurst huffily quits a high-paying job because he suddenly realizes he has become a bootlicker, and, in an inexplicable turnabout, marries Mary Sherrod, a Gentile brought up on the Philadelphia Main Line. Then, back in the present, Hurst, now forty, discovers, after eight years of marriage to Mary, that his love for Dora, whom he has continued to see secretly, is only pity for her accidental disfigurement, which he has always—and wrongly—felt responsible for, and that because he has at last told Mary about Dora, Schorr (now Shaw, a wealthy hotel owner with political ambitions) can no longer intimidate him. Although Mary understandably slams the door in his face after this confession, a few hours later Hurst doggedly returns home, "free at last to go to her: with no strings attached."

All this nonsense soon evaporates, leaving an admiration for Mr. Weidman's eye and ear (he is, like Arthur Kober, a master of New York Yiddish

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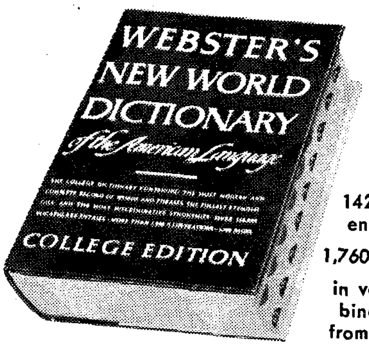

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dialect) and for his unpretentious prose, which falters only when he incongruously tries to make a cliché fancy: "There was something about the combination of movements that George suddenly found familiar. It was as though a bell had been struck somewhere in his mind." Dickens' brick-by-brick vision of London remains unclouded by his sentimentality, his jigsawed plots, his snivelling heroines, and his own childish prejudices. In the same way, perhaps Mr. Weidman's Jewish New York, which he has been working on for twenty years in novel after novel, will outstrip Faulkner's Mississippi and Hemingway's Paris and Spain, which already seem bound by eccentric, highly private codes.

ONE of the smaller but more durable mysteries of the past twenty years has been the almost total lack of success that novelists and short-story writers have had in dealing with jazz. Jazz is notably unsentimental, as are, in the main, the people who play it. Yet countless drooping, bleary novels and stories have appeared in which jazz musicians, postured in various awkward attitudes, like bad statuary, produce a homely, cathartic, semi-divine music. At the same time, jazz seems to provide a safety valve for these writers, who invariably let loose a thick, sticky spray of metaphor and simile that forms a bad counterpoint to the subject matter. Here is a paragraph from "The Horn" (Random House), a new novel about a saxophonist named Edgar Pool, by John Clellon Holmes, one of the pioneer chroniclers of the world Jack Kerouac presides over:

> [Pool] fled down the immemorial Big River of his music, wanting to follow moving water because it went somewhere, and all complexities and attitudes and wraths were swept away before it. And so he fled down the Great Brown Snake that made the entire continent one vast watershed to it, and that from deepest, woodsy north at its trickling beginnings over smooth Canadian pebbles, to its final, timeless spending in the Gulf, drained out of the heart of America, melling Pittsburgh slag from the Monongahela with dust that blew across the faceless Badlands to the Milk . . . until in huge, instinctive death beyond the last bayous, it joined the other waters of the world.

In the rare moments when Mr. Holmes pauses for breath, he tells with a vivid authenticity of the last twenty-four hours in the life of Pool, who suggests a combination of the tenor saxophonist Lester Young and the late alto saxophonist Charlie Parker (incidents in Pool's life seem to be lifted

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directly from well-known events or legends in Young's and Parker's careers). But then the rhapsody shuts down again, and after a couple of hundred pages one's sense of pity for, or even understanding of, Pool's misery is hopelessly dampened. Mr. Holmes says, in a note, that his book, "like the music that it celebrates, is a collective improvisation on an American theme; and if there are truths here, they are poetic truths." What Mr. Holmes probably means—if he means anything—is poetical truths. There are plenty of those. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT, by Nora Johnson (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Miss Johnson handles her familiar but still difficult material—the first thrashings and thumpings toward maturity of two well-to-do thirteen-year-old East Side New York girls—in a pale, fragile, yet direct manner. The girls are Marian Gilbert, who is largely in pre-adolescent hibernation, and Valerie Boyd, a precocious wildwind of a child, and Miss Johnson's account of them is an invariably clear and unemotional, if occasionally overclinical, analysis of an age that usually makes novelists either morose or visionary. A first novel.

A MIXTURE OF FRAILTIES, by Robertson Davies (Scribner). This is the heartily told story of the adventures of an agreeably sensible Canadian girl who wins a music scholarship that takes her to England to be trained as a singer. She achieves a satisfying minor success at the start of her professional career, has an affair in bohemian circles with a young composer of promise, and gets proposed to by a tremendous musical bigwig just as her scholarship runs out. The book belongs to the school of fiction that derives from Trollope by way of Angela Thirkell. It begins at the beginning and goes straight on to the end, preserving a firm grip on its commonly accepted, common-sense ethical standards throughout, and showing a humane tolerance for the minor failings of its characters. In an odd way, it manages to be readable and amusing without being very interesting.

BUTTONS IN THE BACK, by Elizabeth Kirtland (Vanguard). A short novel about the adventures of a little girl named Gertrude, who is determined

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to be somebody—anybody—else: an imaginary deaf orphan, for instance, or a girl parachute inventor. Gertrude, in all her roles, takes herself quite seriously, and is especially funny on that account, and, because the author seems to know everything about the way little girls think, she is also completely credible. The book is illustrated with charming drawings by David Levine.

A GIFT FROM THE BOYS, by Art Buchwald (Harper). A soufflé, which never quite rises, about a Sicilian-born American hoodlum named Frank Bartlett, or Bartelini, who is deported to his home town for income-tax evasion and immediately gets into an upheaval involving an American girl, the local banditry, a jaded princess, and the like. Mr. Buchwald loafing.

GENERAL

THE SHAPING OF THE MODERN WORLD, 1870-1914, by Maurice Bruce (Random House). A meticulously constructed survey of historical cause and effect, so sweeping and yet so inclusive that it is hard to imagine one man writing it. As a matter of fact, the author, who is the Director of Extramural Studies at the University of Sheffield, did farm out three of the eighteen chapters to knowledgeable colleagues, but the artful stamp of his own integrated and thorough workmanship is unmistakably present throughout. Mr. Bruce is a man with a taxing mission: to serve up in palatable and digestible form both the gruel and the whipped cream of a particularly vexing and complex historical period, and, in so doing, to suggest why the world is in the depressing state of nausea it's been in since the First World War. He fulfills this mammoth mission with clarity and discernment but not, as you may have guessed, with dispatch. The nine hundred-odd pages of narrative, maps, and tables take the reader on an enlightening and thoughtful trek through the key forces and nations that molded the contemporary world, with Germany's rise receiving the heavy emphasis. It is a trek, not a romp, though Mr. Bruce writes quite well. The reader must put in his full ration of effort, but if he honestly wants to be historically briefed, he will be abundantly rewarded. Ten dollars.

PART OF A LONG STORY, by Agnes Boulton (Doubleday). This is an

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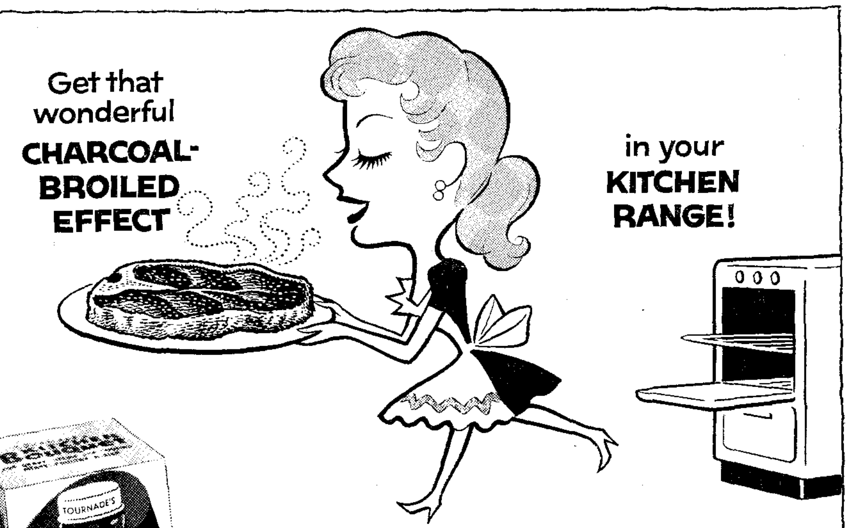
autobiographical fragment by the second of the late Eugene O'Neill's three wives. It opens with her introduction to the then practically unknown playwright in the fall of 1917, in a squalid Village saloon called the Golden Swan; it describes their Provincetown marriage ("by a nice dark little minister holding a book") the following spring, a good many cheerless alcoholic interludes ("He got to his feet, gave me a push that sent me backward, leaned toward me, swinging as hard as possible with the back of his hand, and hit me across the face"), and the spasmodic creation of "Gold," "Beyond the Horizon," and "Anna Christie;" and it ends with the birth of their first child, Shane, late in 1919. It is not a pleasant memoir. We see Miss Boulton tending the furnace, carrying the luggage, cooking and scrubbing, running out for a pint (when her husband felt the need) or a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* (his favorite reading), listening to the great man's adolescent philosophizing, enduring his morose silences, grinding out pulp-magazine fiction to pay the bills. But she seems quite unaware that the picture she draws of their life together might strike us as anything less than idyllic. It has, however, the ring—now clear, now cracked, now muted—of truth.

AVALANCHE!, by Joseph Wechsberg (Knopf). Most people know that an avalanche is a lot of snow sliding down a mountain, but the Swiss, who have to contend with the Alps, know considerably more than that; they have been scientifically studying and classifying avalanches, working out a system of avalanche warnings, and trying to devise ways of preventing avalanches altogether. Mr. Wechsberg tells us all about these Swiss studies and then takes us to the mountain village of Blons, in Austria, where nobody paid much attention to the scientists, and where, on January 11, 1954, two avalanches slammed into the town, wrecked it, and killed one-sixth of the people. It is a terrifying story in more ways than one, for in order to reconstruct the day of the avalanches Mr. Wechsberg has also had to reconstruct the life of the peasant village, which, with its pointless feuds and stubborn stupidities, seems almost as dismaying as the disaster he so brilliantly describes.

EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO, by Marquis Childs (Harcourt, Brace). A kind, bland, and essentially un-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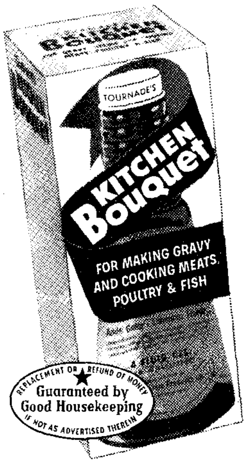
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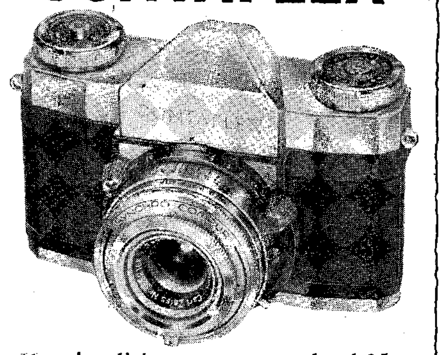

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flattering estimate of the man in the White House. The author, who has been a political reporter and columnist for thirty-five years, looks over Mr. Eisenhower's entire career and finds that his greatest assets have been charm, adaptability, empathy, and the knack of appearing confident in trying circumstances. These qualities made him an especially attractive hero when Americans wanted one during the Second World War, and again when the war in Korea seemed to have reached a stalemate. The voters assumed that their hero had other assets as well, which Mr. Childs thinks he lacks—an understanding of the American political system, and an ability to make decisions. While carefully insisting that it is too soon to pass final judgment, Childs concludes, "For his failure to use the powers of the office, Eisenhower . . . must be put down as a weak President. But any assessment has also to take into account the fact that he brought to the office so little preparation for what is surely the most difficult and demanding position in the world today."

AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE, by Alma Mahler Werfel, with E. B. Ashton (Harcourt, Brace). The autobiography of a lady who, as a beautiful Viennese music student of twenty-two, married the composer and conductor Gustav Mahler, and, following his death, became the mistress of the painter Oskar Kokoschka, the wife of the architect Walter Gropius, and, after a divorce, the wife of the writer Franz Werfel. Mme. Werfel would have us know that her life with famous artists was by no means all fun; it was, in fact, mostly *Sturm und Drang*. Her notion of love—and most of the men in her life thought it a fine one—was to sacrifice herself to them and their work; as a result, she seems to have spent a good part of her life feeling miserable, lonely, or put-upon, yet somehow managing to enjoy the pain. Her book is fascinating, partly because she is frank about the sort of events that most people lie about, and partly because, however exotic her Central European romantic ideals may seem here and now, there is no doubt at all that the author is quite a girl, anywhere, any time.

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION, by Bernard Berenson (Macmillan). It is always dangerous for a man of one generation to attempt to pass judgment on the predilections of another genera-

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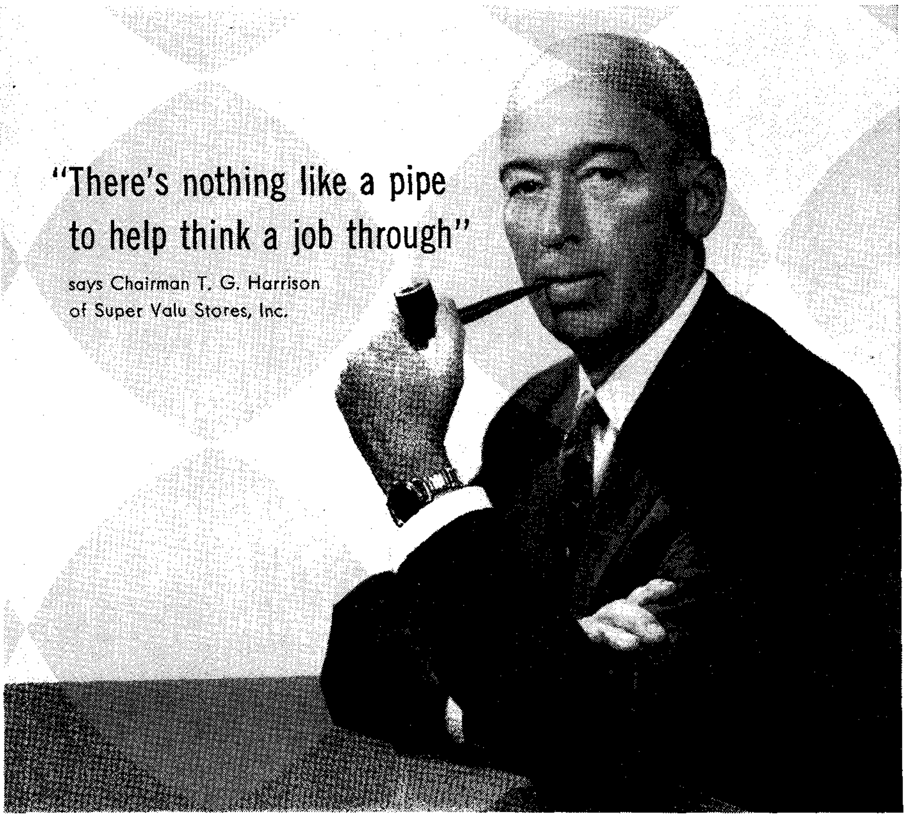
tion, especially in art, and this is nowhere more apparent than in the present volume, which is a series of short essays collected from contemporary magazines and other publications. These range pretty much all over the whole field of painting, from the Renaissance, and even earlier, to the present day, and it is interesting to note how the attitude of the author—and his acumen, too—varies with the subject. In his own field, the Venetian and Florentine artists of the Renaissance, Berenson—now in his nineties—is wise, witty, charitable, and, in addition, remarkably modest about his own knowledge and discernment. Unfortunately, when he comes to the moderns, a certain bitterness creeps in; it's all a plot of the dealers, he suggests, and of the French dealers in particular, and he even goes so far as to remark that if only Augustus John had settled down in Paris, he might now be as widely recognized as Picasso or Chagall. The book is still provocative, however, and its hundred and seventeen black-and-white illustrations are admirably arranged to supplement the text.

THE MUSICAL LIFE, by Irving Kolodin (Knopf). Thirty-one brief, light, and gossipy essays by the music editor of the *Saturday Review*. The pieces deal with musical affairs—the personalities of performers and the problems of program-building, for instance—rather than with music itself, and, for the concertgoer, make an agreeable, unassuming compote.

THE LOUVRE, by Germain Bazin, translated by M. I. Martin (Abrams). The story of the growth of the Louvre from a medieval fortress and a casual repository of trophies to its present position as the world's greatest museum could be enthralling, and in this respect M. Bazin's book is a bit disappointing, for its approach is generally pedestrian and its treatment categorical rather than imaginative. Still, it is an important work, not only because its documentation is so impressive (M. Bazin is Conservateur en Chef des Musées Nationaux) but also because one does get glimpses, through the dense factual screen, of the slow, random processes by which the modern museum, arising out of a miscellany of royal acquisitions, private collections, martial booty, and so on, came to be what it is today. A multitude of black-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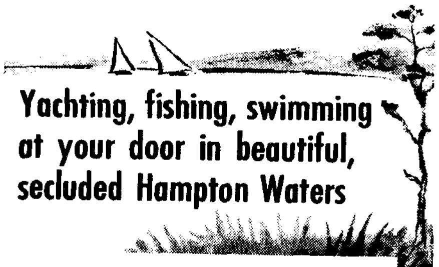
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For instance, some women move in schools, like fish; others are strictly independent. Some women are busy as waltzing mice; others are languid and lackadaisical. Some are fickle; others are faithful. They come in all shapes, sizes, and temperaments . . . to suit the shapes, sizes and temperaments of men.

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THE SPLENDID LITTLE WAR, by Frank Freidel (Little, Brown). The Spanish-American War, which was fought sixty years ago, lasted only a few months and has left no clear impression on the minds of most Americans. This book is a Harvard history professor's attempt to make up that deficiency by showing, in words and pictures, the war as it happened. The deftly edited text is the work of eye-witnesses—newspapermen and fighting men—and so are the photographs and drawings. The book is handsome, decorative, and exciting to read, but if there was any point in our going to war to finish off the moribund Spanish Empire it isn't made clear here. In fact, in spite of Professor Freidel's competence—or perhaps because of it—the effect of his book is to suggest that Americans have been quite right in trying to forget the whole depressing affair.

•

A NOISY INCENTIVE. Many firms have gone a step farther, enlisted salesmen's families in ulcer-building campaigns to spur the breadwinner on. MacDonald regularly sends cards to the home showing the salesman's standing in a current company contest, gives wives tags to hang on furniture around the house to remind their husbands of the furnishings they can earn. Some firms have even sent buzzers and shrill whistles to a salesman's children; when dad asks what the noise is all about, the kids are instructed to tell him it's only a reminder to straighten up and sell harder. More constructively, Carrier Corp. recently launched a three-month sales drive. First prize: a $10,000 scholarship for a salesman's son or daughter.

Such constant pressure from home and office is bound to take its toll on even the strongest salesman. Many firms have learned that for best results incentive programs cannot be pushed constantly. Says Emmett H. Heitler, general manager of Denver's Shwayder Bros., Inc., makers of Samsonite luggage: "We don't have incentive programs more than twice a year because we don't want our men under the gun too often." "You can carry this business of pounding away at a salesman too far," says Republic Steel's General Sales Manager L. S. Hamaker.—*Time.*

Going soft, Hamaker?

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REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

[*U.P.I. news dispatch received at WINS*]

MOSCOW—THE RUSSIANS THINK REGULAR NEWS CONFERENCES ARE ALL RIGHT BUT THEY JUST DON'T HOLD THEM. SOVIET PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV . . . COMMENTING TO INQUIRING NEWSMEN . . . SAID, "IT ISN'T A BAD IDEA, BUT HECK WE JUST DON'T DO IT."

Who is She

Headquarters Stores featuring Suburban Outlook Fashions in fabrics of

Celanese

contemporary fibers

Merchandise shown on page 115 not necessarily at all stores, but representative *"Who is She" collections are available*

Albany, N. Y.	Flah's
Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Augusta, Ga.	White's
Austin, Texas	Goodfriends
Bakersfield, Cal.	Malcolm Brock
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Beaumont, Texas	The White House
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y.	Hengerer's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charleston, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Charlotte, N. C.	Ledford's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Belk's
Corpus Christi, Texas	Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Texas	Wally Williams
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur, Ill.	Linn & Scruggs
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker's
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Duluth, Minn.	Duluth Glass Block
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Evansville, Ind.	Schear's Dept. Store
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Burdine's
Fort Smith, Ark.	The Boston Store
Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk & Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	Wally Williams
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis-Stone Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Ivey's
Harrisburg, Pa.	Bowman's
Hartford, Conn.	Sage-Allen
Houston, Texas	E. S. Levy
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	The Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.	The Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn.	Rich's Inc.
Lexington, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller-Paine
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer's
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums
Los Angeles, Calif.	The May Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Lowenstein's
Miami, Fla., Miami Beach, 163rd St.	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbels
Mobile, Ala.	L. Hammel Co.
New Orleans, La.	Labiche's Inc.
New York, N. Y.	Arnold Constable
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
Oakland, Calif.	Kahn's
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Orlando, Fla.	Belk's
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Brothers
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's
Racine, Wisc.	Zahn's
Reading, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
Rock Hill, S. C.	Friedheim's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Diego, Calif.	Walker-Scott Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock-Lubin
San Jose, Calif.	Hale's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Keith O'Brien
Scranton, Pa.	Scranton Dry Goods
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	The Fashion
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Spartanburg, S. C.	A. W. Smith
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros., Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mo.	Heer's
Syracuse, N. Y.	Flah's
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Meis Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle's
Topeka, Kansas	Pelletier's
Tucson, Ariz.	Levy's
Tulsa, Okla.	The Froug Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
W. Palm Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Winston-Salem, N. C.	The Anchor Co.
York, Pa.	Chas. H. Bear & Co.
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

"My beer is Rheingold – the Dry beer!"
says MADELYN DARROW
MISS RHEINGOLD 1958

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME BY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

[illegible] taste!

Always refreshing – never filling

It's never been duplicated, the taste of Rheingold Extra Dry. It's the clean, clear *real-beer* taste that's never sweet, never bitter—always refreshingly, pleasantly dry. And year after year, it has made Rheingold the largest-selling beer in New York.

NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS · FOREST HILLS · AUG. 29 TO SEPT. 7

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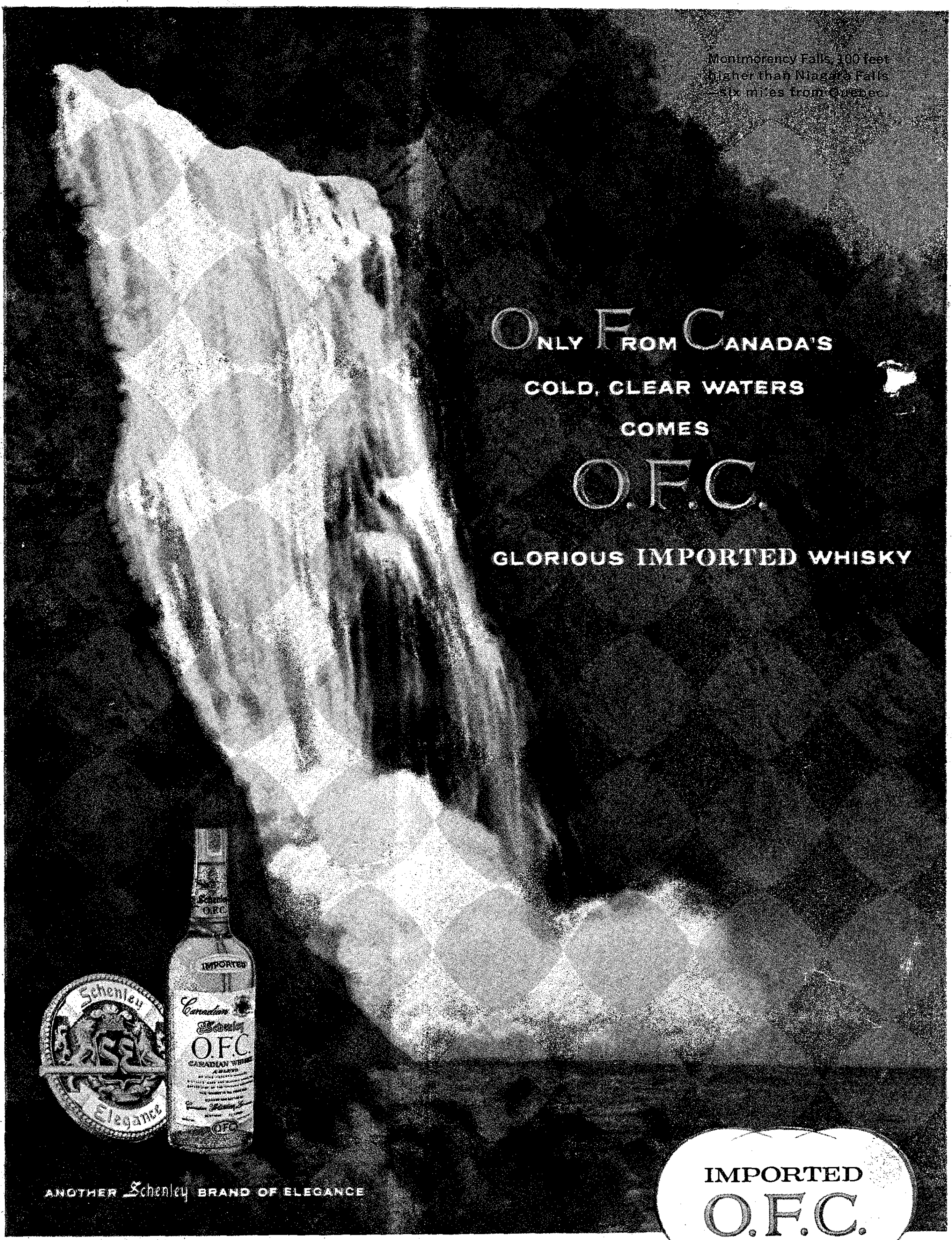
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higher than Niagara Falls
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COLD, CLEAR WATERS
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